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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

A QUARTERLY
DICKENS
MAGAZINE FOR
LOVERS

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1833—1933
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A PERFECT PICKWICK

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THE WRITING OF *BARNABY RUDGE*

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AND OTHER ARTICLES

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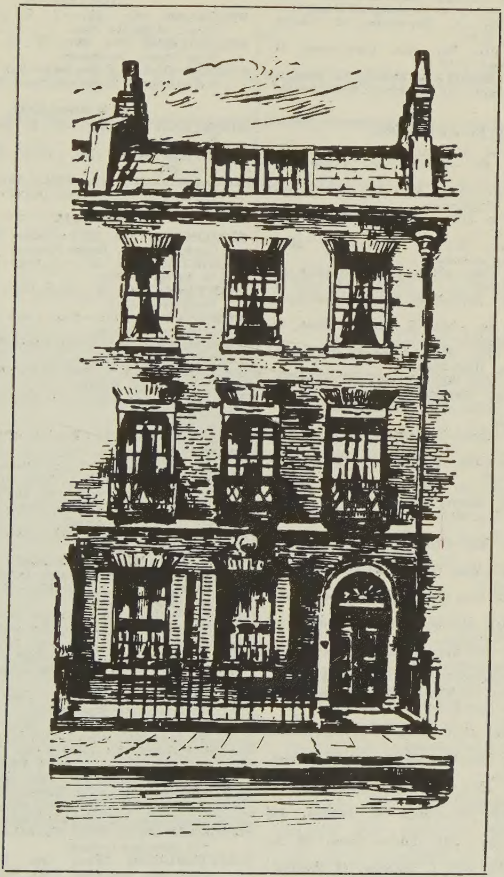

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THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

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Vol. XVI.] DECEMBER, 1833. [No. 96.

"IN ALL THE GLORY OF PRINT"

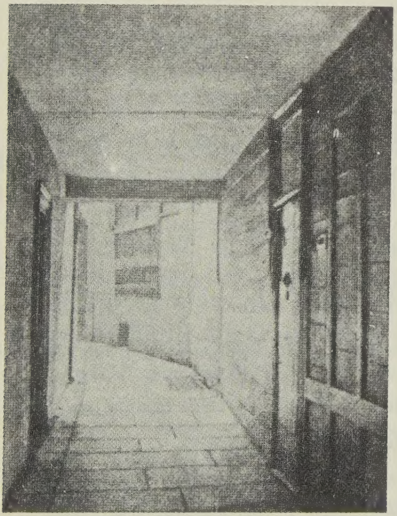


Photo by] [*T. W. Tyrrell*

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street

The Office of The Monthly Magazine where Dickens posted the MS of his first printed piece of fiction is on the right.

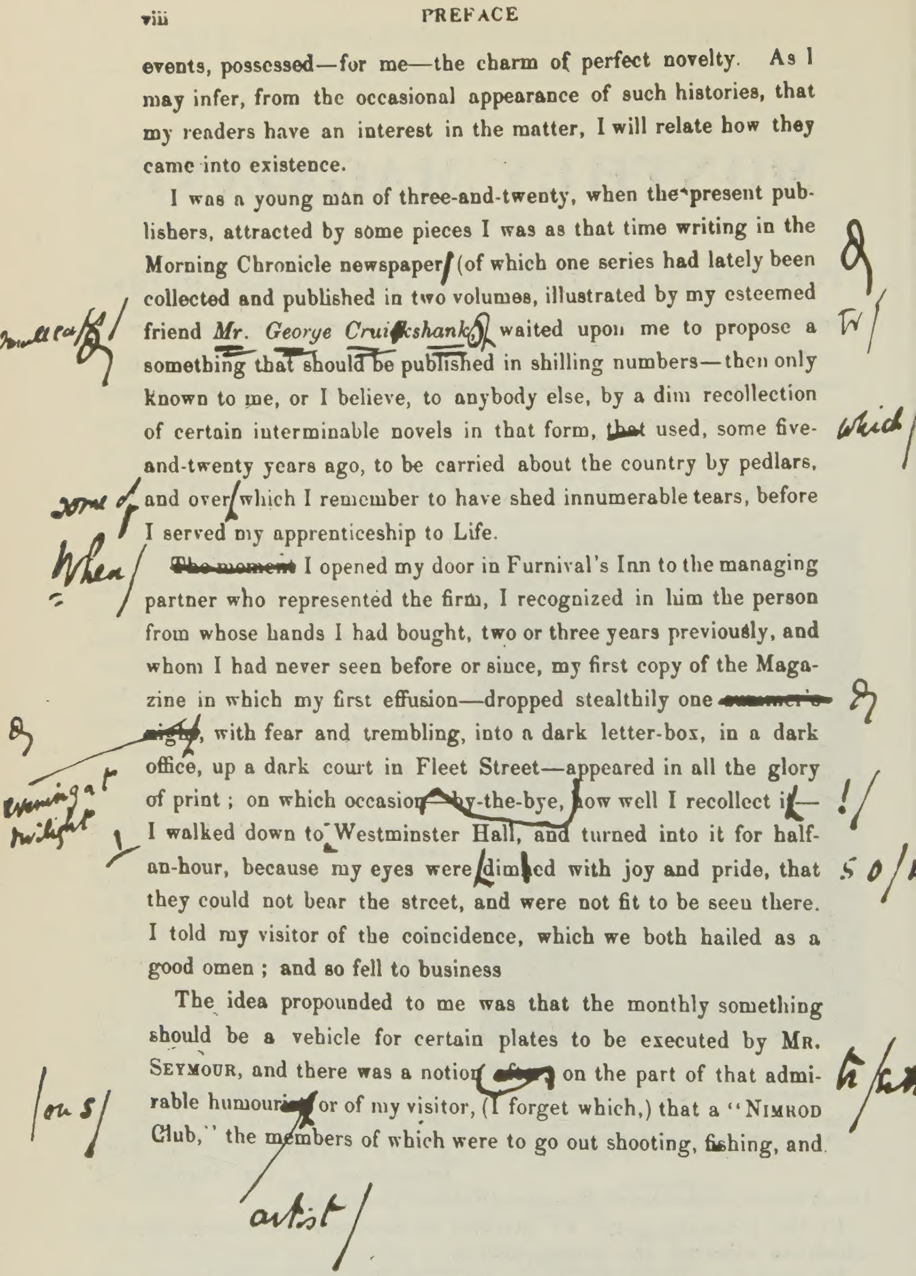
1st DECEMBER, 1933.

THE familiar heading and the famous words of Captain Cuttle disappear for once, from the first page of this magazine, in order that we may better visualise "in all the glory of print" Dickens's "first effusion" in the pages of a magazine just a century ago. In this way do we celebrate the first of a long series of literary centenaries of noteworthy publications and events with which *The Dickensian* will have to deal during the next thirty-seven years.

Let Dickens himself tell the story by means of a facsimile of the corrected proof of the second page of the Preface to the 1847 edition of *The Pickwick Papers* reproduced by the kind permission of the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum (Forster Bequest).

In the following pages we produce in facsimile the exact printing which so affected the young author.

We desire to thank Count de Suzannet for kindly placing at our disposal his copy of The Monthly Magazine for the purpose of this facsimile reproduction.



events, possessed—for me—the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was as that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend *Mr. George Cruikshank*) waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, ~~that~~ used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life.

~~The moment~~ I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the Magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one ~~summer's night~~, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print ; on which occasion—by-the-bye, how well I recollect it—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen ; and so fell to business

The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by MR. SEYMOUR, and there was a notion [illegible] on the part of that admirable humourist or of my visitor, (I forget which,) that a "NIMROD Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and

small caps/
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Dickens's own account of his first published story

A DINNER AT POPLAR WALK.

Mr. Minns was a bachelor of *about* forty, as he said—of about eight and forty, as his friends said. He was always exceedingly clean, precise, and *tidy*, perhaps somewhat priggish, and the most "retiring man in the world." He usually wore a brown frock-coat without a wrinkle, light inexplicables without a spot, a neat neckerchief with a remarkably neat tie, and boots without a fault; moreover, he always carried a brown silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He was a clerk in Somerset House, or, as he said, he held "a responsible situation under Government." He had a good and increasing salary, in addition to some 10,000*l.* of his own (invested in the funds), and he occupied a first floor in Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, where he had resided for twenty years, having been in the habit of quarrelling with his landlord the whole time, regularly giving notice of his intention to quit on the first day of every quarter, and as regularly countermanding it on the second. He had but two particular horrors in the world, and those were dogs and children. His prejudice arose from no unamiability of disposition, but that the habits of the animals were continually at variance with his love of order, which might be said to be equally as powerful as his love of life. Mr. Augustus Minns had no relation in or near London, with the exception of his cousin, Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, to whose son, whom he had never seen (for he disliked the father), he had consented to become godfather by proxy. Mr. Bagshaw having realized a moderate fortune by exercising "the trade or calling" of a corn-chandler, and having a great predilection for *the country*, had purchased a cottage in the vicinity of Stamford Hill, whither he retired with the wife of his bosom and his only son, Master Alexander Augustus Bagshaw. One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. B. were admiring their son, discussing his various merits, talking over his education, and disputing whether the classics should be made an essential part thereof, the lady pressed so strongly upon her husband the propriety of cultivating the friendship of Mr. Minns in behalf of their son, that Mr. Bagshaw at last made up his mind that it should not be his fault if he and his cousin were not in future more intimate.

"I'll break the ice, my love," said Mr. Bagshaw, stirring up the sugar at the bottom of his glass of brandy-and-water, and casting a sidelong look at his spouse to see the effect of the annoucement of his determination—"by asking Minns down to dine with us on Sunday."

"Then, pray, Bagshaw, write to your cousin at once," replied his spouse; "who knows, if we could only get him down here, but that he might take a fancy to our Alexander, and leave him his property?—Alick, my dear, take your legs off the rail of the chair."

"Very true," said Mr. Bagshaw, musing; "very true indeed, my love."

On the following morning, as Mr. Minns was sitting at his breakfast table, alternately biting his dry toast and casting a look upon the columns of the *Times*, which he always read from the title to the

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printer's name, he heard a loud knock at the street door, which was shortly afterwards followed by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hand a particularly small card, on which was engraved, in immense letters, "Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, Amelia Cottage (Mrs. B.'s name was Amelia), Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill."

"Bagshaw!" ejaculated Minns, "what the deuce can bring that vulgar fellow here?—Say I am asleep—say I've broken my leg—any thing."

"But, please, Sir, the gentleman 's coming up," replied the servant:—and the fact was made perfectly evident by an appalling creaking of boots on the staircase, accompanied by a pattering noise, the cause of which Minns could not for the life of him divine.

"Hem! show the gentleman in," said he, in a state of desperation.—Exit servant, and enter Octavius, preceded by a large white dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy-hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears, and no perceptible tail. The cause of the pattering on the stairs was now but too plain.—If it be possible for a man to entertain a feeling of the most deep-rooted and unconquerable aversion to any one thing, Minns entertained this feeling towards an animal of the canine species. This, by the way, was hinted before.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said Mr. Bagshaw, as he entered. (He always spoke at the top of his voice, and always said the same thing half-a-dozen times.)—"How are you, my hearty?"

"How do you do, Mr. Bagshaw?—Pray, take a chair," politely stammered the discomfited Minns.

"Thank you, thank you. Well, how are you, eh?"

"Uncommonly well, thank ye," said Minns, casting a diabolical look at the dog, who, with his hind-legs on the floor, and his fore-paws resting on the table, was dragging a bit of bread-and-butter out of a plate, which, in the ordinary course of things, it was natural to suppose he would eat with the buttered side next the carpet.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Bagshaw to his dog.—"You see, Minns, he's like me, always at home: eh, my boy!—Egad, I'm precious hot and hungry! I've walked all the way from Stamford Hill, this morning."

"Have you breakfasted?" ejaculated Minns.

"Oh, no!" returned Bagshaw. "Oh, no!—Came to town to breakfast with you; so, ring the bell, my dear fellow, will you? and let's have another cup and saucer, and the cold ham.—Make myself at home, you see!" he continued, dusting his boots with a table napkin. "Ha! ha! ha!—'Pon my life, I'm hungry!"

Minns rang the bell, and tried to smile, but looked as merry as a farthing rushlight in a fog.

"I decidedly never was so hot in my life," continued Octavius, wiping his forehead.—"Well, but how are you, Minns? 'Pon my soul, you wear capitally!"

"Humph! 'dye think so?"

"'Pon my life, I do!"

"Mrs. B. and—what 's his name—quite well?"

"Alick, my son, you mean. Never better—never better. But such a place as we've got at Poplar Walk! you know. It certainly is a most capital place—beautiful! I'll trouble you for another cup of tea. Let's see—what was I saying? Oh! I know. Such a beautiful place! When I first saw it, by Jove! it looked so knowing, with the front garden like, and the green railings, and the brass knocker, and all that—I really thought it was a cut above me."

"Don't you think you'd like the ham better," interrupted Minns, "if you cut it the other way?" as he saw, with feelings which it is impossible to describe, that his visitor was cutting, or rather maiming, the ham, in utter violation of all established rules.

"No, thank ye," returned Bagshaw, with the most barbarous indifference to crime; "I prefer it this way—it eats short. But, I say, Minns, when will you come down and see us? You'll be delighted with the place; I know you will. Amelia and I were talking about you the other night, and Amelia said——another lump of sugar, please: thank ye——she said, 'Don't you think you could contrive, my dear, to say to Mr. Minns, in a friendly way'——Come down, Sir—damn the dog! He's spoiling your curtains, Minns—Ha! ha! ha!"—Minns leaped from his seat as though he had received the discharge from a galvanic battery.

"Come out, Sir!—go out, hoo!" cried poor Augustus, keeping, nevertheless, at a very respectful distance from the dog, having read of a case of hydrophobia in the paper of that morning. By dint of great exertion, much shouting, and a marvellous deal of poking under the tables with a stick and umbrella, the dog was at last dislodged, and placed on the landing, outside the door, where he immediately commenced a most appalling howling; at the same time vehemently scratching the paint off the too-nicely varnished bottom pannels of the door, until they resembled the interior of a backgammon-board.

"A good dog for the country, that!" coolly observed Bagshaw to to the distracted Minns,—"he's not much used to confinement, though. But now, Minns, when will you come down? I'll take no denial, positively. Let's see—to-day's Thursday;—will you come on Sunday? We dine at five. Don't say no—do." After a great deal of pressing, Mr. Augustus Minns, driven to despair, and finding that if the dog, remained in the house much longer, he, Mr. Augustus Minns, might just as well lodge in the Zoological Gardens, accepted the invitation, and promised to be at Poplar Walk on the ensuing Sunday, at a quarter before five, to the minute.

"Now, mind the direction,' said Bagshaw: "the coach goes from the Flower-pot, in Bishopsgate-street, every half hour. When the coach stops at the Swan, you'll see, immediately opposite you, a white house——"

"Which is your house—I understand," said Minns, wishing to cut the story and the visit at the same time.

"No, no, that's not mine; that's Grogus's, the great ironmonger's. I was going to say, you turn down by the side of the white house till you can't go another step further—mind that; and then you turn to your right, by some stables—well; close to you you'll see a wall with 'BEWARE OF THE DOG,' written upon it in large letters—[Minns shuddered]—go along by the side of that wall for about a quarter of a mile, and anybody will show you which is my place."

"Very well—thank ye—good bye."

"Be punctual."

"Certainly: good morning."

"I say, Minns, you've got a card?"

"Yes, I have: thank ye." And Mr. Octavius Bagshaw departed, leaving his cousin looking forward to his visit of the following Sunday with the feelings of a pennyless poet to the weekly visit of his Scotch landlady.

Sunday arrived; the sky was bright and clear; crowds of clean, decently-dressed people were hurrying along the streets, intent on their different schemes of pleasure for the day; and every thing, and every body, looked cheerful and happy but Mr. Augustus Minns.

The day was fine, but the heat was considerable; and, by the time Mr. Minns had fagged up the shady side of Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Threadneedle Street, he had become pretty warm, tolerably dusty, and it was getting late into the bargain. By the most extraordinary good fortune, however, a coach was waiting at the Flower Pot, into which Mr. Augustus Minn's got, on the solemn assurance of the cad that the coach would start in three minutes—that being the time the coach was allowed to wait "by act of Parliament." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and there were no signs of moving. Minns looked at his watch for the sixth time.

"Coachman, *are* you going or not?" bawled Mr. Minns (with his head and half his body out of the coach-window).

"Di—rectly, Sir," said the coachman, with his hands in his pockets, looking as much unlike a man in a hurry as possible.—"Bill, take them cloths off." Five minutes more elapsed; at the end of which time the coachman mounted the box, from whence he looked down the street, and up the street, and hailed all the pedestrians for another five minutes.

"Coachman! If you don't go this moment I shall get out," said Mr. Minns, rendered desperate by the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of being in Poplar Walk at the appointed time.

"Going this minute, Sir," was the reply;—and, accordingly, the coach trundled on for a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped again. Minns doubled himself up into a corner of the coach, and abandoned himself to fate.

"Tell your missis to make haste, my dear—'cause here's a gentleman inside vich is in a desperate hurry." In about five minutes more missis appeared, with a child and two band-boxes, and then they set off.

"Be quiet, love!" said the mother—who saw the agony of Minns, as the child rubbed its shoes on his new drab trowsers—"be quiet, dear! Here, play with this parasol—don't kick the gentleman."

The interesting infant, however, with its agreeable plaything, contrived to tax Mr. Minns's ingenuity, in the "art of self-defence," during the ride; and amidst these infantile assaults, and the mother's apologies, the distracted gentleman arrived at the Swan, when, on referring to his watch, to his great dismay he discovered that it was a quarter past five. The white house, the stables, the "Beware of the Dog,"—every landmark was passed, with a rapidity not unusual to a gentleman of a certain age when too late for dinner. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. Minns found himself opposite a yellow brick house, with a green door, brass knocker, and door-plate, green window-frames, and ditto railings, with "a garden" in front, that is to say, a small, loose bit of gravelled ground, with one round and two scalene triangular beds, containing a fir-tree, twenty or thirty bulbs, and an unlimited number of marigolds. The taste of Mr. or Mrs. Bagshaw were further displayed by the appearance of a Cupid on each side of the door, perched upon a heap of large chalk flints, variegated with pink conc-shells. His knock at the door was answered by a stumpy boy, in drab-livery with a parsley-and-butter border, cotton stockings and high-lows, who, after hanging his hat on one of the dozen brass-pegs which ornamented the passage, denominated by courtesy 'The Hall,' ushered him into a front drawing-room, commanding a very extensive view of the backs of the neighbouring houses. The usual ceremony of introduction, and so forth, over, Mr. Minns took his seat, not a little agitated at feeling that he was the last comer, and, somehow or other, the Lion of a dozen people, sitting together in a small drawing-room, getting rid of that most tedious of all time, the time preceding dinner.

"Well, Brogson," said Bagshaw, addressing an elderly gentleman in a black coat, drab knee-breeches, and long gaiters, who, under pretence of inspecting the prints in an Annual, had heen engaged in satisfying himself upon the subject of Minns' general appearance, by looking at him over the top of the leaves—"well, Brogson, what do ministers mean to do? Will they go out, or what?"

"Oh—why—really, you know, I'm the last person in the world to ask for news. Your cousin, from *his situation*, is the most likely person to answer the question."

Mr. Minns having assured the last speaker, that, although he was in Somerset House, he possessed no official communication relative to the projects of his Majesty's Ministers. His remark was evidently received incredulously; and no further conjectures being hazarded on the subject, a long pause ensued, during which the company occupied themselves in coughing and blowing their noses, until the entrance of Mrs. Bagshaw caused a general rise.

The ceremony of introduction being over, dinner was announced, and down stairs the party proceeded accordingly: Mr. Minns escorting Mrs. Bagshaw as far as the drawing-room door, but being prevented, by the narrowness of the stair-case, from extending his gallantry any further. The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do. Ever and anon, amidst the clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of conversation, Mr. Bagshaw's voice might be heard asking a friend to take wine, and assuring him he was glad to see him; and a good deal of by-play took place between Mrs. Bagshaw and the servants respecting the removal of the dishes, during which her countenance assumed the variations of a weather-glass, sometimes "stormy" and occasionally "set fair." Upon the dessert and wine being placed on the table, the servant, in compliance with a significant look from Mrs. Bagshaw, brought down "Master Alexander," habited in a sky-blue suit with silver buttons, and with hair of nearly the same colour as the metal. After sundry praises from his mother, and various admonitions as to his behaviour from his pa, he was introduced to his godfather.

"Well, my little fellow—you're a fine boy, an't you?" said Minns, as happy as a tom-tit upon bird-lime.

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Eight, next We'nsday. How old are *you*?"

"Alexander," interrupted his mother, "how dare you ask Mr. Minns how old he is?"

"He asked me how old *I* was," said the precocious darling, to whom Minns had, from that moment, internally resolved he never would bequeath one shilling. As soon as the titter occasioned by the observation had subsided, a little smirking man with red whiskers, sitting at the bottom of the table, who, during the whole of dinner, had been endeavouring to obtain a listener to some stories about Sheridan, called out, with a very patronizing air—"Alick, what part of speech is *be*?'

"A verb."

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Bagshaw, with all a mother's pride. "Now, you know what a verb is?"

"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; as, I am—I rule—I am ruled. Give me an apple, Ma."

"I'll give you an apple," replied the story-teller, who was clearly one of those bores who are commonly called 'friends of the family,' "if you'll tell me what is the meaning of, *be*."

"Be?" said the prodigy, after a little hesitation—"an insect that gathers honey."

"No, dear," frowned Mrs. B.,—"B double E is the substantive."

"I don't think he knows much yet about *common* substantives," said the smirking gentleman, who thought this an admirable opportunity for letting off a joke: "It's clear he's not very well acquainted with *proper names*. He! he! he!"

"Gentlemen," called out Mr. Bagshaw, from the end of the table, in a stentorian voice, and with a very important air, "will you have the goodness to charge your glasses? I have a toast to propose."

"Hear! hear!" cried the gentlemen, passing the decanters. After they had made the round of the table, Mr. Bagshaw proceeded—"Gentlemen: there is an individual present——"

"Hear! hear!" said the little man with the red whiskers.

"*Pray* be quiet, Jones!" remonstrated Bagshaw, *sotto voce*.

"I say, gentlemen, there is an individual present," resumed the host, "in whose society, I am sure, we must take great delight—and—and—the conversation of that individual must have afforded to every individual present the utmost pleasure."—["Thank Heaven he does not mean me!" thought Minns, conscious that his diffidence and exclusiveness had prevented his saying above a dozen words since he entered the house.]—"Gentlemen, I am but a humble individual myself, and I perhaps ought to apologize for allowing any individual feelings of friendship and affection for the person I allude to, to induce me to venture to rise to propose the health of that person—a person that, I am sure—that is to say, a person whose virtues must endear him to those who know him—and those who have not the pleasure of knowing him, cannot dislike him."

"Hear! hear!" said the company, in a tone of encouragement and approval.

"Gentlemen," continued Bagshaw, "my cousin is a man who—who is a relation of my own."—(Hear! hear!)—Minns groaned audibly—"who I am most happy to see here, and who, if he were not here, would certainly have deprived us of the great pleasure we all feel in seeing him. (Loud cries of hear!)—Gentlemen: I feel that I have already trespassed on your attention for too long a time. With every feeling of—of——with every sentiment of—of——

"Gratification"—suggested the friend of the family.

"—Of gratification, I beg to propose the health of Mr. Minns."

"Standing, gentlemen!" shouted the indefatigable little man with the whiskers—"and with the honours. Take your time from me, if you please. Hip! hip! hip!—Za—Hip! hip! hip!—Za!—Hip! hip! hip!—Za—a—a!"

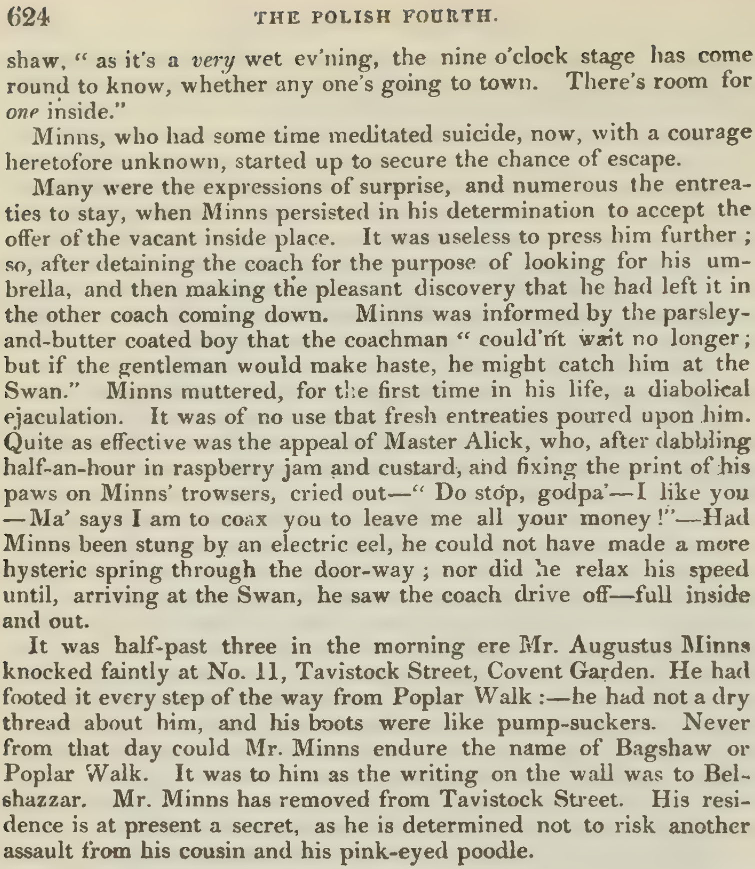
All eyes were now fixed on the subject of the toast, who, by gulping down port-wine at the imminent hazard of suffocation, endeavoured to conceal his confusion. After as long a pause as decency would admit, with a face as red as a flamingo, he rose; but, as the newspapers sometimes say in their reports of the debates, "we regret that we are quite unable to give even the substance of the honourable gentleman's observations." The words "present company—honour—present occasion," and "great happiness"—heard occasionally, and repeated at intervals, with a countenance expressive of the utmost misery, convinced the company that he was making an excellent speech; and, accordingly, on his resuming his seat, they cried "Bravo!" and manifested tumultuous applause. Jones, who had been long watching his opportunity, then darted up.

"Bagshaw," said he, will you allow *me* to propose a toast?"

"Certainly," replied Bagshaw, adding in an under tone to Minns right across the table—"Devilish sharp fellow that: you'll be very much pleased with his speech. He talks equally well on any subject." Minns bowed, and Mr. Jones proceeded:

"It has on several occasions, in various instances, under many circumstances, and in different companies, fallen to my lot to propose a toast to those by whom, at the time, I have had the honour to be surrounded. I have sometimes, I will cheerfully own—for why should I deny it—felt the overwhelming nature of the task I have undertaken, and my own utter incapability to do justice to the subject. If such have been my feelings, however, on former occasions, what must they be now—now—under the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed. (Hear! hear!)—To describe my feelings accurately would be impossible; but I cannot give you a better idea of them, gentlemen, than by referring to a circumstance which happens, oddly enough, to occur to my mind at the moment. On one occasion, when that truly great and illustrious man, Sheridan was——"

"Please, Sir," said the boy, entering hastily, and addressing Bag-



624 THE POLISH FOURTH.

shaw, "as it's a *very* wet ev'ning, the nine o'clock stage has come round to know, whether any one's going to town. There's room for *one* inside."

Minns, who had some time meditated suicide, now, with a courage heretofore unknown, started up to secure the chance of escape.

Many were the expressions of surprise, and numerous the entreaties to stay, when Minns persisted in his determination to accept the offer of the vacant inside place. It was useless to press him further; so, after detaining the coach for the purpose of looking for his umbrella, and then making the pleasant discovery that he had left it in the other coach coming down. Minns was informed by the parsley-and-butter coated boy that the coachman "could'nt wait no longer; but if the gentleman would make haste, he might catch him at the Swan." Minns muttered, for the first time in his life, a diabolical ejaculation. It was of no use that fresh entreaties poured upon him. Quite as effective was the appeal of Master Alick, who, after dabbling half-an-hour in raspberry jam and custard, and fixing the print of his paws on Minns' trowsers, cried out—"Do stop, godpa'—I like you—Ma' says I am to coax you to leave me all your money!"—Had Minns been stung by an electric eel, he could not have made a more hysteric spring through the door-way; nor did he relax his speed until, arriving at the Swan, he saw the coach drive off—full inside and out.

It was half-past three in the morning ere Mr. Augustus Minns knocked faintly at No. 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. He had footed it every step of the way from Poplar Walk:—he had not a dry thread about him, and his boots were like pump-suckers. Never from that day could Mr. Minns endure the name of Bagshaw or Poplar Walk. It was to him as the writing on the wall was to Belshazzar. Mr. Minns has removed from Tavistock Street. His residence is at present a secret, as he is determined not to risk another assault from his cousin and his pink-eyed poodle.

This is the end of the facsimile reproduction of Dickens's first story.

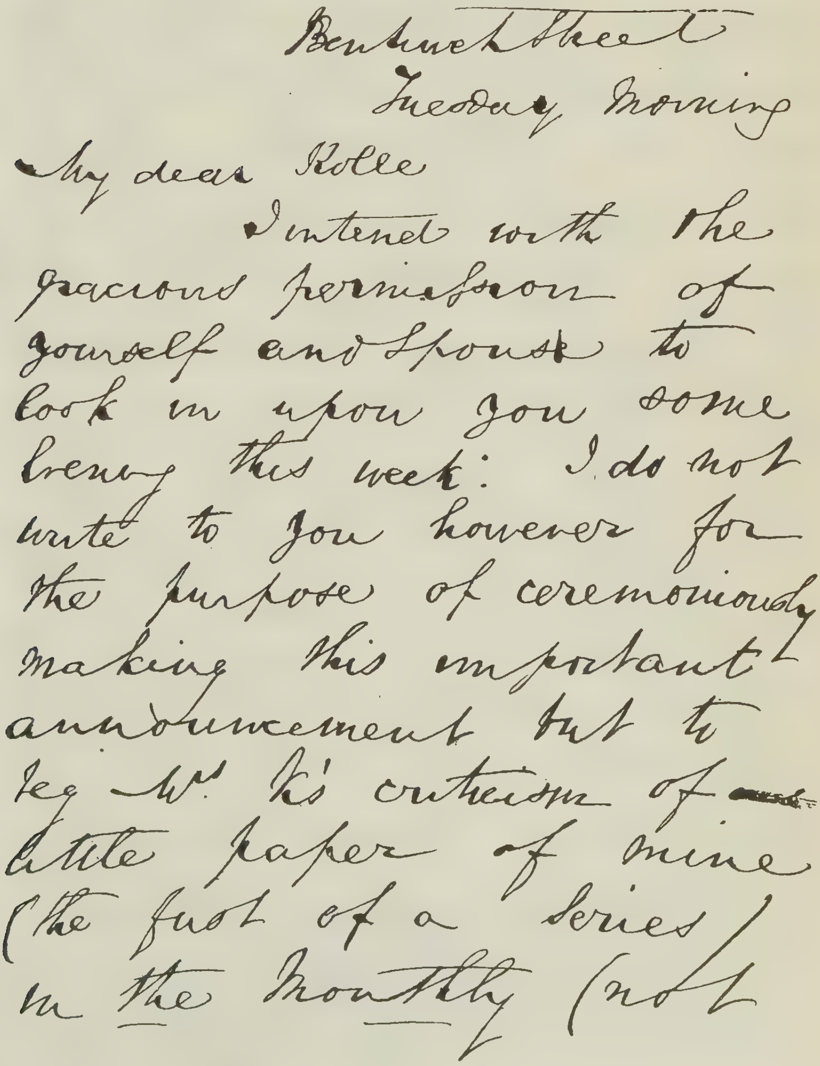
* * * * *

Dickens: Positively the First Appearance.

Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton, who wrote that most entertaining volume on Vincent Crummles and his theatre, published in 1927, has written "a centenary review" under the above attractive title. It includes a reproduction of the original text of *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*, and comments on the story as it appeared in revised form in *Sketches by Boz* under the title of *Mr. Minns and His Cousin*. The publishers stated in their advance notices in the press that the original text has never since been reprinted. This is not so. In January last I printed a small edition of the story from the facsimile blocks which appear in this number of *The Dickensian*, and the following month this was incorporated in the souvenir which was presented to each of the three hundred guests at the Birthday Dinner. A notice of Mr. Darton's book will be found on page 61.

A Letter to Kolle. So much for Dickens's "first effusion . . . in all the glory of print." Now let us follow it up with a letter to his friend Kolle, showing the further joy and excitement its publication produced in him. This letter is published by the courtesy of Mr. Harry B. Smith; it is the first time it has appeared in print apart from the private publication of the letters to Kolle which Mr. Smith edited some years ago.

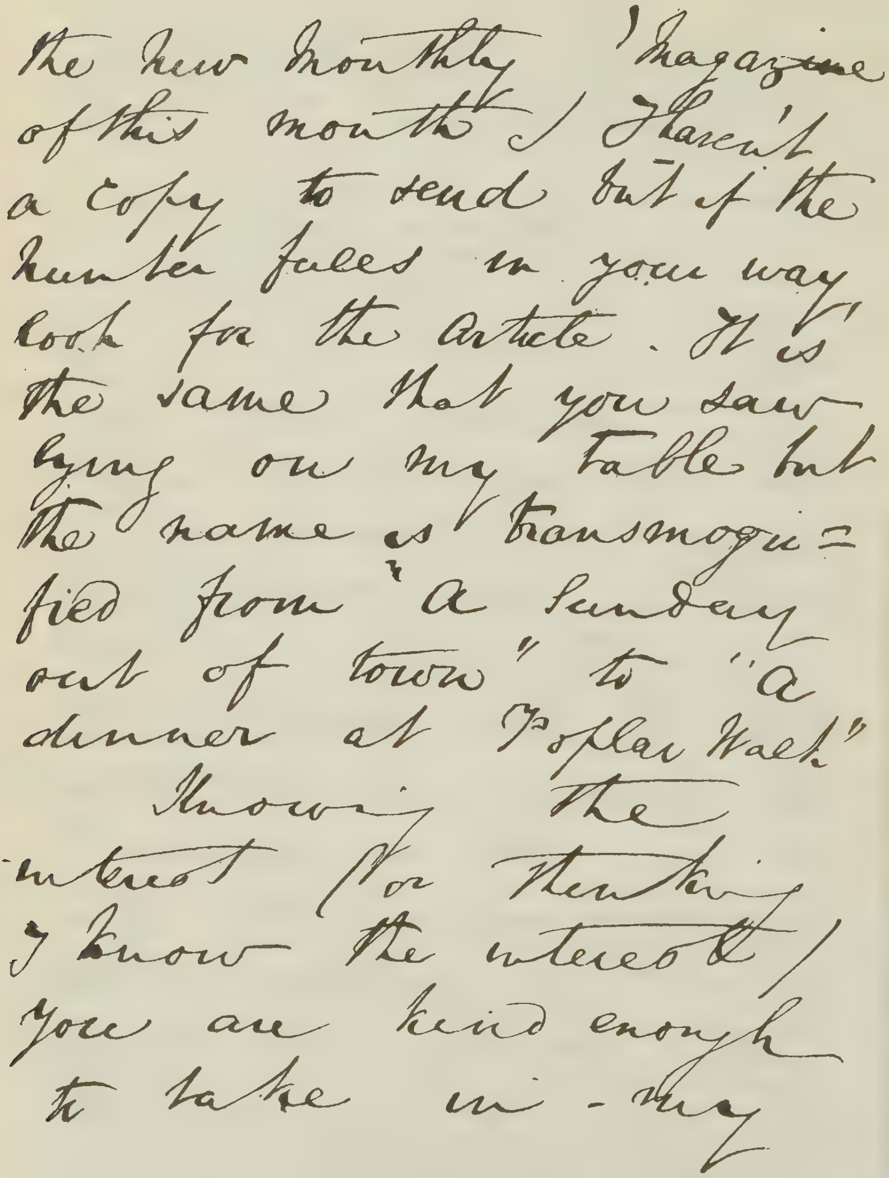
* * * * *



Bentinck Street
Tuesday Morning

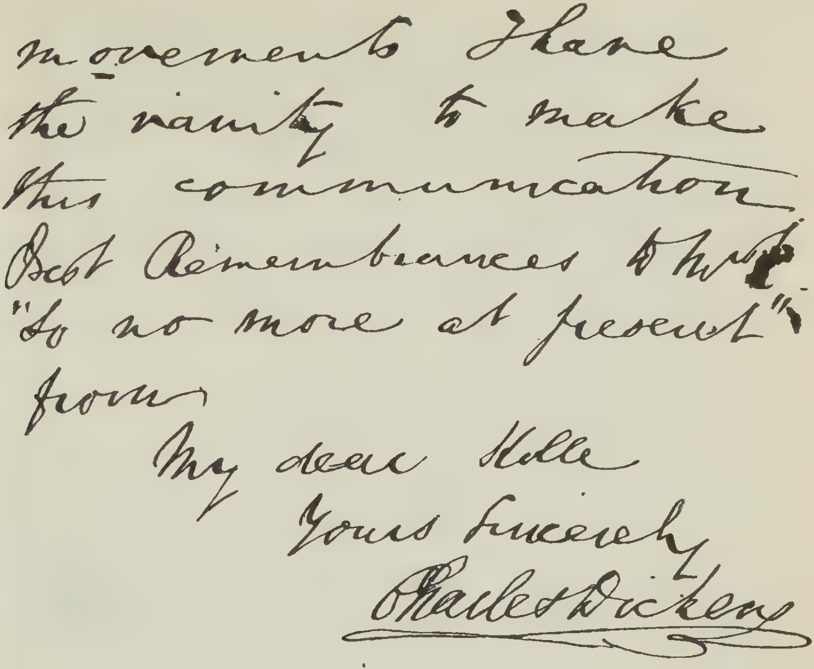
My dear Kolle

I intend with the gracious permission of yourself and Spouse to look in upon you some evening this week: I do not write to you however for the purpose of ceremoniously making this important announcement but to beg Mr. K's criticism of little paper of mine (the first of a series) in the Monthly (not

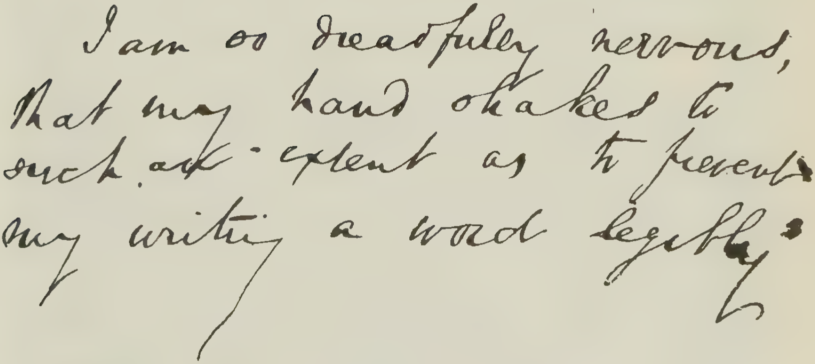


the New Monthly Magazine of this month / I haven't a copy to send but if the Number falls in your way look for the Article. It is the same that you saw lying on my table but the name is transmogrified from "A Sunday out of town" to "A dinner at Poplar Walk"

Knowing the interest (or thinking I know the interest) you are kind enough to take in - my



movements I have
the vanity to make
this communication
Best Remembrances to Mrs
"So no more at present"
from
My dear Holle
Yours Sincerely
Charles Dickens



I am so dreadfully nervous,
that my hand shakes to
such an extent as to prevent
my writing a word legibly.

* * * * *

The Village Coquettes. I have seen recently a curious notice in the press to the effect that Dickens's libretto of this "burletta" has only lately been discovered! The writer has, no doubt, been confusing the libretto with the music, as Dickens's work has been published more than once separately and has also been included in several complete editions of his works. The majority of the songs with Hullah's music were also published at the time the opera was produced, and became very popular with concert singers. Unfortunately Hullah's score of the Overture and Incidental Music has disappeared, and although the late Sir Frederick Bridge, who gave two lectures on the opera at Gresham College in 1918, made an exhaustive search he was not successful in discovering the missing score. Later, Sir Frederick composed a new overture for a special production of the opera.

The original songs and music are rather rare. Mr. Miller has provided me with the following list :—

1. No Light Bound of Stag or Timid Hare. (Quintette.)
2. Autumn Leaves. (Ballad.)
3. Love is Not a Feeling to Pass Away. (Ballad.)
4. My Fair Home. (Air.)
5. There's a Charm in Spring. (Ballad.)
6. Some Folks Who Have Grown Old. (Song.)
7. The Child and the Old Man. (Song.)
8. In Rich and Lofty Station Shine. (Duet.)
9. The Cares of the Day. (Song.)

All published by Cramer, Addison and Beale, 201 Regent Street, London. (See page 52 for a further note on this subject).

* * * * *

MS of "The Village Coquettes." The original manuscript, dedicated to Martin Stokes, the part taken by Harley. was sold at the Coggeshall sale in New York in 1916 to Mr. George D. Smith for $1000. It is curious to note that a presentation copy of the book offered on the same occasion fetched $740.

* * * * *

Christiana Weller. The death in October last at the age of 86 of Lady Butler, the famous painter of military pictures, recalls the charming association Dickens had with her mother, *nee* Christiana Weller. The story has already been told very fully in *The Dickensian* for 1916. Miss Weller played at a soiree in Liverpool in 1844 at which Dickens took the chair. Much amusement was caused when he announced the name of the pianist, and later in the proceedings whispered to her that he hoped it would not be long before she changed her name and be very happy. Dickens was much struck with her beauty and talent and shortly afterwards introduced her to his friend, T. J. Thompson, whom she married. Dickens wrote to Thompson a series of wonderful letters, now in the possession of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, the husband of Christiana's second daughter, the well-known essayist and poet, Alice Meynell, who predeceased her equally famous sister by eleven years.

* * * * *

Dickens and His Dogs. Several correspondents have written me in reference to the picture appearing on page 273 of the Autumn Number, described as "From a photograph by Watkins." This picture was copied from Kitton's "Pen and Pencil" where it bears a similar title. It would appear, however, that Watkin's work consisted only in photographing an original drawing, and in the opinion of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the well-known art critic, and a Vice-President of the Fellowship, the drawing was the work of Luke Fildes. In this he is supported by the well-known illustrator Mr. Jas. F. Sullivan.

* * * * *

Concerning "Barnaby Rudge." As *Barnaby Rudge* is the book for the season two articles contributed to the current number will be of special interest. Other recent articles during the past few years on various phases of the book have been "Prototype of Gashford," 1933, page 175, "Barbican Cellars," 1931, page 297. Chigwell, 1927, page 122. Lord George Gordon, 1924, page 217. There were several notes about errors in the book in the 1924 volume, pages 128, 205 and 218, and information concerning Grip the Raven will be found in 1933, page 288 ; 1930, page 323, and 1921, page 153.

* * * * *

Dickens and "The Times." During the autumn "The Times" published several extracts from its columns of about a hundred years ago, principally of Police Court proceedings which showed how Dickens kept so very closely to actual facts in some of his fiction. Out of this arose some interesting correspondence on the subject of Dickens as a journalist, to which the editor of *The Dickensian* naturally contributed. One important point in debate was: Did Dickens work for "The Times" during the (apparently) idle days of 1833-4, before he obtained a more permanent work on "The Morning Chronicle." His Uncle John Barrow was on "The Times" staff it will be remembered ; and it is quite possible that young Charles may have had a hand in the writing of the reports referred to. But, of course, nothing of a definite nature is at present known.

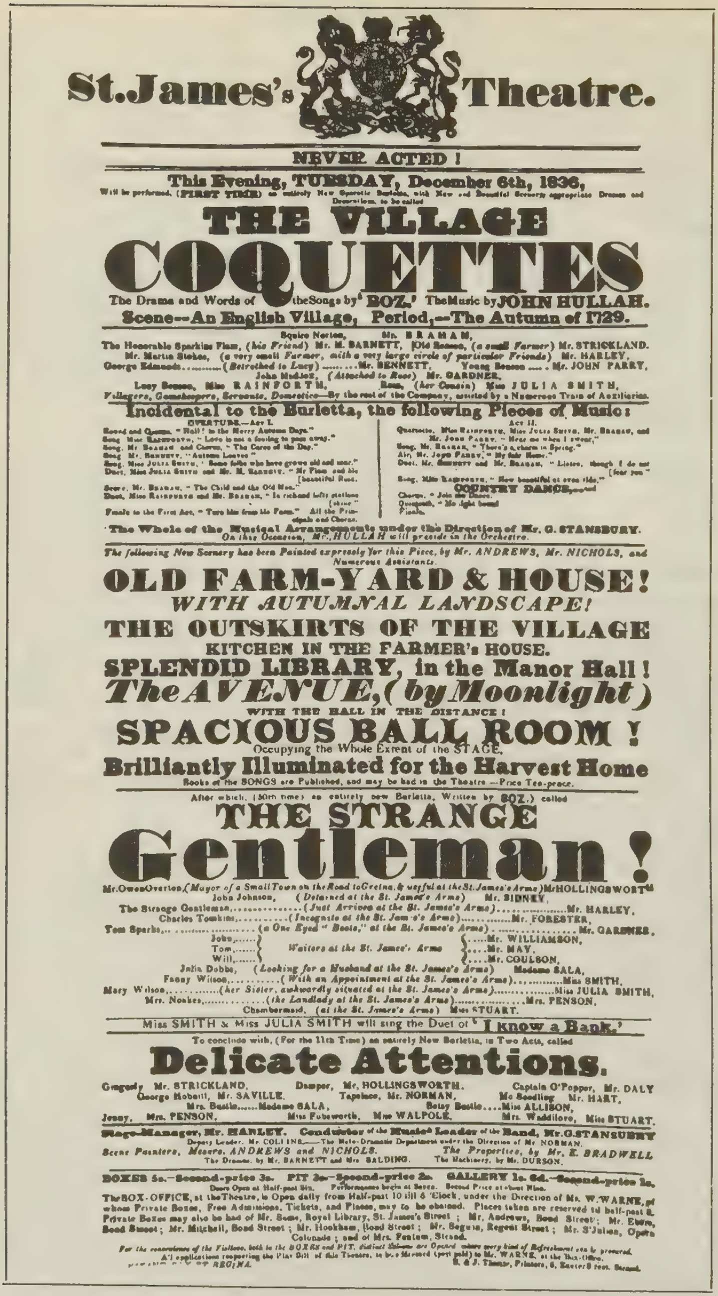
* * * * *

A Warning. A volume containing thirty-four letters of Dickens to Edmund Yates is among several items stolen a little while ago from an American library. In the interests of the insurance company, and in the hopes of recovering the letters, any trace of them either singly or as a whole, will be welcomed by the editor of *The Dickensian.*

* * * * *

A Valiant Supporter. Such is Mr. Chas. W. Youell, who after a lapse of two years, following fourteen years continuous service with the Winnipeg Branch, has again accepted office as Hon. Secretary on two conditions: (1) That the subscription be raised to include *The Dickensian* ; (2) That if fifty new members are not recorded by the end of the season, he be allowed to retire without question. This is a very bold step to take ; but Winnipeg will not let its Hon. Secretary down ! Its motto for the year could not be bettered in these times: "Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many ; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some."

Walter Dexter.



St. James's Theatre.

NEVER ACTED!

This Evening, TUESDAY, December 6th, 1836,

Will be performed, (FIRST TIME) an entirely New Operatic Burletta, with New and Beautiful Scenery, appropriate Dresses and Decorations, to be called

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

The Drama and Words of the Songs by 'BOZ.' The Music by JOHN HULLAH.

Scene—An English Village, Period,—The Autumn of 1729.

Squire Norton, Mr. BRAHAM,
The Honorable Sparkins Flam, (his Friend) Mr. M. BARNETT, Old Benson, (a small Farmer) Mr. STRICKLAND.
Mr. Martin Stokes, (a very small Farmer, with a very large circle of particular Friends) Mr. HARLEY,
George Edmunds..........(Betrothed to Lucy).........Mr. BENNETT, Young Benson..... Mr. JOHN PARRY,
John Maddox, (Attached to Rose) Mr. GARDNER,
Lucy Benson, Miss RAINFORTH, Rose, (her Cousin) Miss JULIA SMITH,
Villagers, Gamekeepers, Servants, Domestics—By the rest of the Company, assisted by a Numerous Train of Auxiliaries.

Incidental to the Burletta, the following Pieces of Music:

OVERTURE.—Act I.
Round and Chorus, "Hail! to the Merry Autumn Days."
Song, Miss Rainforth, "Love is not a feeling to pass away."
Song, Mr Braham and Chorus, "The Cares of the Day."
Song, Mr. Bennett, "Autumn Leaves"
Song, Miss Julia Smith, "Some folks who have grown old and sour."
Duet, Miss Julia Smith and Mr. M. Barnett, "Mr Flam and his beautiful Rose."
Scena, Mr. Braham, "The Child and the Old Man."
Duet, Miss Rainforth and Mr. Braham, "In rich and lofty stations shine"
Finale to the First Act, "Turn him from his Farm." All the Principals and Chorus.

Act II.
Quartette, Miss Rainforth, Miss Julia Smith, Mr. Braham, and Mr. John Parry, "Hear me when I swear,"
Song, Mr. Braham, "There's a charm in Spring."
Air, Mr. John Parry, "My fair Home."
Duet, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Braham, "Listen, though I do not fear you"
Song, Miss Rainforth, "How beautiful at even-tide."
COUNTRY DANCE, and
Chorus, "Join the Dance."
Quartett, "No light bound"
Finale.

The Whole of the Musical Arrangements under the Direction of Mr. G. STANSBURY.
On this Occasion, Mr. HULLAH will preside in the Orchestra.

The following New Scenery has been Painted expressly for this Piece, by Mr. ANDREWS, Mr. NICHOLS, and Numerous Assistants.

OLD FARM-YARD & HOUSE!
WITH AUTUMNAL LANDSCAPE!
THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE
KITCHEN IN THE FARMER's HOUSE.
SPLENDID LIBRARY, in the Manor Hall!
The AVENUE, (by Moonlight)
WITH THE HALL IN THE DISTANCE!
SPACIOUS BALL ROOM!
Occupying the Whole Extent of the STAGE,
Brilliantly Illuminated for the Harvest Home

Books of the SONGS are Published, and may be had in the Theatre.—Price Ten-pence.

After which, (30th time) an entirely new Burletta, Written by BOZ.) called

THE STRANGE Gentleman!

Mr. Owen Overton, (Mayor of a Small Town on the Road to Gretna, & useful at the St. James's Arms) Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH
John Johnson, (Detained at the St. James's Arms) Mr. SIDNEY,
The Strange Gentleman,...............(Just Arrived at the St. James's Arms)...................Mr. HARLEY,
Charles Tomkins,..........(Incognito at the St. James's Arms)............Mr. FORESTER,
Tom Sparks,.....................(a One Eyed "Boots," at the St. James's Arms).....................Mr. GARDNER,
John,......} Waiters at the St. James's Arms {.....Mr. WILLIAMSON,
Tom,......} {....Mr. MAY,
Will,......} {....Mr. COULSON,
Julia Dobbs, (Looking for a Husband at the St. James's Arms) Madame SALA,
Fanny Wilson,..........(With an Appointment at the St. James's Arms)............Miss SMITH,
Mary Wilson,.............(her Sister, awkwardly situated at the St. James's Arms)................Miss JULIA SMITH,
Mrs. Noakes,...............(the Landlady at the St. James's Arms)...................Mrs. PENSON,
Chambermaid, (at the St. James's Arms) Miss STUART.

Miss SMITH & Miss JULIA SMITH will sing the Duet of 'I know a Bank.'

To conclude with, (For the 11th Time) an entirely New Burletta, in Two Acts, called

Delicate Attentions.

Gregory, Mr. STRICKLAND, Damper, Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH. Captain O'Popper, Mr. DALY
George Hobalt, Mr. SAVILLE. Tapelace, Mr. NORMAN, Mr. Seedling Mr. HART,
Mrs. Bustle......Madame SALA, Betsy Bustle....Miss ALLISON,
Jenny, Mrs. PENSON, Miss Fubsworth, Miss WALPOLE, Mrs. Waddilove, Miss STUART.

Stage-Manager, Mr. HARLEY. Conductor of the Music & Leader of the Band, Mr. G. STANSBURY
Deputy Leader, Mr. COLLINS.—The Melo-Dramatic Department under the Direction of Mr. NORMAN.
Scene Painters, Messrs. ANDREWS and NICHOLS. The Properties, by Mr. E. BRADWELL
The Dresses, by Mr. BARNETT and Mrs. BALDING. The Machinery, by Mr. DURSON.

BOXES 5s.—Second-price 3s. PIT 3s.—Second-price 2s. GALLERY 1s. 6d.—Second-price 1s.
Doors Open at Half-past Six. Performances begin at Seven. Second Price at about Nine.

The BOX-OFFICE, at the Theatre, is Open daily from Half-past 10 till 5 o'Clock, under the Direction of Mr. W. WARNE, of whom Private Boxes, Free Admissions, Tickets, and Places, may be obtained. Places taken are reserved til half-past 8. Private Boxes may also be had of Mr. Sams, Royal Library, St. James's Street; Mr. Andrews, Bond Street; Mr. Ebers, Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, Bond Street; Mr. Hookham, Bond Street; Mr. Seguin, Regent Street; Mr. St. Julien, Opera Colonade; and of Mrs. Fentum, Strand.

For the convenience of the Visitors, both in the BOXES and PIT, distinct Saloons are Opened where every kind of Refreshment can be procured.
All applications respecting the Play Bill of this Theatre, to be addressed (post paid) to Mr. WARNE, at the Box-Office.
VIVANT REX ET REGINA. E. & J. Thomas, Printers, 6, Exeter Street, Strand.

Facsimile copy (reduced) of the very rare play-bill of the first performance of *The Village Coquettes*, from the collection of Mr. W. M. Elkins, Philadelphia, and now reproduced for the first time.

DICKENS'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH JOHN HULLAH

SOME NEW LIGHT ON HIS EARLY DRAMATIC WORK

(*Continued from page* 265, Vol. xxix)

[18] Furnivals Inn
Sunday Morning [11 December 1836]

My Dear Hullah.

Have you seen the Examiner ?* It is *rather* depreciatory of the opera, but like all their inveterate critiques against Braham, so well done that I cannot help laughing at it, for the life and soul of me.

I have seen the Sunday Times, the Dispatch, and the Satirist, all of which blow their little trumpets against unhappy me, most lustily. Either I must have grievously awakened the ire of all the "adapters" and their friends, or the drama must be decidedly bad. I haven't made up my mind yet, which of the two is the fact.

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* The notice in " The Examiner " of December 11th extends to over two columns. It was probably written by John Forster. Dickens had (previously) sent a copy of the " book " to the Editor of " The Examiner," and this came into the hands of Forster, who had not then made the personal acquaintance of Dickens ; the letter accompanying it is preserved in the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The most interesting part (to us) of the critique is that which has reference to what took place after the performance had concluded. After describing how the principal performers " paraded themselves," the article continues. " And then the audience screamed for ' Boz.' Now, we have a great respect and liking for ' Boz ' ; *The Pickwick Papers* have made him, as our readers are very well aware, an especial favourite with us ; and we have no idea of his being exhibited gratis. Bad as the opera is, however, we feel assured that if Mr. Braham will make arrangements to parade the real living ' Boz ' every night after that opera he will insure for it a certain attraction. ' Boz ' appeared, and bowed, and smiled and disappeared, and left the audience in perfect consternation that he neither resembled the portraits of Pickwick, Snodgrass, Winkle or Tupman. Some critics in the gallery were said to have expected Samuel Weller. The disappointment was deeply and generally felt. We think, however, that Mr. Braham has still a right to exhibit a large wood-cut of Pickwick on his bills, with an intimation that ' Boz ' will be shown nightly after the opera. It would be no very exaggerated theatrical puff according to the present system."

" The Satirist " was full of praise of Hullah's music, but was " unable to speak praisingly " of the drama.

" John Bull " said almost the same thing ; " The Weekly Despatch " regretted to state that " he will most probably blast his reputation as a periodical writer by attempting to become a dramatist." " The Spectator " was a little kinder, referring to " the rare appearance of a piece in which the composer and the dramatist have gone hand-in-hand." " Bell's Life in London " (a paper to which Dickens had contributed *Sketches*) said " it is not too much to say that as a whole, no English musical piece equal to *The Village Coquettes* has appeared since ' The Duenna.' "

I have not seen the John Bull or any other of the Sunday papers except the Spectator. If you have any of them, bring 'em with you on Tuesday. I am afraid that for "dirty Cummins's" allusion to Hogarth, I shall be reduced to the necessity of being valorous the next time I meet him.*

Believe me
Most Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

The appearance of the author at the close of the opera, which so outraged the feelings of Forster in "The Examiner." was commented on by other critics. "The Literary Gazette," of which William Jerdan was editor, said, "When will this ridiculous nonsense end ? Will they have Bulwer on the Covent Garden stage next Wednesday at the close of 'La Valliere' ? Why had they not Serjeant Talfourd after 'Ion' ?"

The custom was evidently then in its infancy.

Dickens here refers only to the weekly papers ; but the daily papers also reviewed the Opera at length. "The Morning Post" of December 7th, devoted a whole column to it. "We cannot congratulate him on his dramatic skill," it said when referring to the storm of cheering which followed the opera and the demand made for the appearance of "Boz" attributed by them as a compliment from the audience to the author of *The Pickwick Papers*. "Boz can well afford to be told," the article continues, "that his poetry is not of a very high order, and that his inventive facilities as a writer of stage dialogue are not very striking or original."

"The Morning Herald" said that the piece was "received with every token of strong satisfaction." Of the scene at the conclusion of the piece, after Hullah had made his bow, the Herald critic writes : "The audacious cry was then even for Boz." Of course, we did not expect that the invisible spirit, which was lately taken to make people endanger their sides periodically whether they will or not, would at such a summons assume substantial shape, and realise the rhetorician's figure of prosopopeia—but, to our utter amazement, after some five minutes' uproar, the green curtain again waved, was drawn back —the 'Boz' became manifest—his face and figure, or rather his figure and face—shall we go on ?—No."

"The Morning Chronicle" naturally gave him a splendid notice, which we do not propose to quote.

* Probably that contained in the criticism which appeared in "The News" for December 11th, which read in full as follows :—

> We almost wish we had not derived so much gratification from perusing the Boz papers, because they raised expectations which have been very cruelly disappointed. For some weeks past, all that could be done by the aid of previous intimation, was done, in favour of *The Village Coquettes*, which was produced here on Tuesday evening, and certainly a more zealous—though impolitic and injudicious band of clacquers, never assembled within the

[19] Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning [14 January 1837]*

My Dear Hullah.

Come whenever you please; there is not the least fear of your being in the way. Although Catherine is not quite so well to-day, we are as quiet as if nothing had happened, and have been since the young gentleman's first appearance.

Braham wrote to me this morning, begging me to send in *plenty* of orders. I have written fifty, and have arranged *for you to write your own*, which you will begin to do to-night, if you please. I am not at all surprised to hear that the opera went off wretchedly.

> walls of a theatre. With all their "appliances and means to boot"—backed by a fulsome panegyric in the columns of the paper on which Mr. Dickens is engaged as a regular contributor—we are compelled to declare that the literary portion of the opera in question is "nought." There is not a single incident—with the exception of one which is grossly improbable—that has not been dramatised until we have become *too* familiar with its bearings. There is not a *character* with whom we could not shake hands, by virtue of a twenty years' acquaintanceship. There is hardly a joke which has not the same claim to "respectability" as Acre's oaths—"antiquity." The sentimental portion of the dialogue is "weak, weak indeed," and the plot is perfectly transparent throughout. We really grieve that a young man who has displayed so much talent in another department of literature should risk his well-earned fame by attempting a *style* which he evidently does not understand. We may tell him—and we do so with every sentiment of respect—that *stage tact* is everything—talent comparatively nothing. He was extremely ill-advised to come forward to receive the congratulations of a *packed* house. When Sir Walter Scott cast aside the veil which had previously concealed the author of the Waverley Novels, a great "sensation" was produced, but, unfortunately, Mr. Charles Dickens is not *yet* Sir Walter Scott, and the effect was rather ludicrous. . . . Though the applause was great, and though the *music* certainly deserved it, we do not think that the *Village Coquettes* will do much for the treasury.

* Probably written a week after the birth of the first son. The opera had evidently been doing very badly, otherwise these steps to fill the house would not have been necessary. The first run of the piece ended on Saturday, December 24th. There were, however, a few revivals later; to one of which this letter refers. The following January it was played on 12th and 14th, and it was played once on February 14th. In between times *The Strange Gentleman* was revived, and on March 6th Dickens's new farce, *Is She His Wife* ? was put on. The season ended on 17th March, and the theatre reopened on 27th March. *The Village Coquettes* was put into the bill on April 11th, with Mr. Burnett, "of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh," singing Braham's part. It was described as "His first appearance in London." Later Burnett married Dickens's sister, Fanny.

The next night the first act only was played as an item in a variety programme.

What *is* to be expected when the Theatre that has by many degrees the worst company in London, charges the highest prices ?*

Believe me

Faithfully yours

John Hullah Esq^{re} Charles Dickens

[20] Furnivals Inn.
Thursday Evening.

My Dear Hullah.

Herewith I inclose you, a copy of the opera, and another of the new series of Boz, of which I beg your acceptance.

And now, I must take an opportunity of saying, that I think Cramer's people ought to make some arrangement for liquidating our demands upon them, and to abide by the terms they offered themselves. For myself I have no hesitation in saying that I have suffered the most severe and unlooked-for inconvenience from their negligence and delay. Depending upon them, with the same certainty with which I am accustomed to depend on booksellers and other people with whom I am engaged in business, I have accepted payment in bills where I should otherwise have required ready money, and have put money to uses to which I should never have put it at all, had it not been for a reasonable calculation of the Profits of the opera ; and this at a time when of all others, my expenses are the most heavy, and my engagements the most pressing. As yet, it has proved in every way, nothing but a source of loss, and annoyance to me.

I know perfectly well that this is no fault of yours, and I can imagine equally well, that you have sustained inconvenience from the same cause. I merely mention my feeling upon the subject, because I consider any negotiation or representation with Cramer's can only come from you ; I do not feel myself authorised to interfere at all with them, and having said my say, I shall have no more to add, if they never take any more notice of us, which from present appearances I think very probable.

I shall be with you about six o'clock on Saturday Evening.

We find a record of further performances on April 14th and 15th, and 27th, on which occasion the advertisements described it as "the favourite piece." On May 17th, 1837, the opera was again given "By special desire," and this appears to have been the last London performance for the time being. We understand, however, that it was later played in the provinces, and we know that the individual songs continued to be great favourites for many years.

* It is difficult to believe that these words had reference to the St. James's Theatre, about which Dickens had previously been so enthusiastic. Probably the short run in December and the non-success of the first night of the revival soured him a little, and with his usual impulsiveness he dashed off his letter to his friend. The attempt to "paper" the theatre was not successful in securing a longer run, for on the following Monday we find *The Strange Gentleman* again in the programme.

Perhaps one of us—you can, if you are at the Theatre in the morning may ascertain in the mean time, at what hour the rehearsal begins.

Believe me
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

J. P. Hullah Esq^re^

[21] [August 1837]*

My Dear Hullah.

I quite forgot yesterday when I arranged to see you to-night that I had made an engagement for tomorrow by which I shall lose the whole day; and that it was of very great importance that I should finish a Tale I am writing, *to-night*.† I have tried hard this morning but the muse was unpropitious and I am reluctantly compelled to remain at home. You know, I am sure, that in so doing I deny myself a pleasure proportionate to the interest I take in your proceedings but I have two consolations—the first that it is of much greater importance that Mr. Hogarth should hear the opera than that I should—and secondly we hope that we may have a quiet evening here, in a week's time, when I may hear it all.

If you wish for a note to Macready, you know where to find me; and to any extent my poor services will reach, confide in my anxious desire to render them. They have *one* opera at Covent Garden, but with this exception and the substitution of Stretton for Glubilei, I know of nothing new there.

I shall be at home tomorrow till one, and next day till two, With best regards from self and Missis to your mother and brother.

Believe me ever
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

John Hullah Esq

[22] Devonshire Terrace
Sunday Twelfth December 1847.

My Dear Hullah

I am actively engaged, for Miss Coutts, in the management of a private establishment (called her home) for the reclamation of certain young women, and for the training of them for colonization.

We want them to learn to sing in parts, on your system. The class is now six or seven strong, and will never be more than thirteen. The place is at Shepherd's Bush, accessible by Acton omnibus from Oxford Street. If you will empower any one of your masters‡ whom you may think best adapted to such a purpose, to communicate with me, and will beg him to call upon me any morning between half past ten and two—armed with your card, which will be his passport—I will settle with him such questions as whether one attendance in a week will be often enough, and will conclude the engagement on the spot. I am very anxious for the instruction beginning without delay, as I attach immense importance to its refining influence.

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* This letter is on black-edged note paper as used after the death of Mary Hogarth. It was written during August, 1837. In Macready's Diary there is a note on August 16th. "Dickens called with Mr. Hullah, who has a comic opera nearly ready." Dickens's first meeting with Macready was on June 16th in the same year.

† Probably "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle," which appeared in Part 17 of *Pickwick* (September, 1837).

‡ Probably H. C. Banister, composer and teacher of harmony.

Ever yours cordially

John Hullah Esquire Charles Dickens

[23] Broadstairs, Kent.
Nineteenth September 1848.

My Dear Hullah.

Miss Coutts thinks that our young ladies have made sufficient advancement in that scientific kind of instruction which Mr. Bannister* communicates—which is better adapted, she holds, to the wants of a superior class of pupils who have not so much work to attend to —and therefore she would desire to terminate that engagement at the expiration of the current quarter, or at any other reasonable notice you think right, and to substitute some female teacher of lower qualifications who could come on Saturday evenings, and sing hymns and so forth, with them. Her wish is, that they should now use what they have learnt in this wise, socially, and turn it to account in their devotion and relaxation, rather than they should learn more, as an abstract study or accomplishment.

I state her views, of course, without any admixture of my own.

Faithfully yours always

John Hullah Esquire Charles Dickens

[24] 6 Southwick Place, Hyde Park
Tuesday Eighth May 1866.

My Dear Hullah

I received your former letter, though not in due course. I have been constantly away, and have been for a few days disabled from writing through having accidentally hurt my hand.

I am not proud of my share in the Village Coquettes, and would rather let the songs (the words of the songs, I mean) die quietly, than revive them with the name of their respected parent attached. But if you like to republish them as compositions of yours, making no mention whatever of the ingenious author's name, but leaving him to blush anonymously, you are at perfect liberty to do so.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens

John Hullah Esquire

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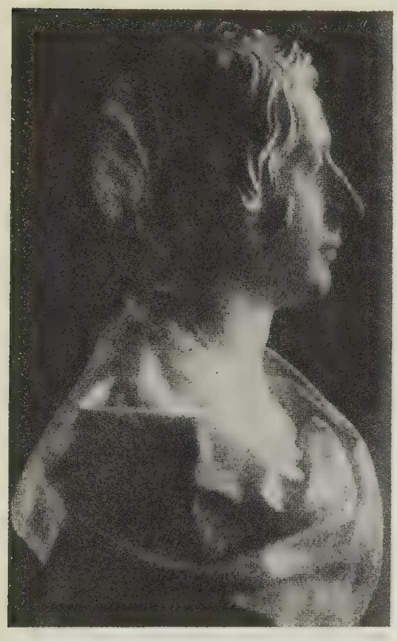
*Hullah had been appointed Professor of Vocal Music at King's College in 1844.

A Correction.—In our introductory note to these letters published in the last number, we inadvertently stated that Hullah was a pupil at the Royal College of Music, instead of at the Royal Academy of Music. Dickens's sister Fanny was also a pupil at the Academy, and it was she who brought the two young men together.

THE DEXTER BUST OF DICKENS

BY EDWARD F. PAYNE

(PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON BRANCH OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP)



THIS beautiful bust, said to be a perfect likeness of Boz at twenty-nine, was modelled by Henry Dexter under very trying conditions while the famous young man was in the midst of his great Boston reception in 1842. Henry Dexter was born October 11th, 1806, in the town of Nelson, Madison county, New York, U.S.A., the third of five children. One of his ancestors was the Rev. George Dexter, at one time a printer and stationer in London, later an adherent and transatlantic correspondent of Roger Williams. Coming to America this ancestor became an associate of Williams, a preacher, and the first educated printer in America.

Henry Dexter, a farmer lad, had very little schooling and was eventually apprenticed to a blacksmith, and it was not until he was thirty years of age that he finally was able to gratify his life-long ambition to become a portrait painter. It may seem strange that a blacksmith should turn to so æsthetic a calling, but one must remember that in those early days in this young country, artists were very apt to be artisans in the beginning and to spring from somewhat rude sources. Hiram Powers was in early life a mechanic, and Ball Hughes, whose statues of Little Nell and Oliver Twist were recently pictorially represented in *The Dickensian*, was a stone cutter by trade.

Dexter did not succeed as a portrait painter, though he nearly starved trying to do so, but when he at last found his true calling his recognition was rapid and secure. In 1839 he executed his famous statue of Emily Binney, a beautiful work known as "The Binney Child" for her tomb in Mount Auburn Cemetery, and he was thoroughly established as a successful sculptor when, in 1842, Charles Dickens took Boston by storm.

It was probably through his friend, Francis Alexander, who painted a portrait of Dickens at the same time, that Dexter secured the opportunity to make a bust of the distinguished visitor, but there is no record that Dickens ever went to Dexter's studio for a sitting.

He had to model the bust in Dickens's rooms at the Tremont House, and how he did it is best told in the words of G. P. Putnam, the young man whom Boz had engaged as a secretary and who was present at the sittings.

> " On Friday morning I was there at nine o'clock, the time appointed. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had their meals in their own rooms and the table was spread for breakfast. Soon they came in and after a cheerful greeting, I took my place at a side table and wrote as he ate his breakfast and meanwhile conversed with Mrs. Dickens, opened his letters and dictated his answers to me.
>
> " In one corner of the room Dexter, the sculptor, was earnestly at work modelling a bust of Mr. Dickens. Several others of the most eminent artists of our country had urgently requested Mr. Dickens to sit to them for his picture and bust, but having consented to do so to Alexander and Dexter, he was obliged to refuse all others for want of time.
>
> " While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature, and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come to Dickens with a solemn, businesslike air, stoop down and look at him sideways, pass around and take a look at the other side of his face, and then go back to his model ; soon he would come again with his calipers and measure Dickens's nose and go and try it on the nose of the model ; then come again with the calipers and try the width of the temples, or the distance from the nose to the chin, then back again to his work, eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task, and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it and repeatedly alluded to it during his stay as a very successful work of art."

Just what become of the original it is impossible to say and only one cast seems to be in Boston at present. This is owned by Miss Elizabeth P. Douglass, a grand-daughter of the sculptor, and she has no knowledge of any other being in existence. It is not known how many casts were made. The bust must have been exhibited and there is a tradition that during Dickens's Reading Tour in 1867-8 copies were sold in the cities where he appeared, but this can hardly be true as by that time there were many pictures and busts of the writer, as he then appeared, on sale everywhere.

That this work of Dexter's is an excellent likeness there can be no doubt, this letter written by Mrs. Dickens shows what she thought of it :

> " My Dear Mr. Dexter.—I did not see you before I left Boston and had not the opportunity of expressing to you how much I was delighted with your bust of my husband, which I think is a beautiful likeness. I should much like our English friends to see it and hope for an early cast.
>
> Catherine Dickens."

Also this note from Professor C. C. Felton, one of the closest friends of Boz during his first visit:

> "Ever since I saw your admirable bust of Charles Dickens, the best and most characteristic likeness that has ever been made of him, I have considered you the best, or certainly one of the best portrait sculptors of our time."

Miss Douglass has in her possession a letter written to her grandfather by Dickens on his second visit to Boston, which shows how rigidly manager George Dolby enforced the rule that his "chief" should not be disturbed. Dexter, remembering the cordiality of the younger Dickens, had, no doubt, presented himself at the Parker house sure in his own heart of a warm welcome. He was refused admission to the Dickens suite and evidently failed to meet the author. He may have written a note telling Dickens of his rebuff; at any rate, this cordial letter is proof that he was remembered.

Parker House, Boston
Thursday twenty Eighth
November 1867

My Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly sorry that a mistake should have been made in your case, and that when you did me the favour to call here you should have been confounded with the many unknown friends whom it is not (remembering the work I have before me) reasonably possible that I can have the pleasure of receiving.

On Saturday at one o'clock I shall be here, or on Sunday at the same hour, but I entreat you not to take the trouble of coming into town specially; I hope to return to Boston more than once or twice between this time and the end of April and to have several opportunities of assuring you that I have not forgotten old times.

Believe me

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Henry Dexter, Esquire

Whether Dexter called again or not is not known, although Dickens's letters home might mention his call, as he did speak of receiving a visit from Putnam, his secretary of 1842, but that he needed to be protected from all interruptions is a very evident fact, when it is remembered that he was about to begin his Readings in the most severe of winters and that when his health was far from rugged.

Energetic research might uncover several more copies of this bust in collections, museums or libraries in this country, but at present this one, in the old family mansion at 1663 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., the city where Longfellow, Felton and so many of those life-long friends of the great author lived, is the only one known to be in existence.

Miss Douglass will no doubt place it where all Dickensians can see it; just where that will be remains to be decided. That it is a treasure that all will appreciate there can be no doubt.

MISS MIGGS SAYS

I WILL make bold to say, that if I give offence by having consideration for my mistress, I do not ask your pardon, but am content to get myself into trouble and to be in suffering.

* * * * *

I wish I may only have a walking funeral and never be buried decent with a mourning coach and feathers.

* * * * *

I've a good conscience, Sir, and would much rather die than go down a ladder.

* * * * *

I dursn't do it, indeed. You know as well as anybody, how particular I am. And to come down in the dead of night, when the house is wrapped in slumbers and weiled in obscurity !

* * * * *

If you hadn't the sweetness of an angel in you, mim, I don't think you could abear it, I raly don't.

* * * * *

Begging your pardon, mim, such was not my intentions, and such I hope is not my character, though I am but a servant.

* * * * *

I hope I know my own unworthiness, and that I hate and despise myself and all my fellow creatures, as every practicable Christian should.

* * * * *

I never see such a blessed one as she is for the forgiveness of her spirit, I never, never, never did. No, nor no one—never.

* * * * *

We never know the full value of *some* wines and fig-trees till we lose 'em. So much the worse for them as has the slighting of 'em on their consciences when they're gone to be in full blow elsewhere.

* * * * *

Was there ever such an angel to talk to as he is—and such a sweet looking man. So upright and noble, that he seems to despise the very ground he walks on ; and yet so mild and condescending, that he seems to say, " But I will take notice on it, too."

* * * * *

Oh, mim, don't relude to that. I had no intentions, mim, that nobody should know. Such sacrifices as I can make, are quite a widder's mite.

* * * * *

I couldn't, no, not if twenty times the quantity of cold water was aperiently running down my back at this moment, go to bed with a quiet spirit.

* * * * *

My sentiments are of little consequences I know, for my positions is but a servant, and as sich, of humilities ; still I gives expressions to my feelings, and places my reliances on them which entertains my own opinions.

* * * * *

I am a abject slave, and a toiling, moiling, constant-working, always being-found-fault-with, never-giving-satisfactions, nor-having-no-time-to-clean-oneself, potter's wessel—ain't I !

A LAWYER READS *OLIVER TWIST*

By The Honourable WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, LL.D., F.R.S.C., etc.
Justice of Appeal, Ontario

MOST readers look upon the works of Dickens as furnishing entertainment for an idle hour; but those of any profession or of none may find there a graphic, lifelike and accurate presentation of the life of the people in one grade of society or the other or of those of more than one grade, in a country and at a time, removed from their own by thousands of miles and decades of years.

Oliver Twist is no less interesting in this regard than others of Dickens's novels; more so than some.

Appearing in " Bentley's Miscellany " in the fourth decade of the last century, it dealt with certain classes in England, chiefly in London, when the hansom, the delight of some of us of the older generation, was not yet a terror to the pedestrian—Joseph Aloysius Hansom had not yet spread his new conveyance, patented in 1834, over London; and the automobile was not so much as in contemplation—and so when Nancy was to take Oliver back to Fagin, it was a " hackney-cabriolet " that was pressed into service. No one ever caught a train; everyone who could afford it took a coach. Nor was the telephone known—Dr. Graham Bell had not begun to practise elocution; he had no thought of coming to Canada; Brantford was unknown to him; and so when *Mr.* Leathem, the surgeon, who was called a Doctor, though he was not one, rebuked Mrs. Maylie for not calling on him for assistance, he did not say: " Why did you not telephone ? " but " Why didn't you send ? " And, by the way, it was an " Apothecary's apprentice " that attended professionally the dying Sally who had stolen the dead mother's " gold."

Fever and ague still followed exposure to wet and cold—the biting Anopheles was not suspected, and malaria came from the foul air of the swamp. The four thieves played whist—bridge, contract or otherwise, had not been invented—when " the Artful was taking dummy against Master Bates and Mr. Chitling " and " wisely regulated his own play by the result of his observations upon his neighbour's cards." A " picture-card " was not what it is now, a hideous blotch on a piece of cardboard, whereon we write " Having a grand time, wish you were here," but what in these days and places we call a " face-card." Mr. Dawkins, however, if he were alive might easily find yet a " gentleman " to take up his challenge " to cut . . . for the first picture-card, at a shilling a time." The " pocket-pistol " carried by Bill Sikes was not what the unregenerate now call by that name—the correlative of that article was a " pint green-glass bottle," whose cork had to be drawn by the teeth. Master Charles Bates could do that " in a twinkling " and did so before he could pour " a portion of its contents down the patient's throat, previously taking a taste himself to prevent mistakes "; and then he gave Nancy " a whiff of fresh air with the bellows," Fagin slapped her hands and Bill undid her " petticuts "—the real treatment, *secundum artem*, of a faint, actual or feigned. Bill's pocket-pistol had to be loaded with powder, a bullet and " a bit of a old hat for waddin' " when he was frightening Oliver with the announcement, " if you speak a word when you're out o' doors with me, except when I speak to you, that loading will be in your head without notice." Newspaper men, especially reporters, will remember that Dickens himself was a newspaper man and a reporter—that of the most proficient character, too—when they read that such a decent person as Mr. Brownlow, a paragon, if there ever was one, said to Oliver, " We won't make an author of you, while there's an honest trade to be learnt, or brick-making to turn to."

But we must not keep the lawyer waiting.

Any lawyer, even though, like Mr. Grimwig, he has " quitted the Bar in disgust because he had only one brief and a motion of course in twenty years," and though he lives in a land where they never hear the written proceedings in the Court called anything but the " *Rec*-ord," as it was called by the illiterate, if lively, Charley Bates, instead of " Re-*cord*," as every self-respecting English lawyer, whether barrister or solicitor always calls it, as did the much vilified " Attorney " before he passed away, the lawyer in any land will find much to interest in this as in the other productions of the old Court-stenographer.

I confess that I have no patience with those—and especially with the lawyers—who look upon the trial of the Common Pleas case, Bardell *v.* Pickwick, as a travesty, a caricature : it is in fact a well-drawn and faithful picture of what takes place in any of our Courts on the trial of a case of the kind ; the incidents vary with the varying cases, but the methods of procedure are not changed.

The lawyer will note that Dickens knows the difference between the kinds of Defamation ; he did not make the mistake of saying that if the " lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized . . . Mr. Fang . . . were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for slander, and recovered heavy damages " ; he knew that such an action, though for defamation, was for " Libel " and said so.

He knew that a Queen's Counsel—the young eighteen-year-old Queen had just come to the throne in 1837—had a silk gown ; that " Judges of the land " should have " the stateliness and gravity " of other " great public functionaries " such as Members of Parliament, Ministers of State and Lord Mayors, even if inferior to those of the parish beadle, " who (as is well known) should be the sternest and most inflexible among them all." Some lawyers, from bitter experience at the Assizes, may perhaps concur in the opinion of Mr. Bumble—for, *crede experto*, " Juries is ineddicated, vulgar, grovelling wretches. . . . They haven't no more philosophy, nor political economy about 'em than a snap of the finger."

Perhaps what will most impress the lawyer is what most impressed me, not yet a lawyer, on my first reading of the novel—I mean the terrible prevalence of Capital Punishment, and that, in public. As to the latter, it is but the other day, in this Province, that executions have ceased to be a spectacle for the curious. I myself—*moi qui* *parle*—well remember when a lad going to school, well past the middle of the last century, seeing scores of men and boys on trees overlooking the Cobourg Gaol Yard early in the morning to witness the execution of Dr. King, the wife-murderer; and there came to my father's place, a short distance west of the Gaol, before daybreak, yeomen from Clarke, thirty miles away, to enjoy this rare treat—and those were the days of clay, or at best gravel, roads, and the automobile was not yet. So familiar to the world of Dickens was execution by hanging that "the Jew appeared to understand perfectly" when "Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear and jerking his head over on the right shoulder"—nay, it was a joke, Fagin speaks half in fun, half in earnest of "the cravat round your throat that's so very easily tied and so very difficult to unloose": and Master Bates explains a professional technicality by catching up "an end of his handkerchief, and holding it erect in the air, dropped his head on his shoulder and jerked a curious sound through his teeth," and the spectators—as the readers—were expected to understand without explanation that this was "indicating by a lively pantomimic representation that scragging and hanging were one and the same thing." A crowd at an execution was the usual thing. The Artful Dodger most casually asked Oliver "whether there had been much of a crowd at the execution that morning": when it came to be the turn of the Jew to be hanged, from early in the evening till midnight, little groups of two and three anxiously enquired if there was any reprieve, and were delighted with the reply in the negative and "communicated the welcome intelligence to clusters in the street": then "a few strong barriers, painted black," had to be "thrown across the road to break the pressure of the expected crowd"; and the crowd came—before dawn, "A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking and playing cards to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling and joking. Everything told of life and animation, but one dark cluster in the centre of all——"

Nor was it for murder that most of the sentences of death were pronounced. The sentence of death was according to the Common Law to be executed on the next day but one after sentence, which was the reason why Friday was invariably selected as Judgment Day, so that the unfortunates sentenced to death would have an extra day to live, regard for the Sabbath preventing execution on that day. Not only murder but practically every felony was punishable—at least in theory—in Dickens's time with death: those in gaol for theft, "fine young chaps," as Nancy called them, and she was not contradicted by Sikes, "They're as good as dead"; and Fagin spoke gloatingly of "Five of 'em strung up in a row, and none left to play booby or turn white livered." He was not alone in thinking "What a fine thing capital punishment is! Dead men never repent; dead men never bring awkward stories to light. Ah, it's a fine thing for the trade" of stealing. Toby Crackit knew that the gallows were waiting for the burglar and fled: "They were close upon our heels; every man for himself and each for the gallows!": and "the tinker busied himself in endeavouring to restore Oliver, lest he should die before he could be hanged."

Death for felony was sometimes, very usually, indeed, at this time, commuted—transportation being substituted.

We are told that transportation was first provided for in Queen Elizabeth's reign, in her 39th year, to be particular—but it did not become very common for some time thereafter. The first official entry I find in the "Acts of the Privy Council of England: Colonial Series," is in the reign of James I, when, July 13th, 1617, an open warrant was issued for the reprieve of five "Prisoners in Oxford Gaole, and to deliver them vnto Sir Thomas Smyth knight to be transported into Virginia or other partes beyound the Seas with prouisoe that they retourne not againe into England. . . ." Often the old warrants expressed to be due to the "singular mercie" of the King. When the American Colonies set up for themselves, that place was no longer open for the emigration of the surplus criminal population, and Australia and Van Dieman's Land had to be substituted—this had its real beginning in 1779. The last transportations for crime in this country was that of some of the traitors of the Rebellion of 1837-8.

The Treadmill, too, has disappeared—fondly described by Oliver's new friend as "*the*-mill, the mill as takes up so little room that it'll work inside a stone jug: and always goes better when the wind's low with people than when it's high, acos then they can't get workmen."

Mr. Fang, the magistrate whom Dickens certainly does not admire, found a use for this mill when he sentenced the "miserable, shoeless criminal, who had been taken up for playing the flute," and, on the glaring offence against society being clearly proved, he very properly committed him to the House of Correction. He told the criminal that "since he had so much breath to spare, it would be more wholesomely expended on the treadmill than in a musical instrument." Somehow, one gets the idea that Dickens did not have a high opinion of Mr. Fang—perhaps on account of that word so accidentally prevented from being heard by the cough of clerk and jailor and the clerk dropping a book.

Such were the means from which our great Commentator thought "there is reason to hope that such a reformation may be effected in the lower classes of mankind, and such a gradual scale of punishment be affixed to all graduations of guilt, as may in time, supersede the necessity of capital punishment except for very atrocious crimes."—Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," Vol. IV, p. 372.

Enough of this horror; no one can say or suggest that Dickens did not give an accurate picture of those times and that class.

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

BY W. MILLER AND E. H. STRANGE

(*Continued from page* 309, Vol. xxix.)

COLLATION OF PART II.

COVER.

As with Part I, below the name of the editor must appear " With Four Illustrations by Seymour."
Date, MDCCCXXXVI.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inside cover, both back and front, blank. Outer back cover advertises No. 2, " Library of Fiction."

ADDRESS.

A single leaf reverse blank, announcing the tragic death of Seymour, appeared between plates and text.

TEXT.

Twenty-four pages, 27-50, in three insets of eight pages each. It is usually said that the test of a fine *Pickwick* is the condition of Part II. This is owing less to the original scarcity of this Part, as compared with Parts I, III and IV, than to the habits of dealers and collectors. No fewer copies of this part were printed than of its immediate predecessor and successor, but for some reason Dickens made several changes in the wording of the text for the second issue.

The different wordings of first-issue text are as follows :—

Page 28.—Last line, " drawn out," not " draw out."

Page 30.—Towards the end of the third paragraph, " low wanderings," not " low murmurings."

Page 33.—Line 22. " By God," not " every man." (This passage may have given offence and started Dickens making verbal corrections.)

Page 34.—Lines 15 and 14 from the bottom " (presented on the 2nd of December, 1828, and ordered to be bound on the same day) ", entirely removed in the second issue.

Page 43.—First line of chapter heading ends with " MR. PICK-," second line with " AND." Line 6 of the chapter ends " of the ancient castlē," but in line 11 " ancient " is omitted.

Page 44.—Line 4 from bottom, " printed," not " entered."

Page 47.—Line 13, " his horse's bridle," not " the reins." Line 20, " bridle," not " reins." Line 21 should read " it " and " its," not " them " and " their."

Page 48—Line 3, " the bridle," not " his hold."

Page 50.—Line 27, " apartment," not " room." Next line second issue has a comma after " it."

Defects in printing are as follows :—

Page 31.—Line 12, there is usually a quad mark after the word "bed" in the first edition.

Page 38.—The top of the F of the heading is usually very imperfect in the first issue, less imperfect in the second. Line 21 from the bottom, the "y" of "young ladies" is usually filled in in the first issue, clear in the second.

Page 40.—Line 4 from the bottom "e" in "veal" is perfect in the first issue, but has a broken loop in the second.

Page 42.—Before line 6 there is usually a quad mark in the first issue.

The stereotyped second issue has a breadth of printing almost exactly 3¾ inches, a measurement which is remarkably constant as compared with the first issue printed from movable type. This constant 3¾ inches of itself is conclusive evidence that movable type was not used in printing it. Such a job was and still is put up in a certain number of ems=sixths of an inch. 3¾ inches is not a whole number of ems.

THE PLATES.

Three plates only were discovered, left by Seymour after his death. He had been working on the first one of this Part, "The Dying Clown," just before he committed suicide. (1) The earliest impressions of this plate have no signature "Seymour del," just as the last plate of the first Part shows no signature. Careful examination of the signature reveals a distinct difference in the "r" of "Seymour" found on later impressions of the plate from those impressions from other plates carrying the Seymour signature. Fortunately, the "del" of the signature shown on later impressions of this plate slightly overlaps the drawing itself, so that there can be no question of a failure of the plate to impress the paper or of a subsequent erasure of the signature. Such impressions without the signature are exceedingly scarce and remarkably fine clear prints. The reasonable presumption, therefore, is that (2) the signature was applied to the plate by "Phiz" later than the first printing. (3) Later still with the demand for copies of the earlier Parts, "Phiz" was compelled to work over the plate with the graving tool, in order to obtain satisfactory impressions. So we get the so-called "blacking-brush" impressions. Besides being darker and less fine of line certain differences of detail can be noted in these later impressions. The cup on the mantelpiece is clearly outlined complete, and the broken line below, just above the drying clothes, is made one whole line.

The other two plates show similar changes as printing from them was repeated. "Phiz" did not etch a new plate until the bound volume was published containing plates with captions, which plates with few exceptions were markedly different from the plates without captions, which alone concern us. "Mr. Pickwick in Chase of his Hat." (1) Earliest impressions show a pale patch, where the plate has failed to impress, over Mr. Pickwick's right coat-tail and over Mr. Snodgrass's left leg. The hat of the man on the extreme right of the picture is indistinct. (2) These pale patches in the impressions first yielded were rendered uniform with the rest of the picture by retouching the plate. (3) In the last " blacking-brush " state the hat in question is clearly outlined, but the fine detail is lost in the general darkness of the impression. " The Refractory Steed." (1) The butt of the whip on the ground is outlined simply in two lines. (2) In second impressions the whip seems more solid with a third line running between the other two. (3) Last, the whip is almost entirely black. A furrow is also drawn in, touching the toe of Mr. Winkle's right boot. Further, there is much more detail added indicating the shadows of Mr. Winkle and the chaise.

PART III.

COVER.

" With Illustrations by R. W. Buss." Later, when it was decided not to retain Buss's services for future Parts, this was altered to " With Illustrations."

Date, MDCCCXXXVI.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cover inside, back and front, blank. Outside back cover advertises No. 3 of the " Library of Fiction." Front advertisements consist of two leaves, 4 pages unnumbered, 12 mo. " Sunday Under Three Heads " and other works, stitched in before plates and text. Back advertisements, 4 pages, " The Autobiography of an Oil Bottle."

ADDRESS.

A single leaf in which the publishers refer to the new illustrator, R. W. Buss.

TEXT.

Thirty-two pages, in two insets of sixteen pages each, 51-82. First issue is distinguished from the second by the following differences.

Page 51.—The 5 of the page numeral is perfect.

Page 51.—Last line, after " family " an irregular dot over the comma.

Page 52.—Line 14 from bottom, first letter " s " not damaged. Line 13 from bottom the " k " in " looked " is perfect, in second issue broken.

Page 53.—The word " snuff," line 6 from the bottom, projects to the right of the rest of the print.

Page 60.—Line 1, dot is not missing from the " i " of " promises."

Page 61.—Line 20. A faint quad mark after " road-side." Lines 23 and 24, first letter of each line perfect in the first issue, damaged in the second.

Page 65.—Line 15, " W " in " What's " is perfect, not broken as in second issue.

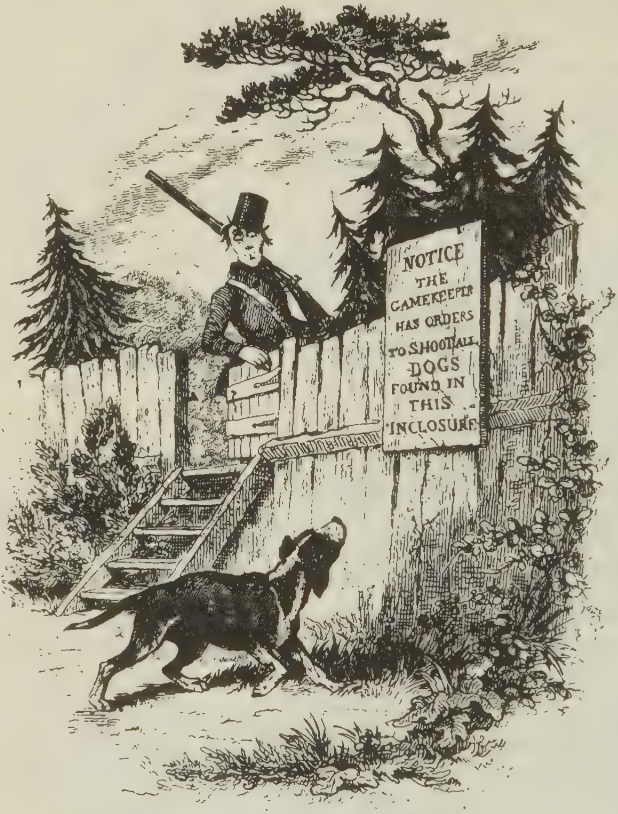
Page 73.—There is a faint quad mark just after the page number.

Page 78.—Line 3 from bottom after " but " there is a quad mark.

PLATES.

The story of the Buss plates is familiar enough. Dickens, we are told, did not like the two plates supplied for the third part of *Pickwick*

SEYMOUR PLATE No. 3.

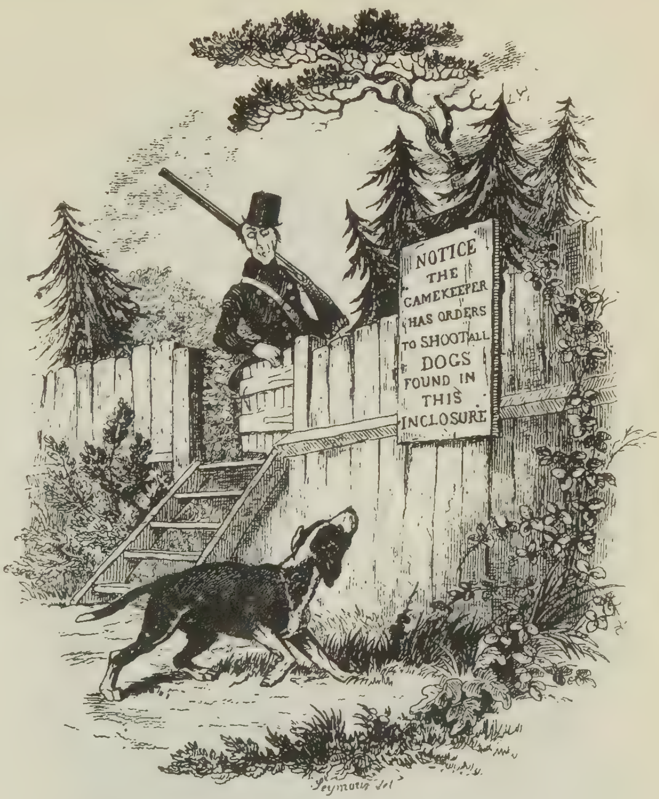

NOTICE
THE GAMEKEEPER HAS ORDERS TO SHOOT ALL DOGS FOUND IN THIS INCLOSURE

page 9-

Gamekeeper's gun has hammer and trigger; dog's tail is pointed; hinges on the gate are shaded; hasp on the gate-post distinct against surrounding foliage, which is very faintly indicated.

Papers, after the death of Seymour, and Buss's name was removed from the wrapper. Apparently, however, Part III was still supplied to the public with the Buss plates, until, with the immensely increasing popularity of the work, "Phiz" etched two plates entirely different. The curious thing is that the Buss plates are so easy to obtain, so that one is naturally urged to enquire whether the original Buss plates were left unaltered by Buss himself and "Phiz," before the new ones for the same part were substituted. Examination of the plates themselves shows that at least two states of both published Buss plates exist. (1) In the plate of "The Cricket Match" we have one state (*a*) showing a rather flat picture and another (*b*) in which the picture has

"PHIZ" PLATE No. 3.

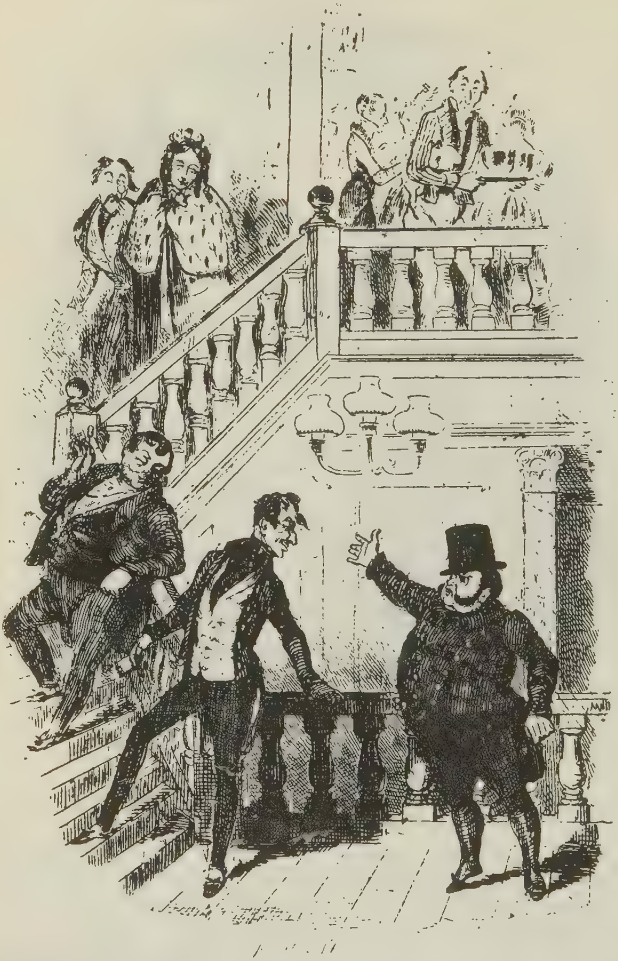


page 9-

Gun has no hammer ; dog's tail is stumpy ; hinges of gate are plain ; hasp on gate-post almost lost against dark foliage.

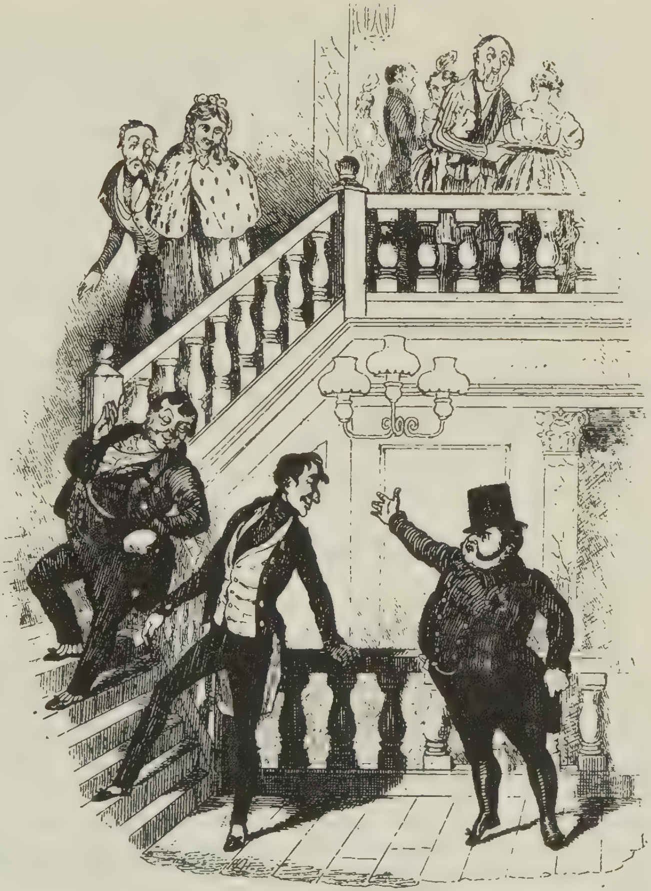
been enlivened by the accentuation of certain salient features. In particular, both wickets, but especially the further one, have been made prominent, as well as the right hand of the fielder on the right. The fieldsman appearing between the two cricket bats has been outlined distinctly. (2) In the "Arbour Scene," again, we have (*a*) a comparatively flat picture with not much distinction between framework of the arbour and the foliage around it, and (*b*) another picture in which the total impression is changed by the sharp definition of the woodwork of the arbour. In (*a*) the buttons on the fat boy's coat are seen, in (*b*) his coat is so dark that his back buttons scarcely show at all. The lower border of Miss Wardle's dress and Mr. Tupman's small clothes have been sharply outlined with the graver. In each

SEYMOUR PLATE No. 4.



Ten boards on the floor ; man on staircase has a moustache ; glasses carried by the waiter are full ; both of Dr. Slammer's eyes are visible ; Mr. Tupman's right arm points upwards.

instance, apart from the differences mentioned, (*a*) and (*b*) correspond line for line and point for point, so that we are dealing with not two numerically different steel plates, but one plate from which a series of impressions was obtained, and, after slight touching up of the numerically same plate, another series of impressions. Further, it is impossible that a plate which yielded the series of impressions (*b*) could yield the series (*a*) without filling in again the face of the plate, "PHIZ" PLATE No. 4.



page-17

Eleven boards in the floor; man on the staircase has no moustache; glasses on waiter's tray are empty; only one eye of Dr. Slammer visible; Mr. Tupman's right arm points more forward; the pattern in the lower edge of the globes of the chandelier is more open.

whereas the series (*b*) could be obtained after the series (*a*) with very little extra engraving. Experience shows that impressions (*a*) are much more difficult to obtain than impressions (*b*), and are generally accompanied by the first state of the text. Examples (*a*) are, therefore, in the first state, and examples (*b*) in the second. The reproductions of the Buss plates in Mr. John C. Eckel's book are from second impressions of the plates.

TO TEA WITH DICKENS

Dainty new bread, crusty twists, cool fresh butter, thin slices of ham, tongue and German sausage, and delicate little rows of anchovies nestling in parsley; not to mention new laid eggs, to be brought up warm in a napkin, and hot buttered toast. For Chadband is rather a consuming vessel—the persecuters say, a gorging vessel; and can wield such weapons of the flesh as a knife and fork remarkably well. (At the Snagsbys', *Bleak House.*)

* * * * *

We found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. . . . The Aged prepared such a haystack of buttered toast, that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top bar. . . . We ate the whole of the toast, and drank tea in proportion; and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. (At Wemmick's. *Great Expectations.*)

* * * * *

Judy begins to collect in a basin various tributary streams of tea, from the bottoms of cups and saucers, and from the bottom of the tea-pot, for the little charwoman's evening meal. In like manner she gets together, in the iron bread-basket, as many outside fragments and worn down heels of loaves as the rigid economy of the house has left in existence. (At the Smallweeds'. *Bleak House.*)

* * * * *

Fresh butter in a cabbage leaf, some thin slices of boiled ham in another cabbage leaf, and a little basket of watercress and salad herbs. When these were arranged upon the table to his satisfaction they sat down to tea. (In the Marshalsea. *Little Dorrit.*)

* * * * *

A handful of mustard and cress, a trifle of herb called dandelion, three bunches of radishes, an onion rather larger than an average turnip, three substantial slices of beetroot, and a short prong or antler of celery; the whole of this garden-stuff, having been publically exhibited, but a short time before, as a twopenny salad. (At Mrs. Gamp's. *Martin Chuzzlewit.*)

* * * * *

When I had money enough, I used to get half a pint of ready made coffee, and a slice of bread and butter. When I had none, I used to look at a venison-shop in Fleet Street; or I have strolled, at such a time, as far as Covent Garden Market, and stared at the pine-apples. (*David Copperfield.*)

* * * * *

"I'm glad to think we had muffins. . . . It's a sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunns." (At the Tugbys'.)

* * * * *

"P'raps somebody would like to try a new laid egg or two, not biled too hard. Likewise, a few rounds o' buttered toast, first cuttin' o' off the crust, in consequence of tender teeth, and not too many of 'em. (Mrs. Gamp in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*)

* * * * *

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knees; wiped his lips and deliberately kissed the matron. (At Mrs. Corney's. *Oliver Twist.*)

AN AMUSING UNPUBLISHED LETTER

Palazzo Peschiere, Genoa,
9th May, 1845.

My very dear Mac,*

I should be ashamed of having observed this long silence towards such a correspondent as You, if I were not comforted by the belief that you hear of all our proceedings from Forster—hear sometimes, more than you could desire, perhaps of the prolix Dick—and that you have us as fully in that astonishing eye of yours (" and Good God, my dear Mac, what an Eye you have ! ") as if you saw us all bodily in No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, which please God, old fellow, you will shortly do again and again ; for on Monday, the ninth of next month, we turn homewards. The main object of my letter—its sole object—is to say that *I can't* say how happy I am in the hope of speedily seeing you again, my dear friend, and holding all manner of glorious jollifications in your beloved company.

Would you like to know a piece of domestic news that Forster don't know ? Would you permit me to put you in the position of crushing him ? I will do so. Forthwith. You recollect our cook, our nice cook, our good-looking cook ; the best servant as ever trod (excuse my being nautical) 'twixt stem and stern, your Honor ? Yesterday she came up to her mistress and announced that she was not going to return to England, but intended to be married and to settle here ! ! !

The bridegroom is the Governor's cook, who has been visiting in the kitchen ever since our first arrival. The Governor's servants have a weekly ball in the summer, and there they first met—'twas in in a crowd, I believe. He is a Frenchman by birth, but has been here a long time. They have courted in Italian, as he knows no English and she no French. They are to be married as soon as her baptism certificate can arrive from England (at Leghorn ; she must go there, for the purpose ; it is not legal here : she being a Protestant) and intend opening a restaurant in Genoa. It is a great venture on her part, for she is well brought-up, quite delicate in her ideas, full of English notions of comfort and cleanliness and decency—and must, for some time at all events, live in some miserable rooms in some miserable neighbourhood, of which you can form no idea without seeing the ordinary residences of an Italian Town. I do not remember a single English person of her own station who will be here, after we have left. But she is resolved. And [*all*] I can do is to take care that the marriage is lawfully and properly solemnized before we depart.

This is the second of them who has found a lover here ; the nurse, Charlotte, having " provided herself " with that commodity the other day. I am in daily expectation of finding that Anne is secretly married to Roche and has a young family. I have interrogated Charley in private, but I believe he is still free, also his sisters. Chickenstalker

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*Daniel Maclise, R.A.

(whom I think you will like—you always predicted well of him) is still heartwhole, I believe.

The greatest public news of this place is that two men were hanged here the other day. It was the first public execution for many years, and made an immense sensation. They had broken into and robbed a priest's house (the priest was the uncle of one of them) in broad day, in the most crowded part of the town, and had murdered the woman servant who had opened the door to them, by throttling her with their hands, that there might be no weapon and no blood. They suffered on the outer mole of the Harbor, a stone wall, out in the broad blue sea, and the great crowd were gathered together in boats. On their way to the scaffold, they had the Sacrament given them, I am told, *no fewer than seven times*, at the doors of seven different churches. I was afraid to go, for I know how they manage things here : and knew I should be horrified. It was very dreadful, I understand : one man standing by, while the other was hanged, and Jack Ketch dangling with his arms on the cross beam, and dancing on the quivering body ! Roche went, and could eat nothing for a long time afterwards. Ketch came from Turin, express. He used to live here. But it being accidentally discovered that he prowled about the town after nightfall, wrapped up in a great cloak, attending the poor people as a physician (!) he was ordered off a few years ago.

I ought to have filled this half sheet with a little critical talk about the Farnese Hercules and the d° Bull, and the Venuses (all bad by the bye, and like anything but women—they may be Goddesses : I don't know about that) and the Apollo and the Laöcoon, and other novelties. But I can think of no art but your cartoon, of which Forster gives me such a tremendous and rapturous account. So we will be critical in our walks home at night, and there is no chance of our disagreeing, I know. For is not our motto Truth for ever, and CANT be damned ?

Goodbye my dear Mac. I am looking forward, with perfect enthusiasm to shaking you by the hand. So are Kate and Georgy (who send loves) ; so are all the children !

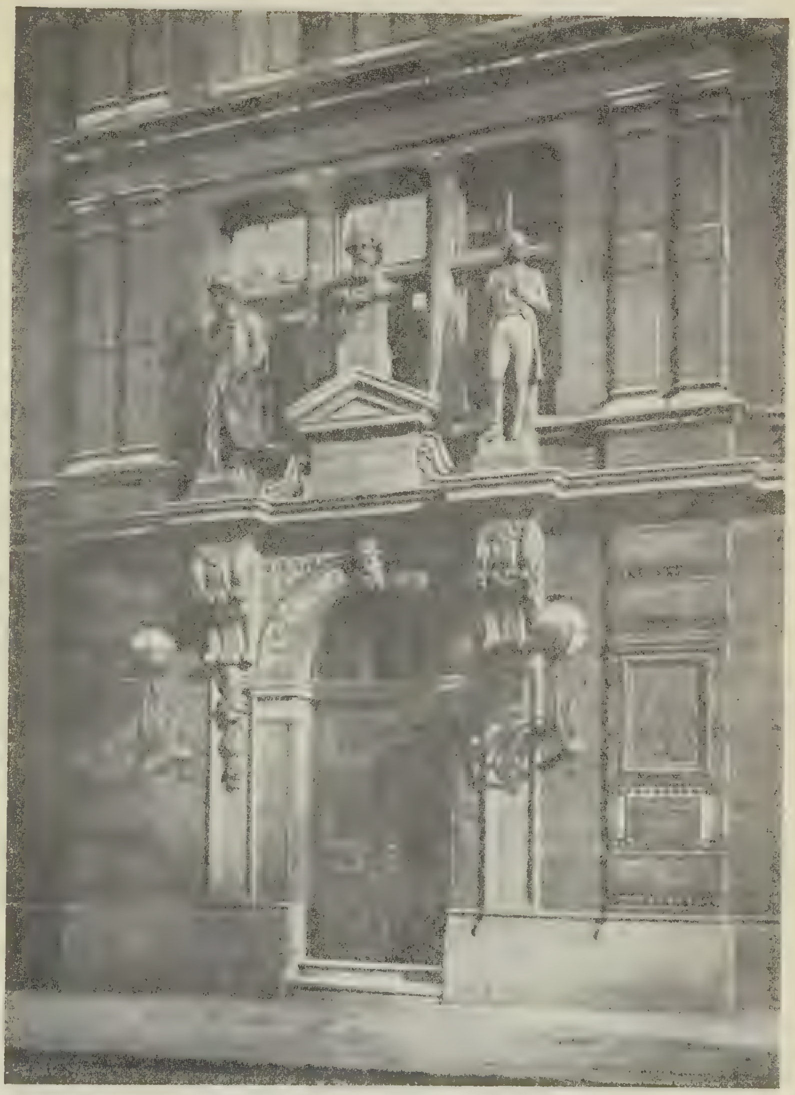
Ever and Ever Yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P.S.—Best remembrances to your Good Sister.

THE DICKENS MEMORIAL ON SNOW HILL

ON the opposite page, Mr. Wm. A. Clark has presented us with an excellent photograph of the door-way to Messrs. Ormiston and Glass's premises on Snow Hill. Before this firm took over the building as their offices some twenty-five years ago, when they erected this memorial to connect Dickens and *Nicholas Nickleby* with the spot, it was an inn known as the Saracen's Head, built in about 1868, to replace the older inn of that name immortalised in the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*, which actually stood a little higher up, on the site now occupied by the Police Station.



The Dickens Memorial on Snow Hill

(see opposite page)

From a photograph by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

Specially taken for *The Dickensian*

THE QUALITY OF NOMENCLATURE

"WHAT'S in a name," quoth Juliet, "a rose by any other word would smell as sweet." No doubt it would; but would Dickens's characters live in our hearts and minds to the same extent if they belonged to the Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson style of nomenclature?

Probably not, for much of the strength and attraction of Dickens's work lay in his genius for suiting the name to the character, the character to the name. Yet these names are not fanciful, made up for the occasion, but are regular surnames, to be found in a London directory.

Dear, faithful Peggotty ("The woman with the pagan name") by any commonplace patronymic would lose half her charm; so, perhaps, would good old Pickwick; also Mrs. Boffin, large-hearted and lovable.

One can well imagine Dickens chuckling over his choice of names, notably Stiggins, the arch-humbug and pineapple-rum addict. Did not "Stiggins" become the synonym for many a Little Bethel in London, just as "Gamp" has for a shabby old umbrella? It is surely unique for a fictional character to give its name to an article of daily use!

The creation of that precious pair, Gamp and Prig, went a long way to make Dickens's name imperishable; and the exposure of such brutal nursing (?) practices helped to end them. He did noble work towards the abolishment of many evils and earned the gratitude of all England.

Mould, the undertaker; Bumble, the beadle; the newly-rich Veneerings; the delightful Cheeryble twins are all eminently suited in their names; while anything softer or more genial for that pair of scoundrels, Sampson and Sally Brass, would certainly be a misnomer; Brass by name and brass by nature!

Prognostications that the name and works of Dickens will die out, especially with the young people, have little foundation, in fact, for a recent list of most popular children's books places *David Copperfield* at the head, for the third year in succession!

Oona E. Burton.

WHO WAS THIS?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 266, Vol. xxix)

1, Mrs. Boffin; 2, Daniel Doyce; 3, Mr. Casby; 4, Mrs. Jarley; 5, Flora; 6, Mrs. General; 7, Mrs. Varden; 8, Mr. Stryver; 9, Mr. Justice Stareleigh; 10, Lobley; 11, Grewgious; 12, Mrs. Miff; 13, Datchery; 14, Mr. Lorry; 15, John Willet; 16, Solomon Daisy; 17, Rosa Dartle; 18, Herbert Pocket; 19, Mrs. Malderton; 20, McChoakumchild; 21, Barnacle, Jun.; 22, Chevy Slyme; 23, Miss Pross; 24, Tom Pinch; 25, Dolly Varden; 26, Mrs. Lupin; 27, Magsman; 28, Tite Barnacle; 29, Sydney Carton; 30, Magwitch; 31, Fizkin; 32, Bounderby; 33, The Bagman.

FACTS ABOUT THE GORDON RIOTS

DICKENS'S USE OF NEWSPAPER REPORTS

BY E. KENDALL PEARSON

I HESITATE, in deference to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, to describe *Barnaby Rudge* as " an historical novel," notwithstanding the fact that Mr. J. H. McNulty has recently expressed the opinion that it " is as good a story as any historical novel " ; and I certainly have no desire to impart to Sim Tappertit's secret league the added dignity of " a political movement."

Although, on the latter point, I may remark by way of parenthetical comment on Mr. Chesterton's hyperbole, that, as Mr. Pickwick observed so sapiently, the word politics " comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude," and that its ramifications were, and are, sufficiently diverse as, in my opinion, not to exclude from active participation in political movements young enthusiasts of the calibre of the noble captain and his 'prentice knights. But this by the way.

My point is that *Barnaby Rudge*—call it a tale (as Dickens does in his prefaces), or what you will—is almost as full of history as an egg is full of meat. And in using this simile I am not content with the qualified assent of those who, after the manner of the curate and his egg, may be inclined to concede that it is historical " in parts." That is, so far as the account of the Gordon Riots and incidents and personalities in connection with them are concerned.

By " history " I mean, of course, a narration of facts or events, and Dickens assures us that the account given in *Barnaby Rudge* of all the main features of the Riots, is substantially correct.

How closely Dickens has emulated Mr. Gradgrind in sticking to facts in his descriptions of the Riots is clearly shown by reference to the newspapers of the time, of which the author makes mention in at least one preface to the book. As I presume that the majority, at any rate, of the readers of *The Dickensian* have not ready access to this source of information, as some of us have had, I thought it might be of interest to give just a few results of a rummage which I made among newspaper reports of those disorderly happenings of 1780, to test the accuracy of Dickens's statement. The space at my disposal will only permit of a very few of many instances being given.

I found that the " Gloucester Journal "—to the more modern files of which it was my lot to make a great many contributions over a long series of years—devoted considerable space to reporting the Gordon Riots and the proceedings resulting from them. Needless to say, I read with especial zest the columns of description published in June, 1780, from which reports or those issuing from the same source, Dickens derived most if not all of his information.

The newspaper account to which I had access appeared to be a plain, unvarnished series of eye-witness reports of what actually happened, and what astonished me was the remarkable fidelity with which Dickens has dealt with the Riots. If only all history books, to say nothing of so-called "historical novels," were as well equipped with real "history" as *Barnaby Rudge* is, their readers would be better informed as to things which have really happened, and which are beyond the vision of purely imaginative writers.

Reference to Chapter 49 of *Barnaby Rudge* shows in particular how closely Dickens adhered to the newspaper accounts in describing the visit of the mob to the Houses of Parliament, even to the speech of Lord George Gordon urging his followers to be firm and not to allow consideration of their petition to be postponed until "Tuesday," the identical day which is also mentioned in the press.

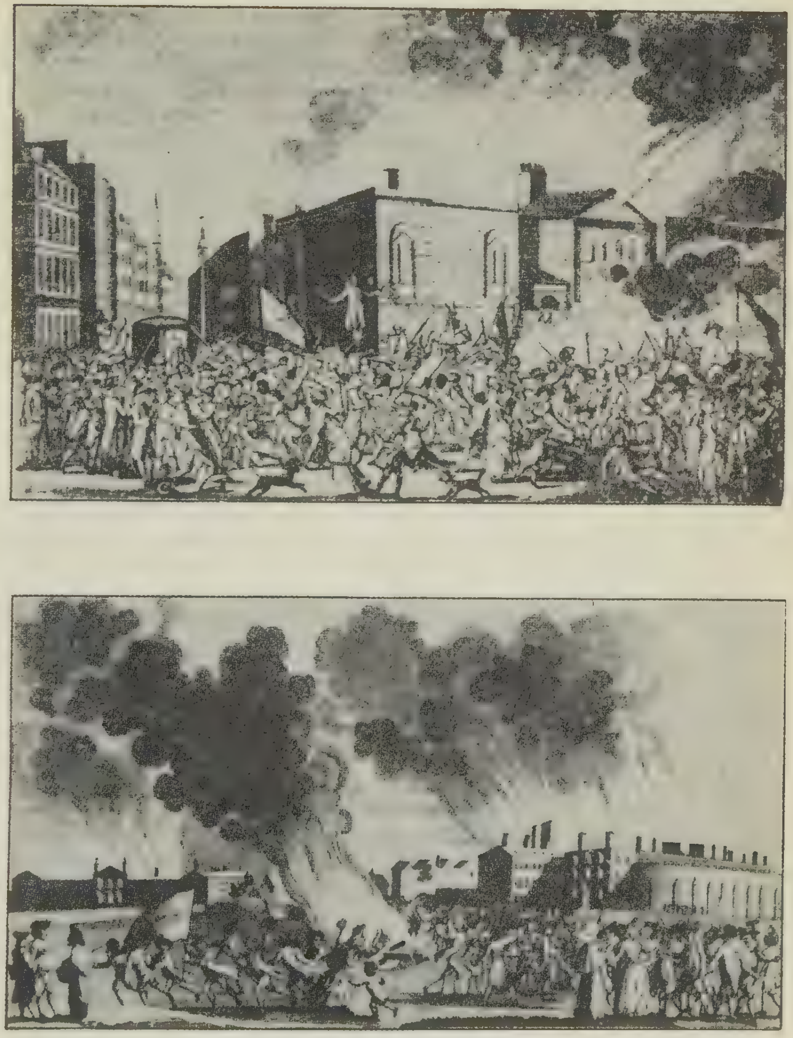
In connection with the rough treatment which members of the House of Peers, Spiritual and Temporal, received at the hands of the mob, the newspaper makes special mention of the violence shown to the two archbishops and certain of the bishops, among others. This gives point to the incident in which Sim Tappertit, when boasting of what the mob had done to various exalted personages, triumphantly produced a large tooth which he said was a bishop's, with the warning, "Beware, G. Varden!"

It brings one into very close touch with the Riots to read in the contemporary press the actual names not only of places but of individuals actively concerned, while the descriptive matter in *Barnaby Rudge* has in some instances, at least, an almost word-for-word resemblance to the newspaper reporters' "story."

For example, Lord Mansfield, the destruction of whose literary treasures and other valuables is described in *Barnaby Rudge* with so much detail, was Chief Justice of England for nearly thirty years; Sir George Saville, who also incurred the fury of the mob, was the author of the Catholic Relief Bill which had aroused the ire of the Protestant Association; Sir John Fielding was the Bow Street Justice who Dickens remarks, "had the reputation of being a bold and active magistrate"; and Mr. Langdale, the vintner and distiller, of Holborn Hill, another conspicuous victim of the rioters' violence, was also a real personage. I understand that direct successors to Mr. Langdale's business are still in existence, for only last year mine host of that famous Pickwickian hotel, the Royal Hop Pole at Tewkesbury (Mr. Halsall)—himself a keen Dickensian, and at the time of the conversation President of the local branch of the Fellowship—told me, as an interesting Dickensian link, that he had had communications from the firm. But this by the way.

As is well known, the elegant and polished, but thoroughly unprincipled Sir John Chester, is generally believed to have been intended by Dickens for the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who has been described as the decorously polite but heartless author of the book entitled "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son."

Coming to some of the less aristocratic people whose names figure in the pages of *Barnaby Rudge*, the newspaper account shows that Dickens, in describing the attack upon Newgate, gives the actual name of the Keeper of the Gaol in writing of Mr. Akerman. It is



Two contemporary drawings of scenes in the Gordon Riots. The upper one represents the burning of Newgate Prison; the lower, that of the King's Bench Prison interesting to note, in passing, that Mr. Akerman was a friend of Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer.

It is also of historical significance to note that the " Constitutional Officer," Ned Dennis—" as was so christened by his own father "—figures in the newspaper report of the Riots as " Edward Dennis, the public hangman." It is on record that the real Dennis did not suffer the death penalty to which he was sentenced with the rioters, he having been reprieved, but this information does not appear in my newspaper account.

I have looked in vain in the press reports for the name of that very lovable character, Gabriel Varden, hoping to find that he was a real person, but it is an interesting fact that the name did actually appear in the London Directory of 1780.

The surname of the redoubtable Captain of the 'Prentice Knights Sim Tappertit, was, I think it fair to assume, adapted by Dickens from that of the captain of a party of rioters whose name is given in the " Gloucester Journal " report as Thomas Taplin, who, the defence of insanity which was set up at his trial being unavailing, was executed with a lad associated with him in his riotous behaviour.

I cannot identify by name Maypole Hugh in the list of the captured rioters, but he is very clearly traceable in the newspaper report, which states :

> " The attack on the Bank was made in the following manner :—A brewer's man, mounted on a horse hung round with the Newgate chains, had the audacity to proceed to the very gates. The guard first used persuasives, but these proving ineffectual, the firelocks were levelled, and two men dropping, one of whom instantly expired, the mob desisted. The guard afterwards kept up a running fire for some time and killed great numbers."

Dickens, it will be noted, writes of Hugh as having " bestrode a brewer's horse of great size and strength, caparisoned with fetters taken out of Newgate, which clanked and jingled as he went. . . . He headed two attacks upon the Bank."

Among the graphic descriptions which are given in *Barnaby Rudge* of the executions which followed the conviction of so many of the rioters, there is one paragraph at the end of Chapter 77 which is such a conspicuous illustration of the use Dickens made of newspaper records in order to obtain his facts, that I take the liberty of quoting it :

> " One young man was hanged in Bishopsgate Street, whose aged grey-haired father waited for him at the gallows, kissed him at its foot when he arrived, and sat there, on the ground, till they took him down. They would have given him the body of his child ; but he had no hearse, no coffin, nothing to remove it in, being too poor ; and walked meekly away beside the cart that took it back to prison, trying as he went to touch its lifeless hand."

This intensely, almost unbelievably, pathetic description of one of the many grisly tragedies of those awful times, was a literally true account, so far as the essential details are concerned.

I have copied the following from the "Gloucester Journal" of July 11th in that terrible year:

> "William Brown (22) condemned for robbing Mr. Daking, a cheesemonger, in Bishopsgate Street, was executed at the joining of the four cross streets, four doors distant from the house where the offence was committed. His father, a grey-headed old man, accompanied the prisoner from Newgate, and when Mr. Villette (the chaplain) came up into the cart, kissed his son and went down into the street, where he remained during the whole time of the execution, close by the side of the cart. The convict hung an hour, at the expiration of which, no hearse appearing to take away the body, the cart was backed under the gallows, and the convict was let down into it, when the father accompanied his son's corpse to the grave."

According to the "Gloucester Journal," 135 persons were tried for their part in the Riots, of whom 59 were capitally convicted, and upwards of 40 of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law. "It is worthy of remark," a writer in that newspaper pointed out, "that of the several persons, male and female, executed on account of the Riots, seventeen were under 18 years of age, and three were not quite 15 years old."

I may add, in reference to the barbarous criminal code of those "good old days" (a notorious instance of which is given in the preface to *Barnaby Rudge*, where Dickens vouches for the truth of the shocking story of Mary Jones, the young woman who was executed for what in these days would be dealt with as petty larceny at most), that the "Gloucester Journal" of April 18th, 1785, recorded the execution in Gloucester in one day of nine "malefactors," as they were described, chiefly for robbery or similar offences, sixteen having been capitally convicted at those same Assizes.

The paper also set forth that there were then forty-nine convicts under sentence of death in Newgate, and 180 for transportation, the total number of prisoners in the said gaol being 540.

MR. E. KENDALL PEARSON

THE writer of the above article has created a record in the history of the Gloucester Branch by his re-election as President for the fourth year. Mr. Pearson held the position for two years during the War period, since when he had been Hon. Secretary and Treasurer for over a dozen years. In dealing with the historical accuracy of Dickens's account of the Gordon Riots, Mr. Pearson has quoted freely from the "Gloucester Journal" of 1780, at which time, it is interesting to note, the paper was owned and edited by Robert Raikes, the world-famous promoter of the Sunday School system. Mr. Pearson has recently retired from the editorial staff of the "Journal," and its office companion "The Citizen," after nearly 43 years' active association with those papers. For over 30 years he was chief reporter, prior to his appointment as news editor of "The Citizen."

THE DICKENS HOUSE

SINCE the publication of the list in the Winter Number (1932) of *The Dickensian*, the following have been received :—

Presented by—	GIFT.
Mr. Walter T. Spencer	Dickens's Original Pen and Ink design for Reading Desk, used by him throughout his Reading Tours.
Mr. Jos. W. Ellis	Original painting of "Micawber," by C. Sherard Kennedy, exhibited at Royal Academy, 1873.
Miss Gladys Singers-Bigger	Plate, Tureen and Stand, bearing Dickens's "Crest."
Mr. Harry Plowman	Playbill, "The Frozen Deep," Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, in Memory of Douglas Jerrold.
Count de Suzannet	Dickens's Gold-mounted Cigar Case, bearing his Monogram and engraved Inscription, "A Souvenir of Happy Memories," given to Frank Beard by Georgina Hogarth.
Mario Buzzichino, Editor : Il. Secolo, Milan	15 Vols. Italian Translations of Dickens's Works.
The Dickens Klubben Copenhagen	Danish Translations of "A Child's Dream of a Star" and "Dr. Marigold's prescriptions," by Svend Aggerholm.

Other BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, PHOTOGRAPHS, etc., are from Mr. Thos. H. Baskerville (New York), Mr. S. B. Bradford, Mr. T. P. Cooper, Mr. Walter Dexter, Mr. C. Howes, Mr. T. W. Hill, Mr. T. R. Hodges, Mr. W. Kent, Mr. J. H. McNulty, Mr. E. Kilburn Scott, Count de Suzannet, Mr. H. G. Wade, Messrs. Arthur Baker, Ltd., Boosey & Co., Duckworth, A. Maclehose & Co., Rich & Cowan, Ltd., Libraria Monnani, Milan, "The Daily Express," "The Daily Herald," Methuen & Co., Wm. Hodge, Ltd., The Licences and General Insurance Co., Ltd., and The Dickens Fellowship.

The donations during that period are as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Hargreaves	1	12	3
Mrs. M. C. Brumfit	0	12	0
Mr. A. R. Rule	1	1	0
Miss Sara T. Newton	0	5	0
Miss M. J. Brindley	0	10	0
Miss W. Burr	2	1	6
Mr. J. K. Thompson	1	17	6
Mr. Arthur E. E. King	1	1	0
The Misses Toplis	0	5	0
Capt. H. Roberts	0	6	0
Christmas Party "Sausages" Surprise Item	1	5	0
Mrs. J. Veitch	0	10	0
Miss F. Minns	0	10	0
Birthday Recital Collection	8	13	0
Lt.-Col. W. M. H. Spiller	1	1	0
Mrs. Wolsoncroft	1	1	0
Mr. Walter W. Price	25	0	0
Miss Bovingdon	0	2	6
Mrs. Simpkins	0	7	6
Miss Kelly	0	10	0
Mr. E. S. Martin	0	10	0
Pasadena	1	8	11

St. Pancras Branch—	£	s.	d.
Christmas Party Competition	0	15	0
Whist Drive	5	0	0
Nottingham Branch—			
The Misses Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Guest	4	4	0
Liverpool	5	0	0
Mr. S. J. Rust's List—			
Erith Ramble	0	10	6
Mr. A. W. Edward's List—			
Per Mrs. Rutter, Whitstable	0	6	0
Lecture, Rochester Branch	1	1	0
Ramble, League of Empire	1	1	0
Mr. W. B. Warren's List—			
Lecture, Leyton Branch	1	1	0
Mr. W. H. Lowry's List—			
Lecture, Southall	1	1	0
Mr. Frank S. Johnson's List—			
Lecture, Nottingham Branch	1	1	0

Dr.

THE DICKENS HOUSE.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1933.

Cr.

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To General Expenses, Printing, Stationery, Postage and Telephone	21	7	9			
Caretaker, Cleaning, etc.	85	9	0			
Petty Cash and Sundry Expenses	34	10	11			
Maintenance and Repairs of Furniture and Fittings	13	15	7			
	155	3	3			
,, General and Water Rates	28	8	8			
,, Lighting and Heating	102	9	4			
,, Insurances	17	1	6			
	303	2	9			
Less Received from The Dickens Fellowship	15	0	0			
				288	2	9
,, Legal Charges				50	16	11
,, Commission on letting Premises				6	10	6
,, Architect's and Surveyor's Fees				25	18	6
,, Interest on Mortgage				47	6	1
,, Salaries				113	4	2
,, Depreciation of Furniture and Fittings				13	8	6
				£545	7	5

INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Annual Subscriptions				11	0	0
,, Profit on Sales				93	12	7
,, Admission Fees				73	9	6
,, *Rents*—						
49 Doughty Street	141	13	3			
The Dickensian	35	0	0			
The Dickens Fellowship	50	0	0			
				226	13	3
,, *The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift*—						
Interest on £188/5/9 2½% Consols				4	14	0
,, Balance being excess of Expenditure over Income for the year, carried to Equipment and Endowment Fund				135	18	1
				£545	7	5

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 30TH APRIL, 1933.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Loans—						
On Mortgage of 49 Doughty Street	1200	0	0			
The Dickens Fellowship	250	0	0			
				1450	0	0
Sundry Creditors				119	10	7
The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift				102	19	9
Equipment and Endowment Fund—						
As at 30th April, 1932	4087	3	3			
Donations	174	13	11			
Sales of Souvenir Booklets	4	2	6			
	4265	19	8			
Less Excess of Expenditure over Income per annexed Account	135	18	1			
				4130	1	7
				£5802	11	11

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Freehold Property—						
At cost (48 & 49 Doughty St.) as at 30th April, 1932	4947	17	3			
Expenditure upon Improvements during the year	135	17	11			
				5083	15	2
Furniture and Fittings at cost, less depreciation—						
As at 30th April, 1932	242	17	10			
Additions during the year	25	13	0			
	268	10	10			
Less Depreciation	13	8	6			
				255	2	4
Library and Museum at cost—						
As at 30th April, 1932	111	14	10			
Additions during the year	2	11	9			
				114	6	7
Stock of Pictures, Postcards, China, etc.						
As certified by Hon. Secretary				202	1	8
The Adelaide H. Garland Memorial Gift Investment—						
£188 5s. 9d. 2½% Consolidated Stock, at cost (held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds) (Market Value, 29th April, 1933, £141 18s. 6d.)				102	19	9
Sundry Debtors and Payments in advance				31	15	1
Cash at Bank and in hand				12	11	4
				£5802	11	11

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the Fund and certify it to be in accordance therewith. We have also verified the Investment.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH AND WHINNEY, *Chartered Accountants,*
Hon. Auditors.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. *19th July*, 1933.

THE FLEET PRISON ONE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE DICKENS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

THIS famous debtors' prison stood, as we are told, in Farringdon Street, between Fleet Lane and the corner of Ludgate Hill, and that after its destruction in the Gordon Riots, it was rebuilt.

It was concerning the state of the original structure that a Committee was appointed in 1729 to inquire.

The report of this Committee commences thus: "This Committee find That the Fleet Prison is an ancient Prison, and formerly used for the Reception of Prisoners committed by the Council-Table, then called the Court of the Star-Chamber, which exercised unlimited Authority and inflicted heavier Punishments than by any Law were warranted.

"And as that assumed Authority was found to be an intolerable Burden to the Subject, and the Means to introduce an Arbitrary Power and Government, all Jurisdictions, Power and Authority belonging unto or exercised in the same Court . . . were clearly and absolutely dissolved . . . by an Act made in the Sixteenth Year of the Reign of King Charles the First.

"And thereby the Committee apprehend all Pretences of the Warden of the Fleet to take Fees from the Archbishops, Bishops, Temporal Peers, Baronets, and others of lower Degree, or to put them in Irons, or exact Fees for not doing so, were determined, and abolished.

"That after the said Act took place, the Fleet Prison became a Prison for Debtors . . . .

"It appears by a Patent of the Third Year of Queen Elizabeth. . . . That the Fleet Prison was an ancient Prison, called Prisona de le Fleet, alias, The Queen's Goal [*sic*] of the Fleet."

Certain constitutions were then established by agreement between the Warden, Richard Tyrrell, and the prisoners, and a table of fees annexed, but a later Warden, John Huggins, confessed that so many prisoners had escaped during the time he was Warden that it was impossible to enumerate them.

On the Common side of the Prison there were three wards called the Upper Chappel, the Lower Chappel and Julius Cæsar's, in which, combined, ninety-three persons were incarcerated, and obliged to lie on the floor if they could not furnish themselves with bedding, or pay one shilling a week to such prisoner as was so provided. The Lyons Den and Women's Ward contained eighteen persons, all of whom were obliged to provide their own furniture. In all of these wards the sick were lain together regardless of the disease from which they were suffering.

Outside the Prison were walls twenty-five feet high, with "pallisadoes" on the top: at the end of the place called the Bare, a watch-house was built, wherein were kept several muskets and bayonets, and which were the abodes of several watchmen.

Three houses adjoining and belonging to the Prison were kept as Sponging Houses, in one of which twenty-six prisoners were confined.

Many of these prisoners paid 2/- a day for the use of a room in this house, plus one shilling for firing.

Every prisoner removed by Habeas Corpus from one place to another paid to the Tipstaff 4s. 2d., every one brought out of the country by Habeas Corpus and committed in Court for wanting bail paid 13s. 4d., and every prisoner carried to Westminster Hall by Habeas Corpus in order to be charged in execution paid 10s. Every prisoner paid at his entrance into the house of the Tipstaff six shillings towards a bowl of punch.

Mr. Cotton, Clerk of the Papers, reported to this Committee regarding the money taken by him for Day-rules granted to prisoners; every prisoner who had liberty to go abroad in term time paid 5s. 6d. for each day, which was divided up as follows:—

	s.	d.
To the Four Judges, 3d. each ...	1	0
,, Secondary	1	8
,, Warden	1	0
,, Clerk of the Papers	1	10
	5	6

There were five Commitment Books wherein the names of all prisoners committed to the Prison were, or ought to have been, entered. The commencement of the date of the first book is 26th March, 1708.

It was further reported that " T. Bambridge, formerly Deputy-Warden, and now Warden," himself aided and assisted in an escape.

The first method of extorting money from the unhappy prisoners was the letting of the Prison tenements to victuallers for the reception of prisoners. In fact the whole place was run upon absolutely disgraceful lines, and the lot of many of the prisoners was an extremely miserable and unhappy one, coupled with the fact that they were at not infrequent intervals loaded in irons. Another injustice was their removal from a decent quarter of the building—the Master Side, to a foul part, Common Side—after paying for the meagre privileges of the former.

Furthermore, the expense of the meanest prisoner on the first motion to the Court of Common Pleas for redress was £2 13s. 7d., thus precluding all but the wealthiest from recourse to this channel of some possible alleviation of their unfortunate predicament.

It was finally resolved, "*nemine contradicente*, That Thomas Bambridge, the acting Warden . . . hath wilfully permitted several Debtors to the Crown in great Sums of Money, as well as Debtors to divers of His Majesty's Subjects, to Escape; hath been guilty of the most notorious Breaches of his Trust, great Extortions, and the highest Crimes and Misdemeanours in the Execution of his said Office; and hath Arbitrarily and Unlawfully loaded with Irons, put into Dungeons and Destroyed Prisoners for Debt, under his Charge, treating them in the most Barbarous and Cruel Manner, in high Violation and Contempt of the Law of this Kingdom."

SCOTLAND YARD CALLED IN

WHEN lawyers, professors, literary men, and a dozen or more Dickens enthusiasts having vainly tried to solve the greatest mystery in all fiction, it is only natural that the writer of stories of detection should attempt a solution. We ourselves had an idea in this direction some years ago, and a public meeting was called ; but the late Edgar Wallace failed to turn up ; and Mr. Sutton Vane and Dr. R. Austin Freeman, brilliant as their contributions were to that evening's enjoyment, failed to give us the satisfaction for which we were longing. If only Dr. Freeman had put Dr. Thorndyke upon the trail, something conclusive might have been achieved ; for we remember that author's " The Mystery of Angelina Frood " set in Rochester, with the necessary equipment of tombs and quick-lime (but no suggestion of Dickens whatever) and we are sorry that Dr. Freeman has not offered us a solution in the modern manner. It has been left to a younger writer to do this—Mr. Bruce Graeme—the creator of " Blackshirt," of whose exploits, so the publishers inform us, over a million copies have been sold. Superintendent Stevens, of the Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard, has taken the case in hand, assisted by Detective-Sergeant Hugh Arnold, both well known for the success they have achieved in other equally difficult problems, and in " Epilogue "* we have the result of the investigations which brought John Jasper to the scaffold outside Newgate in 1857 after a trial at the Old Bailey before Mr. Justice Blackburn and Mr. Justice Cockburn ; Serjeant Ballantyne, Q.C., being the leading counsel for the prosecution and Mr. Henry Hawkins appearing for the accused. Over one-third of the book is taken up with the trial, in which the humour is distinctly laboured, as Supt. Stevens, in giving evidence, cannot forget at times that he is living in another age ; and there are interludes of argument and doubt by the judges and the counsel. The book contains much interesting comparison between the police force of that day and this, and in the manners and customs of three-quarters of a century ago ; and to one who has never read of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Edwin Drood, the book will prove an entertaining one. To the student of the eternal problem, it will likeways have many attractions ; but, alas, it does not advance us very much towards finality. There are certainly some thrills in it—all very well done ; but it would be unfair for us to disclose them. That's the worst of reviewing a work of detective fiction !

MUSIC FOR *THE VILLAGE COQUETTES*

SINCE the Editor's note on *The Village Coquettes* on page 13 of his issue has been in type, we have heard from Mr. Edward J. Chadfield that he has arranged some of Hullah's later music to fit the words of the numbers of the libretto of which the music is lost. He has also arranged an overture, also from Hullah's music, and the nine songs already mentioned as being all that is left of Hullah's score are being reprinted by Mr. Chadfield. It is now therefore possible for those desirous of producing this very tuneful opera to do so.

Any reader interested can obtain fuller particulars as to the cost of the whole of the music or of individual songs by application to the Hon. Secretary at the Dickens House.

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* *Epilogue*, by Bruce Graeme. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

ON THE WRITING OF *BARNABY RUDGE*

BY NEWBURY FROST READ

BARNABY RUDGE is the fifth long work by Dickens. It was published complete within the year 1841, and thus shares the distinction with *Hard Times* (1854), and *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859) of being one of his three novels to appear wholly in one year. This is unique in the annals of Dickens; and is interesting, not only for itself, but for the light it sheds on certain aspects of the story.

In December, 1836, appeared *Sketches by Boz*, Second Series, in one volume. At the end of this pink-covered book is a separate signature of ten unnumbered leaves, the first of which is a kind of title page reading: " December, 1836. Mr. Macrone's select List of New Works and New Editions, preparing for immediate Publication, or recently published." Part I of the list consists of " New Works in course of publication," and comprises thirteen titles (Macrone was evidently not superstitious), with twelve of which we are not now concerned. One, however, does interest us. It reads: " IV. A Novel ' by Boz.' Gabriel Varden. By Charles Dickens, Esq. Author of ' Sketches by " Boz," ' ' The Pickwick Papers,' &c., Three Volumes, post 8vo."

The first instalment of *Barnaby Rudge* did not appear until Saturday, 13th February, 1841, and during the four years and two months which separated these two dates, the unwritten story of " Gabriel Varden," which ultimately became *Barnaby Rudge*, had a chequered and stormy career.

In this month of December, 1836, the tenth number of *The Pickwick Papers* made its appearance and *The Village Coquettes* was produced for the first time at the St. James's Theatre. On the second of the following month, January, 1837, the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, carrying as the contribution of the Editor, " Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble, once Mayor of Mudfog," which ran to some fifteen pages, was on sale, and in the following number (1st February) the first two chapters of *Oliver Twist* appeared.

In addition to keeping *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist* running side by side, Dickens wrote another play, *Is She His Wife? or Something Singular*; the shorter articles, " The Extraordinary Gazette," " The Pantomime of Life," " Some Particulars concerning a Lion," as well as several addresses and probably the song, " Whitebait Dinner at Blackwall," sung by J. P. Harley in the character of Mr. Pickwick, on the occasion of his benefit at the St. James's Theatre on March 13th.

Considering the large amount of work which his conscientiousness as editor of the new *Bentley's Miscellany* entailed upon Dickens, this would seem to represent a good seven months' work, but No. XVII of *The Pickwick Papers*, published Saturday, 26th August, carried the announcement of an " Entirely New Work by Mr. Charles Dickens, the first number to appear on the 31st of March, 1838." This was *Nicholas Nickleby*, for which Dickens had entered into a contract with Chapman and Hall.

Let us now hark back two years, to the August of 1836. By that time the importance of Dickens began to be appreciated, and on the 22nd of that month he signed an agreement with Bentley to edit what it was then intended to call " The Wits' Miscellany," which was to contain a serial story from his pen. In the following month he entered into a further agreement with the same firm to write two more novels, for each of which he was to receive £500, the price paid for *Oliver Twist.* About this last agreement there seems to have been considerable mystery ; Dickens never had a copy of it, and it would appear that he was in doubt as to its exact terms, although it is clear that it bound him to this large amount of work on " journeyman-terms."

By the August of 1837, then, Dickens's position with publishers was this : he had still three numbers of *Pickwick* to produce and twenty of *Oliver Twist* ; he was under contract to have the first instalment of *Nicholas Nickleby* ready for publication in March, 1838, and he had contracted to write two full-length novels, to be delivered at specified dates.

Negotiations were opened with Bentley, and in September, 1837, an arrangement was entered into in virtue of which the third novel was abandoned and *Barnaby Rudge* was to be finished by November, 1838. This was a step in the right direction, as far as it concerned the third novel, but it created an intolerable condition. Had he attempted to carry out these agreements, even after the close of *Pickwick,* Dickens would have had to write each month the instalment of *Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby* and " Gabriel Varden." As he wrote to Forster : " The conduct of three different stories at the same time, and the production of a large portion of each, every month, would have been beyond Scott himself."

Further negotiations were had with Bentley, and in August, 1838, it was agreed that *Barnaby Rudge* should follow *Oliver Twist* in the Miscellany.

This arrangement, too, was altered, and with the end of February, 1839, Dickens ceased to be Editor of *Bentley's Miscellany,* and in June of the following year the agreement to write *Barnaby Rudge* was cancelled upon the payment to Bentley of £2,250.

There are, naturally, several ways of looking at this tangle of agreements. To those who hold the sanctity of contracts inviolable, Dickens was clearly in the wrong ; to those who blindly worship at the shrine of the creator of Mr. Pickwick, he was right—because he was Dickens ; to those who try to look upon each side fairly, there was probably right and wrong on each. That Dickens did not fulfil certain contracts he made, there seems to be no room for doubt, but that he should be condemned for not doing so appears to me to be open to question. He was only twenty-four years old when he made the original agreements with Bentley, and the life he had led up to that time, while it may have given him a certain knowledge of a sordid side of life, and something of the shrewdness such knowledge often brings, had certainly not fitted him to compete with a man experienced in meeting intellectuals on his own ground.

There is a further reason for taking a forbearing view. Dickens had suffered nearly all the twenty-four years of his young life from poverty, from undeserved poverty that was not due to his fault. In 1834 he was practically supporting his family on the five guineas a week he was earning on "The Morning Chronicle," his father contributing only his small pension. As late as the autumn of 1835 he borrowed "a couple of sovereigns" from Beard for two weeks, and when he married, 2nd April, 1836, he was enabled to make the honey moon at Mrs. Nash's in Chalk, on the £29 which Chapman and Hall paid for the first two numbers of *Pickwick.* A son was born to him on the 6th January, 1837, and two daughters followed in 1838 and 1839; in addition, he had to support, largely, if not entirely, his mother and father, and other members of his and his wife's families. Is it any wonder, with all these claims upon him, that his buoyant energy led him into ill-advised contracts, which seemed to offer relief from his poverty; or that he afterward chafed under agreements which kept him poor while they made others rich; or that he should strive to cancel a contract to write two novels for Bentley for £500 (or perhaps £750) apiece at the time Chapman and Hall were paying him £4,000 for a five year lease of the copyright of *Nicholas Nickleby?*

That there must have been merit in Dickens's claim to be relieved from the burden of his contracts with Bentley appears to be obvious from the fact that he was relieved. That Beard and Forster were the negotiators makes it plain that Bentley was not out-manœuvred into a position that prevented his enforcing a just and valuable right, if he possessed such a right.

Whatever the moral verdict may be concerning this welter of arrangements and rearrangements, there can be no question about its practical effect upon the victim of them: it taught him a lesson in prudence and in the value of business-like procedure that he never neglected throughout the rest of his life. That much of Dickens's exactitude and business method came out of the tangle of *Barnaby Rudge* seems to be clear, although it does not appear to be commented upon by those who write of his early life.

In addition to having been the subject of so many contracts, this story is unique in at least one other respect. Dickens probably began to write it in 1838, laid it aside after a few chapters had been written, and did not resume it until January, 1841. This would seem to be the only instance of such an occurrence throughout his literary life. In all other cases, although he might have begun hurriedly, and with insufficient thought and planning, once he started to write he continued to the end.

He had not come at this time to think it necessary—or perhaps it was not possible—to be far in advance of the printer. He completed the writing of *Nicholas Nickleby* on Friday, 20th September, 1839, and the manuscript had to be revised and printed in ten days, the final double number being on sale the last day of the month.

In yet another aspect *Barnaby Rudge* is unique: it is Dickens's first serious departure from the contemporary scene. Before the appearance of this novel he had published some sixty-nine separate stories, four long books, and three plays, and only in one of the last, and that one "to a certain extent, a mere vehicle for the music," as he himself described it, had he departed from his own day; but here he was antedating his story sixty-six years. This has always struck me as one of the examples—among many—of Dickens's character and courage. From the outset of his career he kept faith with the great body of his patrons, the public, and gave them the best there was in him. No potboilers for Dickens, or from him, either.

His popularity at the close of *The Old Curiosity Shop* was such that he could have sent anything out over his name and have sold thousands of copies, and another novel in his familiar time and place, would have been welcomed enthusiastically. But to fatten on the public and not to give them the novelty he considered they were entitled to, was not in Dickens's character. He believed they wanted change of time and scene, and he studied to understand the by-gone day of which he resolved to write. We nowadays do not like to think so, but in 1841 the year 1775 seemed as far away as the former seems to be now from us. Dickens had to work hard to acquire the necessary information about the time of the Gordon Riots, and that study, in the midst of his varied other occupations, must have been a considerable strain. But it was consonant of his unchanging sense of duty to the Public, in discharging which he came to know the London of 1775 almost as well as he knew his own.

This story also serves as an example of its author's courage: its hero is an idiot. In no one way does Dickens's fearlessness display itself more clearly than in the selection of his heroes. Those were the days of the literature of the handsome young lord in the drawing-room, and the dashing velvet-coated outlaw bestriding his tireless steed. Dickens appeared, and, after a short apprenticeship, during which Mr. Bung, "Bill Boorker," Signor Billsmethi, J'mima Ivins, Mr. Augustus Cooper, Miss Amelia Martin, Mr. Theodosius Butler, "Cymon Tuggs," Miss Julia Manners and Horatio Sparkins loom large, Mr. Pickwick emerged from Goswell Street, and was soon followed by Oliver Twist from the Mudfog workhouse. Nicholas is, socially, "a cut above" this level, but, in his earlier stages, he is a good specimen of that animal to which Mr. Bumble likened the law; while the nearest approach to a hero in *The Old Curiosity Shop* is a doting gambler. And now we come to an idiot.

It has been said that Dickens selected these people as a kind of "publicity stunt," as a means of attracting attention; and there are those who maintain that he chose them as a bourgeois protest against the Bulwer Lytton type of hero. Neither is the true reason, in my judgment. He chose them, I believe, because he accepted as a fact, from his earliest days, that what was good enough for God to create was good enough for him to write about and good enough for his public to read about.

Barnaby Rudge was the second long story published in *Master Humphrey's Clock*. This curious periodical, like the novel itself, had a chequered history. Dickens appears to have had two ideas in founding it—that is, two ideas in addition to the desire of most writers to control a magazine of their own. One was that, having published three novels in monthly numbers, his readers were tired of that method of publication; and the other, that he could secure the income from a frequently recurring publication without writing the whole of it himself.

The first (weekly) number was published on Saturday, April 4th, 1840, and the first instalment of *The Old Curiosity Shop* made its appearance four weeks later. Dickens soon decided that, despite the miscellaneous nature of the contents, he would write it all himself, and in the ninth number, 30th May, there was an address stating "that Mr. Dickens cannot avail himself of contributions from others. Even this did not satisfy his readers, who, very naturally, I think, preferred a continuous story to the literary odds and ends that made up the earliest numbers of this periodical. It was not possible to ignore this preference, and by the end of June Dickens had jettisoned the miscellaneous matter, and *The Old Curiosity Shop* ran continuously until its close in the forty-fifth number, 6th February, 1841.

Barnaby Rudge began in the forty-sixth number (February 13th, 1841) and continued without interruption to its close in the eighty-seventh number (November 27th, 1841).

Why Dickens should have continued *Master Humphrey's Clock* after the completion of *The Old Curiosity Shop* is a mystery I have not been able to penetrate. Throughout the progress of that story he had found himself constantly hampered by the short weekly instalments and the consequent need for compression; he had had to keep, not one eye, but both, on the end of the short space that seemed always at hand. His constant cry was for elbow room. And yet, despite the trouble and anxiety it cost him to cut one of his shorter novels into so many small pieces, he began the labour all over again with a longer story; and this time with the knowledge that the task must be still harder because of the increased size of the canvas on which he was to paint the Riots. His letters throughout this year bear consistent testimony to his difficulties, but why he should have subjected himself to them is a mystery.

The story ran through forty-one weekly numbers, and some idea of the difficulty of confining it to short instalments may be gained from the fact that it contains no fewer than eighty-two chapters, the largest number in any work of Dickens; *Martin Chuzzlewit* has the next largest number of chapters, fifty-four.

While appearing in weekly numbers, the novel also came out in monthly parts, which appeared toward the end of each month. *Barnaby Rudge* began in Part XI, which also contained the end of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and finished in Part 20. It may be worth noting that these monthly divisions are the only ones called "Parts"; all the others were "Numbers"; and that the fashion of referring to the monthly publications of the novels as "Parts" is recent. Dickens and his contemporaries called them by the name under which they were published: "Numbers."

PEEPS AT DICKENS

Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

XXVII.—HANS ANDERSEN TO HIS SISTER.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM, near ROCHESTER, KENT [1857].

. . . . . From Dover I went at once by train to London, and I was told that there was a train that would leave for Higham in a minute. I changed carriages at once, but was not certain whether Dickens had got my letter from Brussels, and about ten o'clock in the morning I arrived at Higham, a little village with only one solitary house near the station. Here a man asked me, while I was standing alone on the road, if I was going to Dickens's ? I said " yes," and asked him to get me a carriage, but it was impossible to find one. I had announced my arrival for the evening or for the next morning, and this came quite unexpectedly. The man, however, took my portmanteau, and all my things on his truck and we walked about a mile and a half along a pretty lane to the high road between Gravesend and Rochester. Here was " Gadshill Place," Dickens's residence, a pretty little villa with trimmed hedges and a lot of laurus corasus. The reception was most cordial. Dickens took me in his arms. Later on his wife and children came. I have got a beautiful room and from my window I can look down over Higham towards the Thames which swarms with ships. Dickens looks older and had grown a beard. . . . . Mrs. Dickens I find pretty this time, and the eldest daughter, Mary, is like her. The second, Kate, has decidedly Dickens's face, such as you know from his portrait. . . . .

Their family life seemed so intimate, and a young lady, Miss Hogarth, who has been in the house many years, pours out the tea and coffee, plays with the young Misses Dickens, and seems to be a very amiable and well bred lady. Dickens himself is like the best character in his books—jolly, lively, happy and cordial. I understand him best as regards the language. And now I have been here eight days, and he says I am making astonishing progress in speaking English ; every hour it gets better. But now I am speaking without fear, any, and even the little ones begin to understand me. Last Sunday I went to church with Dickens, Miss Hogarth, Walter and Henry. The service was long, and we had to walk more than half a Danish mile out and home. I understood the psalms and hymns, but not the parson.

Douglas Jerrold was buried last Monday. Dickens followed and I then went with him to his house in London—Tavistock House. From there I drove with Mrs. Dickens and the daughters to the Crystal Palace where the first grand Handel Festival, with orchestra and singers, in all 2,000 took place. . . . . Dickens's family and I were seated right opposite the Royal Box. . . . .

The next day Mrs. Dickens and the daughters went back to Gadshill Place, and I went to Piccadilly, where Walter and I were asked to Miss Coutts's house. . . . .

You must not let the newspapers get hold of this letter. You know yourself it is confidential, and speaks about the family life here, which is so lovely, and it ought to appear in quite another style for the unsympathetic world. Mrs. Dickens is so gentle, so motherly, quite like Agnes in *David Copperfield*. The daughters are pretty and unaffected, and seem very gifted.

Dickens went to London this morning. He is very busy with the performances which are to be given for the benefit of Jerrold's widow. One day he will read his Christmas story; another, there is to be a theatrical performance, in which Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray and other authors will take part, also Dickens's eldest daughter, Mary, who has great dramatic talents. . . . It is very fresh out here in the country. It is a part which is not much visited, but still not lonely. There are fine walks and an oak forest close by. . . .

Arm in arm Dickens and I walked through the streets of London. We met many, all knew me, and two used the expression, " Andersen, father of all children." So you see I have an immense family. I wish you could be sitting here for an hour at the supper table when we are chatting, and Dickens tells me so much, and seems to agree with me about most things.

Outside the house is a large clover field. The sons and I are often lying there. There is a fragrance of clover, the elder tree is in blossom, and the wild roses have an odour of apples, so fresh and strong. I do not at all feel as if I am in a foreign land, but as if I were at home.

FAREWELL DINNER TO OVERSEAS DELEGATES

A TANGIBLE proof of the unity and real spirit of The Fellowship was strikingly exemplified at the Farewell Dinner to Overseas Delegates, given by the Executive Committee at the " George and Vulture " on 14th September. About fifty members assembled under the Chairmanship of Mr. Percy T. Carden (Chairman of the Executive Committee), the guests of honour being Miss A. Woodard, Brisbane, Miss Sara T. Newton, Philadelphia, Mrs. W. L. Edwards, Vancouver (who, unfortunately, was prevented from attending by illness at the last moment), and Mr. F. W. C. Hersey, Boston.

Messages of greetings and good wishes were received from Miss Minards and Mr. Svend Aggerholm, Copenhagen, where the former had visited The Dickens Klubben. Also from Mr. Wm. Dike Reed, President New York Branch, who was sailing that day.

An excellent dinner was served and choruses, led by Mr. T. W. Hill at the piano, set the company in happy mood. After the Loyal Toast, and that to " The Immortal Memory " had been honoured in silence Toasts to the Fellowship in " Australia," " Canada " and " U.S.A. " were proposed respectively by Mr. Walter Dexter, Mrs. Bacon and Mr. A. W. Edwards and responded to by the guests.

The function was highly successful in every way and a real jolly evening was experienced. Miss Greatwood's delightful songs interspersed between Toasts were warmly appreciated while the " Stories " by Mr. E. Kilburn Scott gave an additional flavour of humour to the proceedings. The proceedings were brought to a close by the company singing " Auld Lang Syne " and " God Save the King."—A.W.E.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF DICKENS AND LEVER*

A WELCOME VOLUME OF LETTERS

ALMOST every day our knowledge of Dickens increases, through the medium of his unpublished correspondence, and many uncertainties and misconceptions are dispelled. Dickens was such a prodigious letter writer, that in giving to the world in 1880-2 the three volumes of *Letters of Charles Dickens*, the editors were confronted with such a wealth of material that they had perforce to exclude many hundreds of important letters which were placed at their disposal. We have only praise to give to the excellent choice they made ; the letters reflect much credit on the literary genius of the writer ; but there it ends ; they reveal very little of the man. That was all right for a dozen years after the death ; but fifty more years have passed since then, and the world is interested to know more of the personal side of the great writer ; and little by little we are learning it. The recent publication of the letters to Baroness Burdett Coutts and those to his oldest friend, Thomas Beard, have assisted us to a better understanding of the man Dickens. These are, however, by no means an end of the collections of letters which were refused publication fifty or more years ago, and which will surely be published at no great distant time. Many are still in private hands ; but of those in public libraries the contents should be made public, in order that misconceptions may be corrected. To this end, the authorities of Harvard College are to be thanked for the publication, however tardy, of the letters of Dickens to Charles Lever, from the Widener Collection in their Library. As Mr. Hyder E. Rollins remarks in his admirable introduction " the relations of Dickens and Charles Lever have never, it would appear, been correctly set forth. . . . Editing Forster in 1928, Mr. J. W. T. Ley expressed the conventional opinion : ' There was no close association with Charles Lever. Indeed, at one time there was a distinct coolness.' That the association between the two men was very close indeed, very cordial and affectionate, these letters prove beyond question."

It is no use to blame Mr. Ley for a misconception ; he had no knowledge of the letters, hidden away in this distant library a dozen years or more before he annotated Forster. Even American writers on Dickens, to whom the letters were nearer to hand, have not enlightened us. Mr. Edward Wagenknecht who wrote his psychographic study of Dickens in 1929 knew of these letters and actually printed one in facsimile ; but he does not repudiate the oft-repeated statement that there was a coolness between the two men owing to the failure of Lever's serial story in *All the Year Round* to attract the public.

Downey's assertion in his " Life of Lever " (1906) that " something perilously near a quarrel arose between the editor of *All the Year Round* and the author of ' A Day's Ride ' " is most unjust in the light of these letters, for Dickens not only had the very highest opinion of the story, and did not quarrel with Lever, but discussed the whole matter with the greatest delicacy and consideration. Mr. Rollins puts the case most admirably when he says, “ Few editors when losing money would have written with the tact and the kindliness and the sympathy that Dickens displayed. The letters do credit to his heart no less than his head.”

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* Dickens's Letters to Charles Lever. 7s. London: Humphrey Milford.

To the Dickens letters, twenty-seven in number, are added a few letters of Wills written on behalf of Dickens, and a letter of Edward Chapman showing that Dickens rendered great help to Lever in some troubles he had over the book publication of “ A Day’s Ride ” and other novels, one of which, “ Barrington,” was dedicated to him.

The Letters are produced in excellent style, but we wonder if Dickens really did write “ it’s ” for “ its ” as he is alleged to have done on pages 23 and 24, and why letters numbered 20 and 21 are printed after No. 19, to which they are prior dated. W. D.

POSITIVELY THE FIRST APPEARANCE*

MR. F. J. HARVEY DARTON and the Argonaut Press have written and produced a very attractive little book in celebration of the Centenary of Dickens’s first appearance “ in all the glory of print,” but it is a pity that the story *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* has not been reproduced in facsimile, in the same manner as we have given it in this number so that others might have the pleasure of gazing on the same print which greeted Dickens’s tear-full eyes just one hundred years ago. It is a pity, too, that Cruikshank’s illustration should have been inserted in the middle of the reprint of the story, as of course it never appeared in the pages of “ The Monthly Magazine.” We are sorry to have to express our regret yet again, but when a writer seeks to go into exact details he should make doubly sure of his facts. Mr. Darton ponders over the checkered history of “ The Monthly Magazine,” as many of us have doubtless done, and attempts to make “ two tentative deductions ” from the publishers’ names and imprints; and then proceeds to tabulate the wrong information. Charles Tilt was not only the publisher from March to June, 1833, but he continued in that capacity until October, 1833. Robertson was not the publisher of the magazine from July until December, 1833, but only in November and December, 1833; and even then the name on the November, 1833, part is A. Robinson, Johnson’s Court, Fleet Street. In the copy of the magazine at the British Museum there is no title-page with the publisher’s name to the December number; but the title-page to the half-yearly volume issued at that time gives the publisher as A. Robertson. Neither Robinson nor Robertson appear in the London Directories of 1833-4, but the firm of Baylis and Leighton, who had printed the magazine for the whole of 1833, had their works also in Johnson's Court. Likewise the reign of Cochrane and M'Crone (not M'rone as Mr. Darton states, although he emphasises the curious spelling with the note (*sic*)) did not end in September, 1834, but the month before; the September issue of the magazine bears the name of James Cochrane and Co. as the publishers.

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* “ Dickens. Positively the First Appearance.” By F. J. Harvey Darton. Illustrated 7s. 6d. net. London: The Argonaut Press.

Mr. Darton does not appear to have made a thorough search of "The Monthly Magazine," or he would have been rewarded, as we have been, with the discovery of another contribution to it by Dickens. This, as well as a further batch of letters to Macrone which have been kindly placed at our disposal by the Chief Librarian of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, will appear in the next number of *The Dickensian.*

Dickens's letter to Kolle referring to the re-publication of one of his articles in "The Thief" causes Mr. Darton to be "in a complete dilemma" over accepting Mr. Harry B. Smith's date as 1834; he thinks it might be 1835! But the letter is addressed from Bentinck Street, where Dickens lived in 1834; Mr. Smith has been proved right in his conclusions, as the letters to Thomas Beard have recently shewn. Dickens left Bentinck Street for Furnival's Inn in December, 1834.

In 1931 Mr. Darton was associated with the late Mr. Sawyer in a little book entitled "Dickens *versus* Barabbas." In reviewing the book we pointed out on page 143 that the charge they brought against Dickens that he had wilfully broken his agreement to write "Gabriel Varden" for Macrone was not justified.

The facts are, as then stated, that the contract was cancelled by mutual consent and in a perfectly straightforward manner on the 5th January, 1837. Dickens gave over to Macrone the full copyright of both series of *Sketches by Boz* in consideration of the sum of one hundred pounds and the return of this contract. The original receipt is in the Widener Library and we possess a photograph of it.

On page 93 of this book, Mr. Darton refers to Dickens as "the imperative rescinder of the bargain over *Sketches by Boz.*"

On page 127 he speaks of Dickens's "high-handed treatment" of Macrone at the end of 1836 due to his head being "a little turned by success"; and on page 112, in dealing with what he calls "Dickens's flat refusal to write 'Gabriel Varden'" he adds, "How the agreement for the book was got round is not clear." Mr. Darton does not keep abreast with Dickensian knowledge, and although he acknowledges his indebtedness to *The Dickensian* for the publication of the letters to Macrone in the winter number of 1931-2, he has clearly not profited by the information given him in these pages a year earlier.

The charges against Dickens which Mr. Darton repeats in this book are quite unjustified. The copyright in *Sketches by Boz* was purchased from Macrone on the 17th June, 1837, by Chapman and Hall, acting on joint account with Dickens, for £2,000; so Macrone came out of the transaction very well indeed. It was no case of "The meteoric publisher had gambled and lost"; it was a good return in under fourteen months.

W. D.

UNIQUE ITEMS IN FAMOUS DICKENS COLLECTIONS

IN this and subsequent numbers we purpose listing all the unique items which are contained in the libraries of the world both private and public.

Several private collectors have already supplied details of their collections, and the Editor will feel grateful if possessors of unique items such as are here listed, will get into communication with him, if they have not already done so.

It is not proposed to include particulars of First Editions and other rare Dickensiana, which are contained in all the libraries mentioned, but only items having a personal association with Dickens, therefore of unique interest.

We are particularly fortunate in being able to start this series with the list kindly provided by the Librarian of the famous Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, which contains the finest collection of Dickens manuscript outside the Forster Bequest at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, to which we shall refer later.

1. THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY, NEW YORK

MANUSCRIPTS

A Christmas Carol.

The Cricket on The Hearth.

The Battle of Life.

Holiday Romance.

Hunted Down.

Sketches of Young Gentlemen.

O'Thello, 2 pp., parts of Act 1, scene 4 and Act 2, scene the last.

Opinion, a satirical essay dated January 8th, 1859, and signed J. Buzfuz.

Reflections of a Lord Mayor, 7 pp. (*Household Words*, 1854).

That Other Public, 11 pp. (*Household Words*, 1855).

A List of Books for a Library (Mock Titles).

Prologue to Marston's "The Patrician's Daughter," 2 pp. (1842).

The Frozen Deep, original draft of Wilkie Collins, with names of the actors and additions and corrections in Dickens's hand.

Also, original (unpublished ?) prompt copy, of which about 40 pp. in Dickens's autograph, the remainder in autograph of an amanuensis, with autograph corrections and additions by Collins.

CORRECTED PROOFS

Great Expectations, the original printing in "All The Year Round," pasted into a scrap book, with alterations and corrections in Dickens's autograph. Dickens's signature on fly-leaf.

PRESENTATION COPIES

A Christmas Carol. Original cloth. 1843. Inscribed :—

"Albany Fonblanque, Esquire, from Charles Dickens. Seventeenth December, 1843."

The Pickwick Papers. 1843. Green Morocco. Inscribed :—
"Letitia Austin, from her brother, Charles Dickens."

OTHER ASSOCIATION ITEMS

Not So Bad As We Seem. Dickens's own copy with cast of characters, stage directions and notes in his autograph. Signed by him on cover.

Two books of private cheques, December 13th, 1868, to 1870.

A large number of letters, including the important correspondence with John Macrone, Dickens's first publisher.

2. THE LIBRARY OF MR. W. M. ELKINS, PHILADELPHIA

PRESENTATION COPIES

Sketches by Boz. First Series. Morocco. First Edition, 1836. Inscribed in volume one :—

"Mrs. Edward Barrow from her Affectionate Nephew the Author."

Sketches by Boz. Second Series. Morocco. First Edition, first issue, 1836. Inscribed :—

"J. P. Hullah, Esq., from the author."

The Pickwick Papers. Original 19 monthly parts in case, 1836. Each of the first fourteen parts is inscribed :—

"Mary Hogarth from hers most affectionately" and variously signed—in full, with initials, or "The Editor."

(Mary Hogarth died after the publication of part XIV). Part XV bears the signature of George Hogarth. The remaining four parts were presented to Miss R. T. Walker, an intimate friend of Miss Hogarth. Laid in is an autograph letter from Dickens to Edward Chapman, the publisher, dated 7 May, 1837, advising him of the death of Mary Hogarth.

The Pickwick Papers. Morocco. First Edition, 1837. With Inscription, on the reverse of page 609, to Edward Chapman as follows :—

"How should you like to grow up a clever man, and write books ?" said the old gentlemen.
"I think I would rather read them, Sir," replied Oliver.
"What ! Wouldn't you like to be a book-writer ?" said the old gentleman.
Oliver considered a little while, and at last said he should think it would be a much better thing to be a bookseller ; upon which the old gentleman laughed heartily, and declared he had said a very good thing, which Oliver felt glad to have done, though he by no means knew what it was.

Vide Oliver Twist in which the old gentleman does *not* say, though *I* do that Chapman and Hall are the best of booksellers past, present, or to come ; and my trusty friends which I give under my hand for the benefit of Edward Chapman, his book, this fourteenth day of November, 1839, Charles Dickens, Witness Boz.

The Village Coquettes. Original boards. First Edition, 1836. Inscribed :—

"J. P. Hullah, Esq., from the author. 5th January, 1837." (With the bookplate of John Hullah).

Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi. Original cloth, 2 vols. First Edition, 1838. Inscribed, in volume one :—

"J. P. Harley, Esquire, from his very sincerely Charles Dickens, London, 1838."

Nicholas Nickleby. Full Levant Morocco. First Edition, 1839. Inscribed :—

"Frederick Salmon from Charles Dickens, Twenty-fifth October, 1841."

Sketches of Young Couples. First Edition, 1840. Inscribed :—

"W. C. Macready from his faithful friend Charles Dickens, 20th of March, 1841."

Master Humphrey's Clock. Original cloth. 3 vols. First Edition, 1840-41. Inscribed, in volume one :—

"Walter Savage Landor from his cordial friend and admirer Charles Dickens."

Oliver Twist. Polished calf. 3 vols. Third Edition, 1841. Inscribed, in volume one :—

"Mrs. Henry Austin from Charles Dickens, New Year's Day, 1842."

American Notes. Original cloth. 2 vols. First Edition, 1842. Inscribed :—

"The Countess of Blessington from Charles Dickens, Eighteenth October, 1842." Countess of Blessington's book plate in each volume.

Martin Chuzzlewit. Full Russia. First Edition, 1844. Inscribed :—

"Hans Christian Andersen from his friend and admirer Charles Dickens. London, July, 1847."

A Christmas Carol. First Issue, First Edition, 1843. Inscribed :—

"Mr. Serjeant Talfourd from his friend Charles Dickens, 17th of December, 1843."

The Chimes. Eleventh Edition. Original cloth. 1845. Inscribed :—

"This is my part of a bargain made with Mr. Davis on board the Charlemagne steamer between Marseilles and Genoa, on the Nineteenth of December, 1845. Charles Dickens. London, First August, 1845."

The Cricket on the Hearth. Original cloth. First Edition, 1846. Presentation Copy to Victor Hugo, with a sheet inscribed :—

"Avec les compliments et remerciments de M. Charles Dickens, 48 Rue de Courcelles, 30 Janvier, 1847."
Victor Hugo's autograph on the half-title.

Pictures from Italy. Original cloth. First Edition, 1846. Inscribed :—

"Mr. Serjeant Talfourd with the regards of his affectionate friend Charles Dickens, Devonshire Terrace, Nineteenth May, 1846."

The Haunted Man. Original cloth. First Edition, second issue, 1848. Inscribed :—

"J. T. Gordon from Charles Dickens, 15th December, 1848."

Dombey and Son. Full morocco. First Edition, 1848. Inscribed :—

"Lady Normanby from Charles Dickens, 1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, Sixth September, 1848."
(*Dombey and Son* was dedicated to Lady Normanby).

David Copperfield. Full Levant Morocco. First Edition, 1850. Inscribed :—

"Daniel Maclise, from his friend Charles Dickens. Sixth December, 1850."

David Copperfield. Half Morocco. First Edition, 1850. Inscribed :—

"The Reverend W. G. Cookesley from Charles Dickens. First January, 1851."

A Child's History of England. Original cloth. 3 vols. First Edition, 1852. First volume inscribed :—

"George Watson from his affectionate friend Charles Dickens, Christmas, 1852."

Bleak House. Full Levant Morocco. First Edition, 1853. Inscribed :—

"Mamey and Katie from their affectionate father Charles Dickens, December, 1853."

Bleak House. Original cloth. First Edition, 1853. Inscribed :—

"Peter Rackham, Esquire, from Charles Dickens, June, 1854."

A Tale of Two Cities. Full Morocco. First Edition, 1859. Inscribed :—

"Charles Dickens to Thomas Mitton. The New Year, 1860."

The Uncommercial Traveller. Full Morocco. First Edition, 1861. Inscribed :—

"Dr. Elliotson from Charles Dickens, Christmas, 1860."

Great Expectations. Full red Levant Morocco. 3 vols. Fourth Edition, 1861. Inscribed, in volume one :—

"Charles Dickens to Samuel Cartwright. Fourth October, 1861."

Our Mutual Friend. Full Morocco. 2 vols. First Edition, 1865. Inscribed :—

"Charles Dickens to Thomas Mitton. Wednesday, Fifteenth November, 1865."

Christmas Stories from "All the Year Round." First Collected Edition, 1868. Inscribed :—

"Charles Kent. An old year's remembrance from his affectionate friend Charles Dickens. December, 1868."

MANUSCRIPTS

Poem of eight lines "To Ariel," October 26th, 1838, in an album of Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed).

Two pages regarding the fund to be raised for the benefit of Mrs. George Cattermole and her family.

CORRECTED PROOFS

In Memoriam. Proof sheets with corrections in Dickens's autograph of his article "In Memoriam" (Thackeray) published in "The Cornhill Magazine," February, 1864.

Martin Chuzzlewit. Eight proof sheets with numerous corrections and additions in Dickens's autograph.

SPECIAL EDITIONS

The Cricket on the Hearth. Original cloth. First Edition, 1846.

Dickens's own copy used by him in his readings, with many autograph corrections, erasions and additions.

The Great International Walking Match. March 29th, 1868.

Autographed by Dickens and others.

ITEMS FROM GAD'S HILL

Candlestick, Mahogany Desk, Scales and Twine Holder.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Bleak House. Forty original drawings by "Phiz." From the collections of the Duchess of St. Albans and George C. Thomas.

David Copperfield. Forty-three original drawings by "Phiz." From the collections of the Duchess of St. Albans and George C. Thomas.

Dombey and Son. Thirty-seven original drawings by "Phiz." From the collections of the Duchess of St. Albans and George C. Thomas.

Master Humphrey's Clock. Four original drawings by Cattermole. Bound up in a set of three volumes of the work.

Pickwick Papers. Eight original drawings by "Phiz" for the Household Edition. Accompanied by a four page letter of Dickens to F. M. Evans relative to the publication of the edition in which these illustrations appear.

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS

COMPILED FROM RECENT BOOKS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

"It seems common sense to admit that Parker and Barlow's sons-in-law became Bishops in an Anglican sense, just as Mr. Pickwick might have consecrated his friends in a Pickwickian sense."

"Cambridge, though the home of muscular Christianity and mother of Charles Kingsley and Simeon, reacted as she always does to her sister. The young men scrambled equally for a part of *Pickwick* or a tract from Oxford.

"The Oxford Movement was not slow to slip into the novels. A time came when novels took the place of tracts in England. It is curious that Dickens never described the parson, except as part of the Christmas decorations. Oxford was nothing to him as a child of the people, and his satire was reserved for the Dissenting Chadbands and Jellabies . . . The church interiors in the plates of *David Copperfield* exactly show what church furniture was before the Movement."—"The Oxford Movement, 1833 to 1933," by Shane Leslie. (Burns, Oates).

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SIR CHARLES OMAN.

"I have only two memories of the few weeks before the crash [the Franco-Prussian war], the one—trivial and incongruous enough—was the sudden cessation of the issue of Dickens's last novel, *Edwin Drood.* My parents had been taking in its monthly parts, as they used to do with others of Dickens's famous series. And the arrival on August 1st of the fifth part of *Edwin Drood*, with the notice that when the author died on June 9th, he had left not one word written beyond the next two monthly numbers, so that no more was to be expected, was quite a blow to his numberless admirers. My father had been an occasional contributor to . . . *All the Year Round*, in which he wrote the Indian Sketches, and though only ten at the time, I was a confirmed Dickensian, and had been poring over *Edwin Drood* myself, and making guesses at the solution of the murder mystery. Since 1870 I believe that at least eight attempts to finish off the story have been made by various writers, and that none of them has completely satisfied the intelligent reader, who has to guide him to the right conclusion, only the enigmatic set of marginal pictures which adorned the blue covers of *Edwin Drood*—I possess the broken set to this day."—"Things I have seen," by Sir Charles Oman. (Methuen).

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THE BROWNINGS.

"'But all the flowers forswear me, and die either suddenly or gradually, as soon as they become aware of the want of fresh air and light in my room.'

"As readers of Dickens will remember, it was the age of the four-poster, the heavy curtain, the shut window, the night-cap. The *Pickwick Papers* had lately appeared, and the world was full of Twist, Nickleby, and Martin Chuzzlewit. People fled from fresh air as if from the kiss of Judas . . .

"One of the admirers of the play (A Blot in the 'Scutcheon) was Charles Dickens, though the letter in which he expressed his opinion to Forster was never seen by Browning until it appeared nearly thirty years later in Forster's biography of the novelist . . . 'Browning's play has thrown me in a perfect passion of sorrow. Nothing in any book have I ever read so affecting as Mildred's recurrence to that "I was so young—I had no mother." I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception like it.' "—"The Brownings," by O. Burdett. (Constable).

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"MARGOT."

"I must confess to my shame, that when I read the *Pickwick Papers*. I did not appreciate the genius of Dickens.

"I have always regretted this as my husband and men as different from him as Burne-Jones—as well as *most* of the children that I have known—have delighted in him. But Dickens is an author that should be read when you are either older or younger than I was when I was given the *Pickwick Papers*. Though Dickens was a great creative genius, the personages in his novels are not the human beings that I have met, and Dickens was tempted to exploit the characters and character-parts, and he over-emphasizes his character-parts, in the same way as caricaturists put big heads on little bodies, in the hope that what they draw will be diverting.

". . . I think it was Chesterton who said that Dickens—when a little boy—always went to bed too late: an admirable explanation of his rather melodramatic sense of humour and of pathos."—"More Memories," by Margot Asquith. (Cassell).

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A. C. SWINBURNE.

"The joint *ménage* at 'The Pines' . . . a siesta from 2-30 to 4-30, work until dinner, and after dinner, a reading from Dickens's novels with Theodore . . ."—"English poetry in the later Nineteenth Century," by B. Ifor Evans. (Methuen).

AN EXHIBITION OF MR. WM. A. CLARK'S PHOTOGRAPHS

The Royal Photographic Society is holding at their Galleries, 35 Russell Square, London, during December, a special exhibition of the work of Mr. Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S., another of whose charming photographs, specially taken for *The Dickensian*, appears in the current issue. This exhibition will show as many as two hundred photographs of departed or departing landmarks in London; many Dickensian spots will be included, and Mr. Clark's art and technique will assure the visitor an enjoyable and instructive couple of hours.

THE LATE MR. A. W. WICKENS

We regret to announce the death, in August last, of Mr. Albert Wickens, a very valued member of the London and St. Pancras branches. He did much work for the Fellowship in an unostentatious manner, whether as the hind legs of a pony at a Christmas party, or conducting a party round Dickens's London. He learnt to love his London through the works of Dickens, and carried on his researches during the past ten years with a remarkable degree of success and enjoyment to others.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN SOUTH AFRICA

[Mr. Louis B. Frewer, of the Bodleian Library, has sent us the following review from "Sam Sly's African Journal" for August 15th, 1844, now in the Rhodes House Library at Oxford. As this periodical is very scarce, it gives us much pleasure to reprint the review in *The Dickensian*.—THE EDITOR.]

"A Christmas Carol," in prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens, with Illustrations by Leech. Chapman & Hall, 186 Strand. A. S. Robertson, Cape Town.

HAD Mr. Dickens written this work in Africa, he might have sold one hundred copies from curiosity; fifty for the fashion's sake; and twenty from pure love, appreciation, and affection. Whereas at home, he disposed of five editions, of a thousand each, in so many weeks, at five shillings each. Africa is the wrong quarter to chant a "Christmas Carol" in; we have neither the season in point of cold, and but few of the characteristics that distinguish that merry-making period. But, although in a month or so the "dog days" will commence in England, the atmosphere in Cape Town will indicate that for Africa it is Christmas with us, in point of weather.

It will not be amiss, then, to listen to this "Carol" of which so much has been said and sung—and mark its contents. It shall have our best attention, and we will close our eyes and ears to the "gong," to the sales, and to the stores, and stroll with it into the pleasantest nooks and corners of Wynberg and Constantia. Well, here it is, and it opens gaily at the frontispiece with Mr. Fezziwig's Ball, and there is kissing under the mistletoe bough, and all kinds of gambols in the background, and Old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig "standing out to dance—the top couple too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them—three or four and twenty pair of partners, and people not to be trifled with"; all sketched and coloured in the most natural and delightful manner by Leech—surely the leech never bled more freely, or found a more happy vein than in this work.

The Tale, or rather the "Carol," is simple and short—one of the shortest, perhaps, of the author's productions; but it embodies so much charity, healthful humour, and virtue, that we should have lost a fine moral had it been withheld by doubts or checked by illness. The outline lies in a nutshell. A miserable old skinflint named Scrooge had a partner named Marley. Marley dies, and leaves Scrooge to make the best of it. One bitter cold and precious foggy morning, old Scrooge sits at his office, a rummy place, with the door open that he may keep his eye upon his clerk, who sits in a little dismal cell or tank, copying letters. There appears to have been a small fire, but that of the copier's "looked like one coal," and old Scrooge was buttoned up to the chin in his great coat. At this juncture "A merry Christmas, Uncle—God save you," cries a cheerful voice, and the voice is from Scrooge's nephew. But the old buffer says "Bah! Humbug! Merry Christmas! what reason have you to be merry? you're poor enough"—and all that sort of crabbed thing, and grumbles and growls for a long time afterwards. He goes home, to a queer house—a gloomy suite of rooms up a yard—"where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and seek with others, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old and dreary enough then, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge." There was nothing particular about the knocker ; yet somehow or other the still small voice of Conscience began to work, and reflections of past misdeeds so operated upon his fancy, that he traces in that knocker the likeness of his old partner Marley, who died on the premises some seven years before. He mounts to his room, with his gloomy thoughts still busy, and there whilst hovering over his tiny spark, Ghost the first appears, in the person of his partner Marley, with all his cash boxes, iron chests, etc., strapped round his waist. And they have a "hob and nob" together, in a very uncomfortable way for Scrooge, near the fire, and ugly truth comes out, that he does not much admire. Whilst in the same reverie, he is led mentally hither and thither, and ghosts or spirits two and three, in the shape of "Christmas Presents," and others—too numerous to mention—lead him a pretty dance, by shewing him the wickedness of the past, and his cruelty to Tiny Tim, and to youth and age. And his hard heart is softened by the happiness he finds around him, and the lesson that is forced upon him by the retrospect ; and so he becomes happy, and a jolly old chap at the close. And warms his nose with the fire of charity, and a bowl of "smoking bishop," with Bob Cratchit, his clerk, and tells him to blaze away with the "Wall's End," and buy another coal scuttle, before he dots another 'i' !"

This is a small portion of this simple thread of a narrative—a bone or two of this skeleton of a tale, but Mr. Dickens clothes it, and covers it with flesh and muscle, and makes it a living thing. He breathes into it the spirit of vitality and vigour, and throws a bright halo around it so that we make its acquaintance with delight, and it becomes of a kindred nature. Though the tale would seem to have run glibly and "off-hand," there are two or three descriptive touches that are elaborated into a Dutch painting, and are executed with the minutest detail, and the greatest care. Of these we dare only give the following, having the fear of Talfourd, and "Parley's Illuminated Library" before our eyes.

Mr. Fezziwig's Ball.

"Yo ho, my boys !" said Fezziwig . . .* and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop."

Here is a picture of a greengrocer's and fruiterer's shop, that might make Lance, and his pupil Duffield, smack their lips, and open their eyes—they require no further copy for their pencil. Every basket may be said to have sat for its portrait, and they only have to paint away ! to give their contents both pulp and juice.

"The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apopletic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth, like Spanish friars ; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples clustered high in blooming pyramids ; there were bunches of grapes, made in the shopkeeper's benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on, and to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world, in slow and passionless excitement."

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* The whole passage is quoted in full.

But we must draw no more staves from this "Christmas Carol," lest we come under the condemnation of the author—although he is our friend and correspondent. There are many "words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," scattered up and down, and kindness blended with playfulness, that the reader must purchase, and discover for himself. It will turn out to be the young man's and the boy's, if not the "best companion"—a very useful and delightful one, and next to their bibles, prove a valuable text book for old age. We hear it has been dramatized lately for the Adelphi Theatre by Mr. Sterling—that stirling manager—and acted and received with great success.

Cape Town, May, 1844.

DICKENS ALL THE YEAR ROUND*

Messrs. H. Newton Wethered and Charles Turley have between them produced the largest and best anthology of Dickens it has been our pleasure to see. Here are three hundred and sixty-six well-chosen excerpts; not mere snippets, but whole incidents mostly from the comedy of Dickens. The compilers have given about a page (five hundred words) to each selection, and where the incident does not finish within the required space it is carried on to the next day.

Although the compilers have resisted the temptation to include a birthday extract on February 7th, thereby missing the opportunity of including a piece from that wonderful chapter 49 of *Bleak House*, have relegated Sam's Valentine to August 3rd and 4th, and headed the item presented on June 9th as "A Demd Damp Body," they have not forgotten that December 25th is Christmas Day and have, accordingly, regaled us with the account of the Cratchits' Christmas Dinner. However welcome this anthology will be to the real Dickens lover, it will prove very provoking to the person who knows not his Dickens; for Dickens "can't be tasted in a sip." To these the book will be the means of sending them to Dickens, for we have not so far seen a better advertisement for his choice wares.

A NEW BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mr. Thomas Hatton, the well-known collector, announces for early publication a Bibliography of the Periodical Works of Charles Dickens, in the production of which Mr. Arthur H. Cleaver has collaborated. The authors claim that their book is the most exhaustive analysis yet presented of the 13,800 odd pages of material which go to make up the thirteen important works as published in monthly parts. After a disappointment with the revised Eckel, we shall look forward to this volume with more than ordinary interest, as there is a real need for such an exhaustive bibliography as this promises to be.

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* Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd. 8s. 6d.

LETTERS to the EDITOR
POST OFFICE

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

ACTING DICKENS

Sir.—In reference to the concluding remarks of Mr. Brookes Cross in his letter in the Autumn number, I should like it known that a dramatic Company in connection with headquarters has been formed under the name of "The Dickens Fellowship Players." My loyal company have given ungrudgingly of their time, and worked hard to spread the love of Dickens by performances in outlying districts of London. I have great hopes that the company can be made self-supporting, but at the present the cost of costumes has delayed that happy state of things.

As Mr. Cross truly says, our great need is for more keen male actors, and I shall be very pleased to hear from any who have talent and a love for our delightful work.

Frances Jolly.

Sir.—Upon reading the remarks of Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross on "Acting Dickens" I would like to acquaint you with the programme of The Dickens Fellowship Players, Blackpool Branch, which, if it is published, may encourage other branches :—

(1) We are entering a team in the Blackpool Drama Festival in November, presenting "The Flight of Em'ly" as our effort.

(2) For charity we are hoping to produce in December "A Dickens Dream Fantasy" and a dramatic version of one of the books in March, 1934.

Frank Mitchell, *Hon. Secretary,*

[A reference to the Diary on pages 80-82 will show that most of the Branches are engaged in dramatic work.—Editor.]

DICKENS ON THE STAGE

Sir.—For once I should like to echo Rosa Dartle, for I "want to know" whether your playgoing readers can point to a dramatic adaptation of Dickens that has wholly fulfilled their expectation, or, better still, satisfied their ideals.

I am, of course, referring to the best that the theatre can produce ; a quality that challenges criticism, and registers no plea for indulgence ; and I leave aside the discrepancies in regard to plot, seeing that the complex interests of any particular novel cannot suitably be compressed within the brief action of a stage performance. Further, I exclude from my enquiry the isolated character sketch, which is excusably a concatenation of outstanding features, and so quite separable from the more profound study called for in a play.

I feel sure that few Dickensians would be greatly impressed by a dramatic role that depended on a make-up and the character's "signature tune"—if I may adopt a modern simile. It is such interpretations that lend colour to the charge of caricature against Dickens, and I for one do not endorse them.

The discriminating reader will find Micawber—for example—quite a plausible human being, who, if he indulges in " bursts of confidence," does not necessarily deliver them in a burst of sound. I myself have met a grandiloquent individual who was every whit as eccentric as Micawber, though nothing like so genial.

The same reader will decline to picture Uriah Heep as perpetually rubbing his knuckles, and proclaiming his humility to all and sundry.

Dickens, in fact, is far from being crude in many cases where he is popularly supposed to overstep the bounds of artistry, and all this should be borne in mind in estimating the value of an actor's impersonation, though I admit the player has a specially difficult task where his audience, almost to a man, has formed its own conception of the part in advance.

Glossop. **George F. Gadd.**

TOOBY

Sir.—Can any of your readers tell me who was the original of the poet " Tooby " mentioned in *Great Expectations*, chapter 28 ?

Gloucester. **E. S. Ellis.**

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

An appeal is made to help in the restoration of the church at Llanallgo in the Isle of Anglesey where the good rector, the Rev. Stephen Roose Hughes, so splendidly cared for the dead and comforted the bereaved, that Dickens paid him a very special tribute in an article in *All the Year Round* in 1860. Dickens followed his visit to Llanallgo, by several letters to the Rev. Roose Hughes, and a facsimile copy of one of them, will be sent to every person making a donation to the funds. Contributions should be addressed to Rev. John Parry, The Rectory, Llanallgo, Moelfre, Anglesey.

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ANOTHER PICKWICK FRAGMENT.

Another piece of Pickwick Manuscript was sold at Sothebys in November for £150. It consisted of the song "The Ivy Green" in three stanzas of ten lines each written in an album, and there is every reason to think that these lines were written there before they were incorporated into Chapter twenty-eight of the story, as in the seventh line of the last verse the words " proudest Edifice " appear instead of " stateliest building." This alteration would not have been made by Dickens had he been copying the lines into the album from the printed pages of the book. The album, according to the inscription in it, was given in May, 1836, to a Miss Georgiana Ross by her brother. The donor may have been the John Ross, a friend of Dickens mentioned by him in one of the letters to Thomas Beard.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES

Drawn by] *Ruth Whittaker*

Branch Secretaries are specially referred to the remarks of the Editor on page 253 of the last number. Latest date for contributions to the Spring number is February 10th.

AN INTRODUCTION TO *BARNABY RUDGE*

At the opening meeting of the New York Branch in October Mr. Wm. Dike Reed, the President, presented a number of most interesting criticisms on *Barnaby Rudge* by well-known writers, read by different members. First came Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliant remarks in which he described it as a romantic historical novel, quite different from the general run of Dickens's works. He said that, although Dickens was often vulgar, absurd and overdid everything, he was yet alive. An anonymous writer stated that it is a novel without a hero, unless it be Barnaby himself, and he could hardly be called a hero, for he was mad ; that one of the most striking characters is Grip, the raven, who always sensed the appropriate moment to croak, " Polly, put the kettle on. I'm a devil. I'm a devil." Extracts from Austin Dobson, A. W. Ward, and George Gissing were read. George Gissing considered that *Barnaby Rudge* was Dickens's best constructed story, and that it bears some resemblance to Walter Scott's novels. An interesting selection of *Barnaby Rudge* items was exhibited in the showcase. Altogether, it was a most enjoyable evening.

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SOME DICKENS ORIGINALS

A very interesting paper on this subject was read at the Melbourne Branch in July by Miss Marie Monckton, who acknowledged her indebtedness to Edwin Pugh for much of her material. Dickens's caricaturing of his father in Mr. Micawber and his mother in Mrs. Nickleby is discounted by Carlyle and Forster. That Dickens did not consciously and maliciously caricature his friends is evident from the remorse he expressed to Leigh Hunt in the drawing of Harold Skimpole, and to Mrs. Seymour Hill who was supposed to be the model for Miss Mowcher. Probably he was carried away by his own genius. Chesterton says of him, " In this or that man's attitude or affectations or habit of thought was something which needed only a touch of exaggeration to be a charming phantasy or a dramatic contradiction." Dickens's early love, Maria Beadnell, is generally allowed to have been shown in Dora Spenlow and Flora Finching, probably also in Dolly Varden. Of all Dickens's young heroines, Bella Wilfer is the most human and is, perhaps, an idealised Mary Hogarth.

Julius Slinkton of *Hunted Down* was taken from Thomas Griffith Wainewright, essayist, painter, forger and poisoner, transported for his crimes. Little Dorrit's character was founded on that of Mary Mitton, a playmate of Dickens in childhood. As Mrs. Mary Anne Cooper she lived to be nearly 100. Mr. Pickwick's personality was based on a certain John Foster, of Richmond ; Sam Weller was the counterpart of Sam Vale, the comedian, and Tony Weller was a well-known type of coach driver.

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At the August meeting of the Melbourne Branch Mr. Mostyn Wright staged some Crummles scenes from *Nicholas Nickleby* with great *éclat.*

At the September meeting Mr. Olive gave a talk entitled " A Ramble with David Copperfield," describing the scenes of David's wanderings which he himself had visited. Mr. Allison read an admirable paper, " A General Appreciation of Dickens," in which he expressed the deep and abiding good that he found in all Dickens's writings. Mr. Mendell proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring president, Mr. Callaway, for his long service, about 23 years, and it was carried with acclamation. He is succeeded by Mr. W. S. Southwell, who has been the Hon. Secretary for many years.

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A DICKENS PAGEANT AT WHITSTABLE

Whitstable Cottage Hospital, in collaboration with the local Branch, organised a six days' Pageant, starting on July 31st and ending on August 5th.

A sufficiently large piece of land on the Marine front was lent by the various owners for the purpose, on which a stage was built and representations of " Peggotty's Boat House," the " Old Curiosity Shop " and the " Leather Bottle " were erected. Several scenes, dramatised from the books by members of the branch, were given on the stage. Groups of costumed characters paraded the neighbourhood daily ; side shows, applicable to the period, were also on the ground. The financial result enabled the organisers to hand over to the Whitstable Hospital a sum exceeding £140.

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CHARACTER STUDIES AT WELLINGBOROUGH

Wellingborough Dickensians were treated to a feast of good things when, on Saturday, October 21st, Mr. Laurie Toseland gave numerous selections from his repertoire.

Introducing his subject, Mr. Toseland said that three criticisms were being levelled at Dickens's books in these days. Firstly, they were out of date ; secondly, they were not read nowadays ; and thirdly, the characters in them were caricatures rather than real people. Refuting these suggestions, Mr. Toseland went on to say that we had only to consult library statistics to realise that Dickens is being as much read to-day as ever. As to the characters being caricatures, Mr. Toseland had himself met men exactly like Uriah Heep and has received many letters that might have been written by Mr. Micawber.

Prefacing his sketch of *Barnaby Rudge,* Mr. Toseland said that Barnaby was what is usually known as " minus his wits," but there were compensations in the beautiful thoughts that he had, and it is when we read these passages that we get very near to the heart of Dickens himself. Other character sketches were Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness (in which he was assisted by his little daughter, Betsey), Uriah Heep, Squeers, and Tony Weller.

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ACTING DICKENS

The Dickensian Tabard Players are preparing for a busy time, which they will certainly have during the coming season. They have a repertory of the following productions : *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and *Hard Times*, all of which have been adapted by Mr. Ross Barrington, who produces and also takes parts in the plays. Last season *David Copperfield* was given in Wandsworth Prison and *Oliver Twist* at a Borstal Institution ; needless to say, they are asking for more, and further visits are being arranged. The players journey from place to place, and they travel many miles in the course of a season, enjoying every moment, a laughing happy crowd of Dickens lovers. They have comfortable headquarters at 182 Blackfriars Road, Southwark, and extend a hearty welcome to any Dickensian who cares to wander in. Rehearsals are conducted every Monday evening. Productions are being booked up in various parts of London, and it is hoped that fifty performances will be given this season.

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MANCHESTER PRESIDENT ON SOCIAL REFORM

At the opening meeting of the Manchester Branch Mr. J. Howson-Ray, Ch.M., F.R.C.S., in his Presidential Address, particularly discussed the aims of Dickens in attacking social evils and his success in so doing. "I sometimes wonder," he said, "that living in those times he wrote nothing about the war in the Crimea or about the Indian Mutiny, for there is little doubt that his gifted pen would have revelled in pointing out at least the weakness of the administration as is shown for example in one of his *Reprinted Pieces*, that delightful, satire called 'Prince Bull : A Fairy Tale.'" Dickens's special forte, however, was portrayal of the family life of the lower and middle classes in England. Perhaps his delineation of character was his strongest point. Several of his characters seemed destined to live for ever and had become types for reference. It was probable no author, living or dead, commanded so large a world of readers. The proof of his success was the extraordinary extent to which he was still read. Mrs. H. E. Evans, the retiring President, made sympathetic reference to the personal loss every member of the branch had sustained by the death of Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and paid tribute to his memory.

* * * * *

A CHILDREN'S LECTURE

About one hundred Manchester boys and girls, mostly of school age, responded to the invitation to hear Mrs. H. E. Evans give the story of "Charles Dickens and *David Copperfield*." Mrs. Evans' talk was delightfully rendered. She stated that Dickens, different from most writers, established an intimate personal relationship with his readers, and notwithstanding that he lived to take his place amongst the cultured and wealthy, his heart was always with the people—with those in a humble station of life. Recitals from the book were appropriately interposed in the story and rendered with dramatic force by Mrs. Annie Armstrong Wilson. Mr. Howson-Ray

(President) invited the children to write essays on the subject of the story and for the best essays promised that book prizes would be awarded.

* * * * *

MARRIED versus SINGLE

The debate "That in his delineation of male characters Dickens is more successful with married men than with bachelors," drew a large number of members and friends to the November meeting of the Manchester Branch. Mr. Farmer, for the affirmative, contended that the heroes of Dickens, his humorists, his most accomplished rascals. his biggest villains, as well as his kindliest characters, were all married men and that Dickens described their characteristics with greater accuracy and a surer touch than he did those of the bachelors. Mr Sutton, replying for the bachelors, asserted that of all the characters of Dickens, Pickwick, a single man, was considered the greatest, and asked if the description or portrayal of the married men bettered those of Mark Tapley, the Cheeryble Brothers, Dick Swiveller, Boythorn or Crisparkle. Discussion followed, and on a vote being taken the bachelors proved to be in the majority.

* * * * *

The Redditch Branch has presented a Cup to the East Worcestershire Musical Festival for a sight test, the best reading of a selected passage from Dickens. The charitable funds of this branch were augmented by £5 5s. guineas as the result of Mr. Cooper Sands' Recital in October.

* * * * *

The Victoria Branch (B.C.) held its summer open air meeting at the historic "Old Craigflower School," on Saturday, 24th June. The building, now a Museum, was the first public school erected on Canada's western seaboard. Reference was made to Dickens's interest in education and the reforms he accomplished in this and other public services. Amusing incidents pertaining to the rush for tickets in Boston and New York during the American Reading Tour, 1867-1868, were given. Thomas Roberts, a native of Ireland, who, when a boy, had heard Dickens read, testified to the popularity shown by the Irish. Mr. A. W. Arnup also referred to having, as a child, seen Dickens and heard him read. This branch has arranged for the broadcasting Goldmark's opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth" to be relayed to the United States at Christmas.

* * * * *

Successful meetings have been reported from Blackburn and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Reports too late for insertion received from Rugby and Hackney.

DINGLEY DELL AND GREENWICH VILLAGE

Among the newspaper cuttings which kind friends in New York send us, we find an interesting advertisement of a Dingley Dell Restaurant on Broadway, making a speciality of Melton Mowbray Meat Pies. How the Fat Boy's mouth would water ! Another paper, "The Villager," of Greenwich Village, New York, a separate township prior to 1833, illustrated in a drawing by E. C. Caswell, one of its antiquitities, Christopher Row. This the newspaper renames it "Dickensian Row" and it certainly is as quaint as anything we have seen in Greenwich, Eng. There is an added attraction in the picture, one of our members being the proprietor of one of the shops depicted in it.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Criticisms and Appreciation of the Works of Charles Dickens, by G. K. Chesterton. New Edition. 5s. 0d. Dent.

Dickens's Letters to Charles Lever. Edited by Flora V. Livingston. Introduction by Hyder E. Rollins. 7s. 0d. Harvard University Press and Humphrey Milford, London.

Dickens All the Year Round, an anthology, arranged by H. N. Wethered and Charles Turley, with an introduction by Bernard Darwin. 8s. 6d. Seeley Service Co., Ltd.

Dickens : Positively the First Appearance, by F. J. Harvey Darton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. The Argonaut Press.

Epilogue, by Bruce Graeme. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"When Dickens was in the North," by W. L. Barnard. *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 2nd September.

"Village Legend of Little Nell." *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, 24th August.

"Bleak House, Broadstairs." *Woman's Magazine*, September.

"Abridgement of *A Tale of Two Cities*." *Weekly Scotsman*, 16th September.

"Dickens and 'The Times.'" *The Times*, 11th September, etc., etc.

"What the Dickens," by Lewis Wynne. *Railway Review*, 15th September.

"Dickens Knew East London." *East London Advertiser*, 16th September.

"When Dickens was Reporter." *World's Press News*, 21st September.

"When Dickens was a Reporter." *Northern Daily Mail*, 21st September.

"Dickens and the River Thames," by E. Bointon. *Great Thoughts*, October.

"Bull Hotel, Rochester." *The Field*, 30th September.

"The Man Who Liked Dickens," by Evelyn Waugh. *Nash's Magazine*, November.

"*A Tale of Two Cities* retold." *Hull and Yorkshire Times*, 28th October.

"Dickens and the Empty Churches." *The Daily Mail*, 9th November.

"An Unpublished Letter of Dickens—facsimile." 600; *Bi-Monthly Magazine of George Cohen, Son and Co., Ltd.* October-November, 1933.

A WELCOME REPRINT

Twenty-two years have passed since Messrs. Dent collected in one volume the "Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Dickens," which Mr. G. K. Chesterton had written for the Everyman series. The "collected" volume has been out of print some years now, and the younger section of Dickensians will welcome the re-issue of the book at the popular price of five shillings. Mr. Chesterton has not in the meantime wavered in his appreciation of Dickens ; he has re-affirmed his faith by not attempting to write a new preface !

THE BOAT HOUSE AT GRAVESEND

Reference to the demolition of this was made in the Summer number. It is still standing, so Mr. W. Laurence Gadd informs us. Perhaps the press, from which the information was obtained, was only anticipating a desirable end.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Dec. 8—Lecture, "Longfellow, a Friend of Dickens," by Mr. W. P. Woolliams.
Jan. 12—A "Swarry."
Feb. 9—Lectures (*a*), "Some Poets Contemporary with Dickens," by Miss D. Fisher; (*b*), "Leigh Hunt," by Mr. H. F. Clayden.
Rambles on December 9th, January 20th, February 17th.

BIRMINGHAM.
Dec. 13—Christmas Eve at Todgers's.
Jan. 10—Ten Minutes of Dickensiana by Dickensians.
Feb. 7—Birthday Supper.
10—Birthday Party for Children.
Reading Circle, December 6th, January 24th, February 21st.

BLACKBURN.
Dec. 14—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 11—Mr. Robert Lund's Evening.
Feb. 1—Lecture, "The Drood Mystery," by Mr. N. W. E. Hamm.
15—Birthday Celebrations.

BLACKPOOL.
Dec. 8—Dramatic Night, by the Dickens Players.
14—Lecture by Rev. Frank Coleman.
Jan. 1—New Year's Party.
11—Debate, arranged by Mr. J. Sherratt.
25—Visit from the Blackpool Literary Society.
Feb. 6—Birthday Dinner.
22—Papers on Fathers and Sons in *Barnaby Rudge*, by Mrs. Yates and Miss L. Jones.

BRIGHTON.
Dec. 14—An Evening of Readings.
Jan. 11—"Travelogue," *Our Mutual Friend*, by Mr. Cyril R. Woodley.
Feb. 8—Birthday Celebrations.

BROMLEY.
Dec. 13—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 10—Lecture, "The Real David Copperfield," by Mr. T. B. Layton, D.S.O.
Feb. 14—Lecture, "Men of the Past Visit London of the Present," by Mr. J. H. McNulty

CHELTENHAM.
Dec. 1—Mr. Frank S. Johnson's Evening.
Jan. 13—Ladies' Evening.
Feb. 2—Lecture, "The Workmanship of Dickens," by Miss M. Malvern.
10—Birthday Celebrations.

CHESTER (PA.).
Dec. —Christmas Party.
Jan. —*Barnaby Rudge.* Play adapted by Mr. R. L. Lloyd.
Feb. —Birthday Dinner.

CIRENCESTER.
Dec. 4—Lecture, "Dickens's Innovation," by Mr. T. C. Burton.
Jan. 1—Lecture, "The Alleged Literary Faults of Dickens," by Mr. S. J. Rust.
Feb. 5—Dramatic Paper, "Four Visits," by Mr. H. D. Barnett.
8—Dramatic Version of *Pickwick*.
21—Social Evening.
Reading Circle, December 14th, January 18th, February 15th.

COPENHAGEN.
Dec. 6, 7—"Bissekræmmeren Doctor Marigold."
13, 14—"Et Jule-Eventyr."

EASTBOURNE.
Dec. 5—Dramatic Entertainment, arranged by Dr. Daphne Dean.
Jan. 2—Lantern Lecture by Mr. F. J. Hanson.
Feb. 6—Birthday Party.
Study Circle, December 12th, January 9th, 23rd, February 13th, 27th.

EDINBURGH.
Dec. 14—Lecture, "Dickens and His Relations to Women," by Mr. Jas. Fisher.
15—Annual Dinner.
Jan. 11—Lecture, "Dickens's Place in English Literature," by Professor Ian Hannah.
26—Lecture, "The Age in which Dickens lived," by Rev. Jas. Lewis Forbes.
Feb. 9, 10—Dramatic Performances to celebrate Birthday.
22—A Review of *Great Expectations*, by Sir Joseph Dobbie.

GLOUCESTER.
Dec. 6—Play-lecture, "Four Visits," by Mr. H. O. Barnett.
Jan. 3—Dramatic Readings from *Barnaby Rudge*.
Feb. 8—"Birthday" Conversazione.

EDGWARE.
Dec. 12—Readings.
Jan. 16—Lecture, "Railways of Dickens's Day," by Mr. J. D. Billington.
Feb. 13—Birthday Party.
Rambles, December 16th, January 13th, 20th, February 17th.

HACKNEY.
Dec. 4—Lecture on *Barnaby Rudge*, by Mr. W. J. Saunders, B.Sc.
Jan. 22—Recital from *David Copperfield*, by Mr. F. S. Johnson.
Feb. 14—Lecture, "Dickens's Oldest Friend, Thomas Beard," by Mr. Walter Dexter.

HULL.
Dec. 1—Lecture, "Some Humorous Love Affairs in Dickens," by Rev. J. G. Patton.
14—Lonely Old Folks' Party.
15—*A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. and Mrs. Lawton and Mr. Harold Kellington.
Jan. 12—Two Plays, arranged by Mr. Frank K. Wood.
26—Readings from *Barnaby Rudge.*
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
29—Lecture, "Wilberforce and his work," by Mr. T. Sheppard, M.Sc., F.G.S.

LEYTON.
Dec. 20—Short Papers by Members.
Jan. 31—A Dickens Party.
Feb. 28—Lecture, "A few of Dickens's lesser known stories," by Mr. W. B. Warren.

LIVERPOOL.
Dec. 13—Christmas Party.
Jan. 3—Lecture, "Travel in the Days of Dickens," by Mr. A. G. Dye.
24—Lecture, "An Evening with Dickens," by Rev. Lionel Gibbs.
Feb. 7—Lecture, "Method," by Mr. L. Rowland.
10—Whist Drive and Dance.
21—Lecture, "Dickens up to Date," by Mr. A. E. Bixby.

LONDON.
Dec. 5—Lecture, "The Athenæum and its Associations with Literature," by Mr. T. W. Hill.
14—Christmas Party.
18, 19—Tea and Entertainment to scholars at the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street.
Jan. 15—Lecture by Mr. Bernard Darwin.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
9—Lecture-Recital, "More Rambles in Dickens," by Rev. T. Faulkner Jefferies

MANCHESTER.
Dec. 1—"Impressions" of *Barnaby Rudge.*
Jan. 12—Dingley Dell Party.
26—"A Talk on a Youngerised Edition of Forster," by Mr. Robert Bateman.
Feb. 14, 17—Birthday Celebrations: Domestic Performances.

MONTREAL.
Dec. 12—*Dr. Marigold*, by Professor A. Robert George Man.
15, 16—Dramatic presentation of *A Christmas Carol.*
Jan. 23—Lecture, "Dickens as a Caricaturist," by Rev. Lawrence Clare.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebration.
27—Lecture, "Dickens and Women," by Professor Stephen Leacock.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.
Dec. 1—*The Cricket on the Hearth.*
15—The Christmas Party.
Jan. 12—Evening by the President, Professor Branford
26—Lecture, "Dickens—Pickwick Papers," by Mr. J. S. Boyd.
Feb. 9—Birthday Party.
23—*Dombey and Son* by the Dickens Players.

PHILADELPHIA.
Dec. 20—Christmas Party.
Jan. 24—Annual Meeting.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
28—Regular Meeting.

PLYMOUTH.
Dec. 12—Dramatic, etc., Evening, arranged by Mrs. L. Annear.
Jan. 9—Dramatic, etc., Evening, arranged by Miss Vera Cocks.
10—Tiny Tims' Tea and Entertainment in the Guildhall.
23—Dramatic, etc., Evening from *Barnaby Rudge*, arranged by Mrs. W. W. Vinson and Mr. W. C. Spear.
Feb. 2—Whist Drive.
6—Musical and Literary Evening, arranged by Mrs. J. C. Pryor and Mrs. R. Close.
20—Lecture, "The Humour and Pathos of Dickens," by Rev. Denman Martin.

PORTSMOUTH.
Dec. 4—Annual Re-Union at the Guildhall.
13—Entertainment in aid of Tiny Tims' Tea.
Jan. 31—Celebration of 31st Birthday of the Branch.
Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner.
8—Cripples' Tea.

REDDITCH.
Dec. 6—Lecture, by Mr. Stanley Guise.
Jan. 3—Readings from *Barnaby Rudge.*
Feb. 7—" Characters from Shakespeare," by Mr. W. Baseley, and Readings from Dickens, by Mr. G. Baseley.

RUGBY.
Dec. 5—Dramatic Evening.
Jan. 2—Recital of Dickensian Songs by Mrs. Eardley Morris.
Feb. 14—Costume Dance.

ST. PANCRAS.
Dec. 11—Members' Evening.
Jan. 8—Lecture-Recital, " Men of the Past Visit London of the Present," by Mr. J. H. McNulty.
26—New Year's Party.
Feb. 12—Lecture, by Mr. Percy Carden.
Rambles on December 16th., January 26th, February 24th.

SHEFFIELD.
Dec. 15—Recital, by Rev. J. Howen Rodda.
Jan. 12—" Snaps from *Barnaby Rudge.*"
17—Whist Drive.
Feb. 9—Lecture on *Barnaby Rudge*, by Mrs. A. F. Bagnall.
10—Birthday Dinner.
24—Tiny Tim's Party.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Dec. 14—Lecture, " A Tale of London's Riot and London's Forest," by Mr. J. H. McNulty
Jan. 11—Resumé of Chapters 33-58 of *Barnaby Rudge*, and Discussion.
Feb. 8—Birthday Party.

SOUTHEND.
Dec. 2—Dickens's Fancy Dress Dance.
16—Children's Party.
Jan. —Visit to The Dickens House.
Feb. —Dramatic Performance.

TORONTO.
Dec. 14—Scenes from *The Haunted Man*, arranged by Mr. Horation Purdy.
Jan. 11—" Songs of Dickens's Day," in charge of Messrs. McInnes and F. W. Hunt.
Feb. 8—Birthday Party.
20-24—*Barnaby Rudge*. Play at the Margaret Eaton Theatre.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Dec. 2—Lecture, " Our Mutual Friend," by Miss A. R. Tinkler, B.A.
16—Lecture, " The Artist and His Religion," by Mr. W. Knight.
Jan. 1—New Year's Party.
13—Lecture, " Crummles and Co.," by Mr. C. E. Grove.
27—Lecture, " Dickens's Young Men," by Mr. D. Boyd.
Feb. 10—Debate, Miss E. Abbott and Mr. S. Warwick.
24—Lecture, " Popping the Question," Mrs. F. J. Thorpe.

WINNIPEG.
Dec. 14—*Christmas Books*, by Rev. Allworth Eardley, Miss Holland and Mr. Irle.
Jan. 11—Ladies' Night, under direction of Mrs. George H. Davis.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebration.

WOODVILLE.
Dec. 8—Lecture, by Rev. C. J. Bishell.
Jan. 4—Tiny Tim's Tea.
19—Lecture, by Mr. H. T. Forman.
31—Recital, by Mr. L. F. Tunnicliffe.
Feb. 7—Birthday Celebrations.
16—Lecture, by Rev. J. H. Doddrell.

A DICKENS PAGEANT AT READING

WHAT is termed a "Scenic Dickens Fair and Pageant" is being organised at the Town Hall, Reading, in February next, in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society. Programmes will shortly be on sale at a price of one shilling each, which, besides serving as an entrance ticket, bears a number which may win a prize. The Hon. Secretary is Miss Baker, "Ashleigh," Parkside Road, Reading.

THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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THE DICKENSIAN

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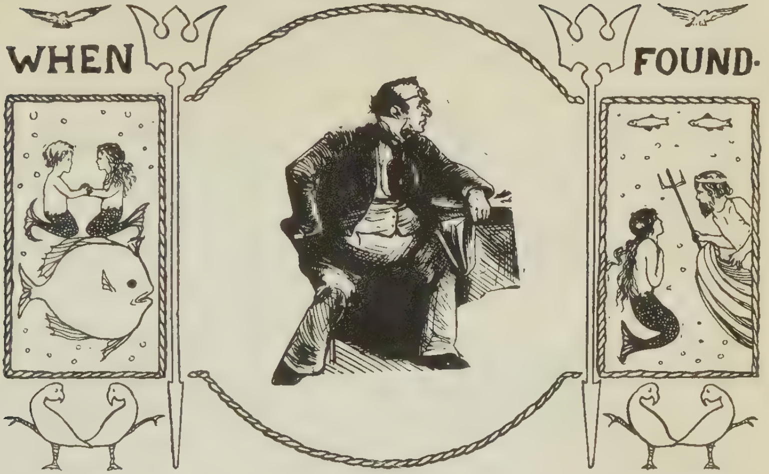


Drawn by [*Ruth Whittaker*

The Last of the Dickens Children. We had only just finished reading Mr. Hugh Walpole's charming story, " Mr. Huffham," in the Christmas " Strand Magazine," which opens with a rescue from the toils of the present-day London traffic of an elderly man who turns out to be none other than Charles Dickens himself returned to London after sixty-three years, when the sad news came that Dickens's sole surviving son, and Life President of the Dickens Fellowship, had been knocked down by a motor cyclist and was in hospital. A few days later he passed away, on the eve of the festival which his father had done so much to enshrine in the hearts of millions. It will be strange, indeed, to be in Dickens land without a son of Dickens with us. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Lady Dickens and her children. Mr. A. W. Edwards has written a more extended notice of the late Sir Henry, to be found on page 87.

* * * * *

The Beadnell Letters. The last time I saw Sir Henry, I went to him on a special mission. It concerned the letters of his father to Maria Beadnell, which were printed privately in America without his consent some twenty-five years ago. I had been successful in locating the present whereabouts of the originals to be the Henry E. Huntington Library in San Marino, and had obtained from them photographic copies of the whole of the correspondence. Sir Henry had hitherto refused all applicants for permission to publish the letters, and partial publication in some of the recent books on Dickens had caused misunderstandings. I told Sir Henry that, in my opinion, he was doing a dis-service to his father's memory in continuing his embargo, and asked, would he have any objection if the letters were published by the Dickens Fellowship ? He said that under the circumstances he would have none whatever, and as a result the publication was commenced in "The Sunday Graphic" for January 21st. Publication in book form for more permanent record is being arranged for, particulars of which will be duly announced.

* * * * *

During December the "Bristol Evening Post" ran a series of short articles wherein "Famous Characters discuss the Water Problem." No. 2 was Mr. Samuel Weller; No. 3, Sam Weller. Why this distinction ?

* * * * *

The Bristol Central Library "Book of the Week" commencing 18th December was *The Battle of Life*, of which a first edition was on view.

* * * * *

Blaming Dickens. We are so accustomed to hear that Dickens was reponsible for this or that reform, or originated some practice or other nearly all for the good of mankind, that it was certainly a change to hear that Dickens has been blamed for something. Speaking to a rotary club, the Bishop of Kingston, said he thought Dickens was responsible for having encouraged "slumming," which was so prevalent some thirty or forty years ago by groups of West End women, a spurious service, so he called it, given for the purpose of personal satisfaction and gain. I fear the Bishop does not really know his Dickens. Apart from that he appears to have forgotten that at the time these campaigns were even much encouraged by the dignitaries of the Church.

* * * * *

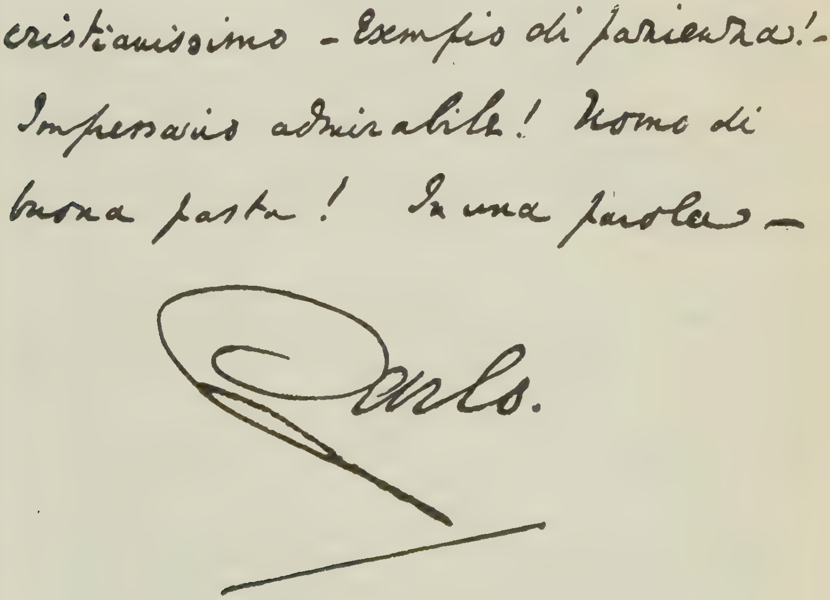
Misplaced Enthusiasm. It is not often that the Dickens Fellowship finds itself compelled to announce publically its disapproval of a scheme to perpetuate the name of Dickens. But it had to do so in the case of the appeal by the Vicar of Lynesack to erect a memorial in his churchyard to Edward Smith (died 1884) as the original of Smike. If there ever was an original of this character it was George Taylor who is buried in the churchyard at Bowes; for Dickens, writing to Mrs. S. C. Hall in December, 1838, said, referring to this very tombstone, "I think his ghost put Smike into my mind, upon the spot." This letter was first printed in *The Dickensian* in 1915. Four years before, we had printed an article by Mr. E. Hardy, who is the abettor of the Lynesack appeal, in which he stated he personally recollected Smith who was the original of Smike. Nobody could gainsay him then, but the publication, a few years later, of the letter referred to above made it clear that George Taylor had suggested Smike to Dickens. But Smith is a sort of King Charles's head to Mr. Hardy, and he will not withdraw his claim for Smith, although we have seen nothing to support it other than Mr. Hardy's conviction formed some years before much better evidence was forthcoming. There has been a most interesting correspondence in "The Yorkshire Post" and elsewhere, but Mr. Hardy will not be convinced he is on the wrong track. Confronted with Mrs. Hall's letter, he quietly ignores it in the press; but in a letter jointly addressed to Mr. A. W. Edwards and Mr. Walter Dexter he says "I have had a copy of Dickens's letter to Mrs. Hall many years," and then follows on with this remarkable statement, "but there is not a shred of proof that he followed the idea up"; remarkable because the letter was written long after Smike had been created!

* * * * *

An Eastbourne reader sends me the following very interesting extract from a letter of a relative, who, until lately, was connected with the Ministry of Education in Egypt and still lives in that country. "I was with a Norwegian lady the other day at the Waifs and Strays Home," it says, "and a little waif recited a story in Arabic. The Norwegian lady did not understand the language, but I was able to explain to her that the piece recited was the scene of David Copperfield meeting with his Aunt at Dover."

* * * * *

Here is a very unusual signature of Dickens, reproduced from a letter to G. H. Lewes, one of a small collection recently sold at Sotheby's.



cristianissimo — Esempio di pazienza! — Impresario admirabile! Uomo di buona pasta! In una parola —

Carlo.

* * * * *

Re-writing Dickens. The "Cleckheaton Guardian" is following the footsteps of Mr. Robert Graves' gay adventure, and is providing its readers with a series of "Imitations of Dickens." On the other hand, we may be sure that the editor of "The Saturday Review" knows what he's about; the readers of that famous publication desire to read Dickens in unadulterated and non-diluted form. On the two weeks preceding Christmas it reprinted "The Bagman's Story" and "Gabriel Grub," first-class seasonable short stories both of them.

* * * * *

Mr. Bransby Williams preached on "The Religious Teaching of Dickens" at the Union Chapel, Islington, on Sunday, 4th February.

* * * * *

The Limited Editions Club of America recently sponsored a new edition of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, with hitherto unpublished illustrations by Hugh Thomson. This is the third time Dickens has appeared in this exclusive club's list, a record since no other author has appeared more than once. Their previous productions were *The Chimes* with illustrations by Mr. Arthur Rackham in 1931, and *The Pickwick Papers*, with an introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and illustrations by John Austen, in 1933. We regret that the Club has not sent copies for inclusion in the Dickens House Library; unfortunately the books are not sold in the usual way, but are only for their members.

* * * * *

President Roosevelt and the Carol. There was an added interest in *A Christmas Carol* in America this year. President Roosevelt read the story to his family group at the White House on Christmas Eve, starting at tea time and finishing before dinner, a custom that has been carried out for many years in the Roosevelt family (see page 126). In his special Christmas message broadcast, President Roosevelt used the "God Bless us Every One" quotation and more than one speaker, taking his cue from this, made mention of Dickens and *A Christmas Carol* during the holidays.

* * * * *

Unpublished Letters and Manuscript. As a result of the death of the last of Dickens's children, the letters deposited in the British Museum by Mrs. Perugini in 1898, have now become available. They are those which Dickens wrote to his wife, and as half of them were written before marriage, their publication will be looked forward to with more than ordinary interest. At the time of going to press we have not had an opportunity of reading them, but we hope to refer to the matter in the next number. The unpublished manuscript of "The Children's New Testament" which Dickens wrote specially for his children is another matter about which there has been much in the press of late. The family has rightly decided to publish it. Miss Matz gives on another page an account of the copy which is in her possession, and it is no exaggeration to say that the whole world is anxiously looking forward to reading it. We understand the manuscript is not to be disposed of at present. It is probably the most remarkable of all the Dickens manuscripts. We hope, and do so with a certain degree of confidence, that its final home will be The Dickens House.

WALTER DEXTER.

OUR LIFE PRESIDENT

SIR HENRY FIELDING DICKENS, K.C.

BY the death of Sir Henry F. Dickens, which took place on 22nd December last as the result of an accident, the Fellowship loses its last Life President and the last of the Dickens family is removed. The Press has dealt adequately with his career at the Bar and on the Bench, and but a brief resumé can be given here.

He was born in London on 16th January, 1849, and educated partly at Wimbledon and partly in France, after which he proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he won a scholarship. In 1872 he became 29th Wrangler, and was elected a law student of his college. He was called to the Bar in 1873, and practised first at the Kent Sessions, but subsequently acquired a general practice in London. He took silk in 1892, became Recorder of Deal, and afterwards of Maidstone. He was appointed Common Sergeant in 1917, and for fifteen years was one of the Judges of the City of London—a position from which he retired in 1932. He received the honour of knighthood in 1922.

Sir Henry's association with the Fellowship dates back to its early days, and in February, 1903, he wrote to a Branch then forming—"The movement is an excellent one and one in which I take the deepest interest. The perpetuation of my father's memory by such means as these is the highest tribute which could be paid him and is what he himself would have desired." Mr. Henry Dickens, as he then was, became President of the Fellowship in succession to Percy Fitzgerald in 1903, and continued in that position until 1910, when he was elected Life President. During the first few years of his Presidency he delivered an annual presidential address with such subjects for his theme as "The Social Influence of Dickens," and "Has the Fellowship justified its Existence," to name but two. On the occasion of the ninety-third anniversary of his father's birth he sent a telegram to each Branch of the Fellowship celebrating the event reading :—

> "I send you hearty greetings. I ask you to remember the motto which was commended by my father to the Birmingham Institute in 1869 : 'Courage ! Persevere !'"

The present position of the Fellowship would indicate that the advice then tendered has borne much fruit. In addition to the addresses, Sir Henry commenced a series of readings from his father's works in 1904 in celebration of the birthday, and these continued without interruption until, owing to the death of his son, Major Cedric Charles, killed in action, they were suspended in 1917-1918, and his place was taken by Mr. William Miles. The following year they were resumed and continued until 1921. By these recitals considerable sums were raised for the charitable work of the Fellowship. During the war Sir Henry placed his services at the disposal of the British Red

Cross Society for a series of recitals in aid of its funds. He assisted also very materially in the raising of funds by the Fellowship for providing the works of Dickens in Braille for the Blind and in the fund to found and endow the home for blinded soldiers and sailors at St. Leonards-on-Sea.

This brief and inadequate sketch shows something of the interest our Life President had in the early days in the work of the Fellowship. After the war, with advancing age, his activities in these directions suffered decline, but on two comparatively recent occasions he came out from his retirement, first to attend the Annual Birthday Dinner in 1930, at which he spoke with all his old vigour and expressed his regret that he had done so little of late " in the conduct of your most useful Society," but he was still in full sympathy with our work and " felt the enormous amount of good that you are doing." His last appearance at a Fellowship function was at the Rochester Conference Dinner, 1932, when he spoke of the " Gadshill days " with his father in most moving terms.

During the past eight years, whenever the present writer had occasion to visit Sir Henry, either at the Old Bailey or at his home on Fellowship business, he was always received with the utmost cordiality, and Sir Henry always evinced the liveliest interest in the work of the Fellowship. His passing has called forth many expressions of sympathy from the Branches all over the world, which have been passed on to Lady Dickens and the family. Lady Dickens writes me she has had so many cables and letters that she cannot answer each one, and asks me to say " how greatly I appreciate all they have done to help me in my great sorrow. It is lovely to think my dear husband was universally loved and admired. The beautiful wreath from Winnipeg is still quite fresh."

A. W. E.

THE LATE MR. W. B. WARREN

By the death of Mr. W. B. Warren, which took place on the 24th November, the Executive Committee and the Council of the Fellowship lose one of their most valued and respected members.

Mr. Warren joined the Fellowship in the days of the old London branch, and his fine personality and keen interest soon brought him to the front, and during the last year of that branch's existence, he became its President. On the reconstruction of the Fellowship, when the " London Branch " ceased to exist, he was appointed Chairman of Council, 1920-21, a position to which he was again elected in 1929-30. He was also Chairman of the Executive Committee 1925-26, and in these capacities he exhibited the sound sagacity of the business man, and a courtesy, geniality and kindness of spirit that marked him out as a great Dickensian and made him beloved by all who knew him. Ever ready to serve the Fellowship in any way possible, he devoted much time to the reading of proofs for *The Dickensian*, and was also a most acceptable lecturer.

A large number of his colleagues attended the funeral to pay their last respects to " a brother beloved."

MY COPY OF "THE CHILDREN'S NEW TESTAMENT"

BY WINIFRED MATZ

A TYPESCRIPT copy of Dickens's unpublished work, *The Children's New Testament*, is one of my most cherished possessions. It must be more than twenty years ago that Mrs. Perugini allowed my father to make a copy of it from Mark Lemon's copy (then in her possession) and it was a most valued gift to him from such a sweet and dear friend as she always was. The work was of quite a private nature, and Dickens had expressed a wish that the little book should not be published during the lifetime of his children. I am very pleased to learn that it is now going to be published, as all the world should have the privilege of reading so simple and beautiful a story.

It was a lovely thought of Dickens to write a life of Christ for his own children, and I think the time has now come when it should be in every home where there are children, so that they may have the pleasure of reading the simple story of the life of Christ, and at the same time knowing that it was written by Charles Dickens, who had such a great love for children and by his writings did such a wonderful amount of good to all the world.

The title page reads :—

"THE CHILDREN'S NEW TESTAMENT
AN ABSTRACT OF
THE NARRATIVE OF THE FOUR GOSPELS
FOR THE USE OF JUVENILE READERS
Written by
CHARLES DICKENS
Exclusively for his own Children
in 1846."

The opening words are :—

"My dear Children,

I am very anxious that you should know something about the History of Jesus Christ. For everybody ought to know about Him. No one ever lived who was so good, so kind, so gentle and so sorry for all people who did wrong, or were in any way ill or miserable. . . ."

I am also very pleased to be able to quote the concluding words on Christianity, as I am sure you will agree what a beautiful passage it is :—

"Remember ! It is Christianity to do good always—even to those who do evil to us. It is Christianity to love our neighbour as ourselves and to do to all men as we would have them do to us. It is Christianity to be gentle, merciful and forgiving and to keep those qualities quiet in our own hearts and never to make a boast of them, or of our prayers, or of our love to God, but always to show that we love Him by humbly trying to do right in everything.

"If we do this and remember the Life and Lessons of our Lord Jesus Christ and try to act up to them we may confidently hope that God will forgive us our sins and mistakes and enable us to live and die in Peace."

DISAPPEARING DICKENS'S LONDON

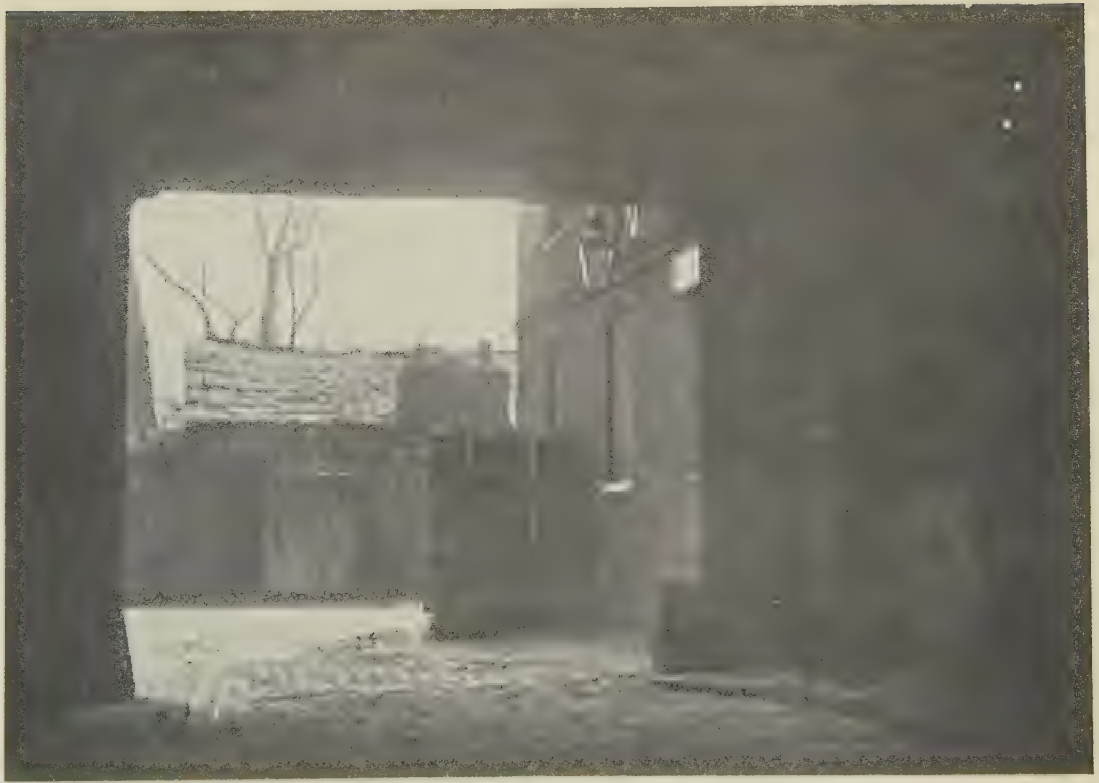


Photo by] [H. T. Spurll

A Present-day peep from the Adelphi Arches

THE ART OF DICKENS

TWO BRILLIANT TRIBUTES AT THE 1934 BIRTHDAY DINNER

ONCE again the Birthday of Dickens was honoured by a dinner in London, over which the President of the Fellowship, Mr. Alfred Noyes presided. The guest of the evening was Mr. E. V. Knox, the Editor of "Punch," and most appropriately the Souvenir presented to each guest consisted of a selection of cartoons in which the Dickens characters had been utilised by that famous periodical.

In introducing Mr. Knox, and inviting him to give the toast of The Immortal Memory, Mr. Noyes referred to the announcement made that day that the world publishing rights in Dickens's last unpublished manuscript, "The Life of Christ," specially written for his children, had been purchased by the "Daily Mail." It was a work for which thousands of people were waiting at the present moment with as much interest as if it had been a new work of a new writer: he did not suppose there has been an unpublished manuscript awaited with more eagerness than this, and that 122 years after its author's birth.

Continuing, Mr. NOYES said:

We are celebrating to-night the hundred and twenty-second birthday of the most beloved writer of the English-speaking race. We may safely say that no other English writer has ever advanced into his second century, bearing so many sheaves with him, and followed by so large and so constantly increasing a company of friends. In the twelve short months of last year, over six million volumes of Dickens were sold, a fact which confirms the growing suspicion that literature and its destinies are not in the least affected by any contemporary arbiters of fashion. Nothing is more astonishing than the complete ignorance of the outside world that is sometimes displayed by critics who think only in terms of what is being discussed by some small literary or social group of the moment. "Dickens is not read now," they will naively remark, very much as the fashion columns inform their readers that skirts will be shorter this year; and, at once, the word begins to go round Mayfair and Pimlico, Bloomsbury and Chelsea, that *They* are not reading Dickens. Each of the twenty thousand members of The Dickens Fellowship might very well reply: "*They!*" "*Who* are *They?* *I* am *They!*"

I must not conceal from you, however, the disturbing fact that Mr. Savonarola Podge has spoken. You may not have heard of Mr. Podge, but he has arrived. He is the leader of the new literary group in Pimlico, and he has told us quietly, but firmly, that the day of *Pickwick* is over; and that *The Pickwick Papers* are only tolerable in the new edition, corrected, and blue-pencilled by himself, which he intends to publish next month. Mr. Podge thinks that, in the present slump (which is entirely due to thoughtless over-production by other writers), useful employment might be provided for the whole of the Pimlico group (including the caretaker and the cat) if they were invited to improve some of the so-called masterpieces in our national galleries. Mr. Podge himself would delete a few of the worst blunders in Hogarth, and the caretaker and the cat might dispose of the fragments. A few chips with a chisel would quickly amend the insipid smoothness of the Greek marbles in the British Museum; and, in less than five minutes, the skilful hand of Mr. Podge might accomplish something which all the bull-headed and blind reactionaries in the world would never be able to restore.

Mr. Podge has expressed various other opinions of a startlingly original kind. He maintains, for instance, that Dickens wrote in the Victorian period, and that Dora is a foolish little feather-head of a kind that no longer exists. How astonished Dickens would have been to hear this; and how still more astonished to hear there were no fools, reading, or writing, to-day. You remember the constant refrain of grim old Betsey Trotwood, "blind, David, blind." What did this mean? Can it possibly mean that Dickens agreed with Mr. Podge about Dora. Perhaps he did; but unlike the Podges of literature, Dickens had a touch of the ordinary, human kindness, too. In any case, Mr. Podge has never considered that refrain, or the deliberate contrast, so carefully drawn, between the two heroines in *David Copperfield*.

The art of Dickens, in fact, deserves a far closer study than it has yet received. In one or two respects, his technique is far more subtle, far more closely interdependent, than has been realised. His power of creating "atmosphere," of giving you the very flavour of an old inn, the very feeling of the old furniture, the very reflection of the candles in it, the very odour of the old hangings, has never been equalled, but I do not think it has been noticed how he does it. He follows consciously or unconsciously the method of the greatest masters of painting; and his descriptions, unlike those of almost every other writer of fiction, are for this reason as alive and interesting as any other part of his story. He is never photographic. He never mentions inanimate objects merely to tell you that they are there, or to provide a kind of set background; but, though he touches upon a thousand details, he relates each one to the main theme, and—also—as I think no other writer has ever done—makes of each object a subsidiary actor in the plot. Read any of his descriptions and you will see how every inanimate object is there brought to life and made to play its part. "The stall of Silas Wegg was the *hardest* little stall in London. It gave you the face-ache to look at his apples, the stomach-ache to look at his oranges; the tooth-ache to look at his nuts." This is an elementary example, but it suggests the method by which he keeps the reader's interest alive, while he communicates, almost without your knowing it, a thousand details. Occasionally, he has been criticised for isolated instances of it—Miss Murdstone's "jail of a bag," for example, with its heavy chain and its habit of shutting up "like a bite." But the instance cannot be isolated. It is related to the feelings of a frightened child. It is all part of a great artistic method, moreover, which uses the things that are seen to image forth the things which are not seen, and there is not a ray of light or a shadow in Dickens that does not play its part. A more subtle instance is the description of the child in *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

> "She seemed to exist in a kind of allegory . . . All last night, waking or in my sleep, the same images retained possession of my brain . . . the old dark murky rooms—the gaunt suits of mail with their ghostly silent air—the faces all awry, grinning from wood and stone—the dust, and rust, and worm that lives in wood—and alone in the midst of all this lumber and decay and ugly age, the beautiful child in her gentle slumber, smiling through her light and sunny dreams."

This is art, and great art; for it gives us an image which we can expand to the measure of the universe. It is the figure of the young human spirit in exile, surrounded by all the wreckage of history and all the nightmare cruelties of this nether world through which it has to find its way back to its native country and its immortal home.

No other writer of fiction has done as much as Dickens to increase the sum of that human kindness which rests upon understanding of our fellow men. There is a tendency, at the present day, to exalt "brutality." One often sees the word, in book advertisements, as though it were the hall-mark of "greatness." We all know, of course, what these elementary critics are driving at. Sincerity is good. Strength is good. False sentiment is bad. Man is an animal. With all these truisms we may thoroughly agree. But this is not the whole story.

As animals, there is not much difference between us. And here we have the clue to the increasing monotony of much contemporary modern work. The immense variety of Dickens, the range of his recognisable characters, which exceeds even that of Shakespeare, is due to the fact that he was interested in humanity, in the deepest sense of the word; interested, moreover, in those human affections which, as opposed to the blinder passions, really do play the chief part in human life, bind our world together, and sometimes lend us insight into a world beyond. One of the most moving instances of this is at the end of *A Tale of Two Cities*, where the unearthly light of a new day, and the flowing river, and the echoing blood-stained streets, and the mind of the man about to die, all throb and beat with the one silent refrain: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." It is the plainest truth to say that the sense of these values—these spiritual values—has almost vanished from contemporary literature. It is the plainest truth to say that this has inevitable consequences in the confusion of all the lines of character, and also in a loss of "human interest" for intelligent readers. It is impossible to be interested for long in characters whose behaviour is (ex hypothesi) a matter of complete indifference both to themselves and everyone else. The real strength and tension of a drama is in proportion to the strength and depth of the very emotions which the moderns are ruling out.

When these emotions are lacking (the kind of emotion that sent old Peggotty on his wanderings, or made the honour of Imogen important to Posthumus) the artist has to fall back on mere animalism, and no matter how vividly his colours may be splashed on to the canvas he is dealing with a less highly organised order of being.

Dickens could depict the sordid side of the life of his own day; but he never blurred the lines of right and wrong. The river-side scenes in the opening of *Our Mutual Friend* suggest all the depths of evil. The quiet strength of the masters of art could go no further. But he interprets all these things in such a way that the hierarchy of values is not destroyed, and higher things are not subjected to lower things.

Dickens may have had his faults as an artist. But of one thing I am quite certain—that no critic has ever taken his measure. "Greatness" is relative. Love is absolute. There is perhaps one other creator of imaginary characters who may be called "greater" than Dickens. But none has ever been so well beloved; and I think this is because Dickens had in a supreme degree the crowning characteristic of the greatest strength of all, the tenderness of his own Master of Compassion.

MR. E. V. KNOX ON THE DICKENS HERO-OLOGY.

I have to propose the toast of one of the best known names throughout the length and breadth of England. In fact, I suppose that if there is any name in England better known than the name of the Dickens, it is the name of the deuce. . . .

And in speaking to-night, it will not be expected of me, I know, that I should make even the feeblest attempt to give you a proper literary appreciation of Charles Dickens, discuss the progress and changes in his genius, dwell upon his work as a reformer of abuses, or as a reformer of the methods of romance. This is the kind of thing that has been done by dozens of great writers whom I admire, and done so well that it is useless for me to try to copy them. I will leave out the immense field of Charles Dickens's serious work. I will just attempt to give you a faint idea of the way that Charles Dickens appeals in particular to me personally—or to me professionally if you like.

He has created a mythology. When I say a mythology, I don't exactly mean that. It is more like a hero-ology. There are always, at any given time a number of famous men and women who, whether they lived in fact or in fancy, have become a part of our current thought and our current speech. But this body of people changes. It loses some of its members and acquires new ones.

Let us try the "British Grenadiers":—

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such-like names as these . . ."

"Such-like names as these," I repeat. A little queer, isn't it? How many of you are talking of Alexander? Hercules is safe. I think the man in the street has heard of Hercules. I think the man who is not in the street, but has at last managed to get inside the public-house, has heard of Hercules. Hector, by a lucky stroke for him, has passed into a word, and to that extent remains immortal. But what about Lysander ? How many of you here to-night can lay your hand on your heart and declare to me that you know who Lysander was and what he did ? It may be that the British Grenadiers are taught this piece of knowledge. It may be that when the puzzled recruit says :

" 'Ere, Sergeant, 'oos this Lysander ? Wot did ee do ? " It may be that the Sergeant forcibly, and violently, instructs him in the facts of the Peloponnesian War. (I am an 'umble person, Master President, so I looked up Lysander before I came here in my Encyclopædia.) Yet it seems to me quite possible that a judge in a County Court might very possibly say, " Who was Lysander ? " But I don't think any judge in a County Court is likely to say, " Who was Pecksniff ? " " Who was Micawber ? " " Who was Pickwick ? " " Who was Uriah Heep ? "

Our hero-ology has changed. In the paper with which I am connected this is forcibly brought home to us. We have a hero-ology of our own. It is a fairly big, but not a very big, one. We use it for cartoons, and I think other cartoonists employ very much the same company of heroes and heroines as we do.

They are a queerly mixed lot. There are one or two characters from the Bible—Noah, and Jonah, and the Prodigal Son. Hercules is there. Possibly Hector might get in, but I doubt it. He is a borderline case. Alexander is scarcely in the running. Lysander is scratched before the start.

The heroes and heroines of Shakespeare are there, a few allegorical characters such as Peace and Justice, and War, Don Quixote, King Arthur and one or two of his Knights, Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell, a few figures from Wonderland, and on the outskirts of the throng stand Struwwelpeter and Three Musketeers, a little doubtful whether they are worthy to mingle with so select a coterie.

But unquestioned, and absolutely at home, with not the faintest doubt as to their credentials in this select if curious company, are Oliver Twist, and Crummles, and Jingle, and the Fat Boy, and Captain Cuttle and Sydney Carton and Sarah Gamp . . . .

But I need not go on with their names, for nearly all of them are there. Almost anyone is admitted who belongs to the rich and curious folklore which Charles Dickens created, and gave to us, so far as we can guess, as familiar spirits for all time, when we are attempting to convey ideas by pictures.

We may be wrong, or we may be right in this Academy of shadowy immortals that we have made. In any case, think what it means. Think of the number of persons, real or imaginary, whom we turn down as not sufficiently great and not sufficiently known. Reflect for a moment on our amazing, our portentious snobbery. Generals who have conquered half the world, heroes and heroines in literature who have charmed hundreds of thousands, are not good enough for our little gang. But we have put into it, with Robinson Crusoe, Micawber, Pecksniff side by side with Puss in Boots, and Nathaniel Winkle on a par with William Tell.

What does it all mean ? And how did Charles Dickens do this ?

It is easily said, and may be said of many authors, that they have created a world of their own—a world of characters into which we can escape from the monotonous worries of every-day life : a world of characters whom we know better than the people that surround us. And why not, may I ask ? Do you know your friends' characters ? Do you even know your own ? Have you got one ? Book characters don't change. You open the gate of that garden, the door of their house, and find them as true and consistent as ever.

This is a commonplace thing to say of all the best literature, but Dickens seems to have done something more than that. His people have got outside his books, so that we don't have to go to his books to find them. They are with us all the time. They are personifications of foibles that surround us and attend us in all our ways. They are not a retreat from the world we live in. They have taken it over. They manage it. They mis-manage it. So that we say to each other, " How Pecksniffian you are this morning ! " " What a Micawber-like remark ! "

As nearly as I can describe it, this is the way that the fanciful exuberance of Dickens's genius appeals to me.

I think it sometimes carries Dickens himself away, so that he scarcely knows what he has done. He moralises and expands to us when his characters have spoken for themselves. We don't even dislike their meanness and their vices—those of them who are mean and vicious—so much as Dickens intends us to dislike them. The amazing completeness of the caricature has captured our laughter more surely than our indignation, so that the incredible horror of Dotheboys Hall ends fitly in the utterly ludicrous letter of Fanny Squeers, containing that imperishable sentences : " I am screaming out loud all the time I write, and so is my brother, which takes off my attention rather, and I hope it will excuse mistakes." Can you really hate anyone, however odious, who is so funny as that ?

I have been honoured in being asked to be the Guest of the evening at your Dinner. We have disposed, as Mr. Pecksniff would have pointed out, of many wordly goods, all of which have their moral, and are commencing that process of digestion which he declared to be one of the most wonderful works of nature. Our rugged natures have been softened and ameliorated by the society of lovely woman.

Before relapsing into the little unassuming chair where I take the liberty of sitting, I ask you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to drink to the toast of " THE IMMORTAL MEMORY."

The toast was drunk in silence, after which there was prolonged applause for both speakers.

THE TALE OF LONDON'S RIOTS AND LONDON'S FOREST

BY J. H. McNULTY

BARNABY RUDGE cannot be reckoned among the greatest works of Dickens—compared with them it seems quite a minor affair. It is, however, no real disparagement of any book to say it is less great than *David Copperfield* or *Bleak House.*

You do not really belittle the Alps by saying they are less lofty than the Himalayas, and Skiddaw and Helvellyn are very noble hills, though they fall short by many thousand feet of the height of Everest. So *Barnaby Rudge*, though scarcely comparable with his greatest masterpieces, is still an excellent book.

It is the first of his two historical novels. The second is *A Tale of Two Cities*. This is " A Tale of one City "—London, not the native town of Dickens, but certainly his spiritual home.

The story is not so great as *A Tale of Two Cities*. The subject is smaller and of far less importance. The French Revolution was an epoch-making event, and its effects were felt in every civilised country. The Gordon Riots were a mere local revolt, the effects of which were not felt outside England, and scarcely outside London.

The French Revolution, with all its colossal crimes, was a protest against real injustice and tyranny. The Gordon Riots were a protest against the removal of injustice and grievances, those from which Catholics suffered. In spite of all its horrors a sane man might feel some pride in the Revolution. No one could feel any pride in the No Popery Riots. Everything that was done was greatly or slightly shameful, for even those who did the right thing did it for the wrong motive. A Bill was introduced to relieve Catholics from some of the grievances left by the settlement of 1699. It was not complete emancipation, that did not come till fifty years later in 1830, but merely a partial release from real grievances.

Priests could be easily apprehended and were at the mercy of the common informer. Catholics were debarred from purchasing land, and were incapable of inheriting it if a Protestant next-of-kin claimed the inheritance. A child of Catholic parents could, by becoming a Protestant, take his father's estate.

The Government's object in removing these grievances was not a disinterested one, nor was the action taken due to any sympathy with Catholics or love for them.

The Government was in a difficulty. The war in America was going badly, General Burgoyne had just been defeated at Saratoga, and there was danger of a war with France. Soldiers were wanted, and it was hoped that by removing the disabilities concerning the holding of land and by amending the Attestation Oath and making it one of fidelity to the Sovereign, Catholic recruits might be attracted to the Army.

There was no suggestion of placing Catholics on an equality with their fellow Protestant subjects, but merely of removing some of their disabilities, and at this Lord George Gordon and his fanatical followers took fire.

In Ireland the matter was a little different, and again there was little love of justice. Handbills had been distributed in Ireland, containing an offer from the American Congress of complete religious toleration and a free grant of land to all Irish immigrants. This was such an alluring offer to the persecuted Irish peasants that landowners feared that their estates would be left tenantless.

Prompted by these motives the Government did the right thing, and the revolt broke out.

The more respectable motives among the rioters were hatred and bigotry; the less respectable simply love of loot, destruction, or revenge.

It is only fair to add that hatred of the Government's American policy played a part in inciting the rioters. Perhaps the most amazing feature of the riots was the extraordinary inaction of those responsible for maintaining law and order.

The leaders organised the mob with impunity. The first attacks were made on the Embassy chapels, which were used by Catholics as parish churches, then on Newgate, which was destroyed; houses of Catholics were burnt and a great distillery also.

Dickens kept very close to fact in his description of the riots and rioters.

In the book only two of those who took part in the rising were sincere; Lord George Gordon, who was half mad, and brave Barnaby, who was wholly so. The burning of Mr. Haredale's house was an act of private revenge. It is almost certain that the burning of Lord Mansfield's mansion was prompted by a like motive. A man named Paine, a common informer and one of the riot leaders, had brought a priest before his Lordship, and Mansfield, who was a humane man as well as a learned judge, had obtained the priest's acquittal. The common informer thus lost the £100 reward for the apprehension and condemnation of a priest.

Whether the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Kennett, spoke as ungrammatically as Dickens makes him do, may be doubtful, but he was as big a coward and as worthless a public servant as Dickens shows him to be.

The hopeless condition of the prisoners liberated from Newgate prison vividly described in the book is strictly true to fact. The state of these prisoners was so wretched that after a few days of freedom they freely gave themselves up to the authorities, though one of them had been condemned on a capital charge.

Some smaller details are founded on fact. When the rioters went to the Moravian Chapel, which they destroyed, bringing with them the liberated prisoners, they tried to compel a Brother Lidington, who had been a locksmith, to remove their fetters. He refused though threatened with death. This appears to be the basis of the episode of Gabriel Varden's refusal to pick the locks of Newgate Prison.

Lord George Gordon's secretary was named Watson. He committed suicide, and there were nineteen cuts or gashes on his body. Probably the "gashes" suggested the name of Gashford, Gordon's secretary in the book. Gashford was a far more detestable person than Watson.

There are only two good results from the Gordon Riots; one is an excellent Police Force, so excellent that it is now being completely reformed. The other is *Barnaby Rudge*, which, thank Heaven, is safe from the action of any reformer.

Why did Dickens choose the riots as a subject for his novel? They were not really necessary to his book, in the way that the French Revolution was necessary to *A Tale of Two Cities*. Probably the chief reason was his hatred of cant, and particularly religious cant.

The riots were prompted by a supposedly religious motive, though there was really very little religion in it. There was another reason, the Gordon Riots were essentially London's Riots, and this fact probably suggested the subject to one who was interested in everything belonging to the great city.

It is, however, not in London that the story opens, but in the little village of Chigwell about a dozen miles distant. "Chigwell, my dear fellow," (he writes to Forster), "is the greatest place in the world. Such a delicious old inn opposite the churchyard—such a lovely ride—such beautiful forest scenery—such an out of the way rural place."

The scene has changed less than that of many of his other novels. The Forest is, perhaps, less dense and extensive, but much safer; the roads have a better surface with fewer ruts, but are much less safe, though the danger comes from a different quarter. But now, as then, the Forest is real primeval forest. It has innumerable hornbeams, a tree found rarely in large numbers elsewhere; bogs of sphagnum can still be found in the more secluded parts.

It is a forest so old that in comparison the New Forest is but a parvenue among woodlands. The New Forest, like our old nobility, came with the Conqueror; Epping Forest, London's Forest, was old when the Romans came. The earthworks within it are British. Boadicea was defeated at Loughton Camp, and fought with Suetonius at Ambresbury Banks.

Hundreds of thousands of persons from North London visit the Forest every summer, yet but few ever penetrate its depths. The swings, roundabouts, the attractions of the refreshment rooms, pleasantly named "Retreats," and, above all, the Londoner's fear of solitude, keep the crowd from going beyond the edge of the great woodland.

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture by the lonely shore,
> There is society where none intrudes."

It is true there are paths and tracks in the Forest, but they are grassy and no one need use them, and it is some slight exaggeration to say "none intrudes," but on an ordinary week-day one may walk the seven or eight miles from Chingford Plain to Epping without meeting a soul. Even on a Bank Holiday the same walk may be taken without meeting more than a dozen persons.

Some years ago efforts were made to enclose the Forest. Hurdles were erected, and the people removed them as soon as they were put up. Corn was sown on Chingford Plain, and the ridges of the plowing are still visible.

In 1874 there was a lawsuit and the Corporation of London endeavoured to obtain possession of the Forest to hold it for the people. On this contest Sir William Harcourt made the remark, typical of English law, and proving once more the truth of Mr. Bumble's immortal dictum, " The law's a hass."

Harcourt said, " Even if the Corporation wins its case the people will have gained nothing. No one has a right of access to a common, but if any one chooses to go on the common no one has the right to turn him off."

On May 6th, 1882, Queen Victoria gave the Forest to the people for ever. When the events of this great reign are seen in their true perspective this act will appear as one of the most important. It has added to the happiness of millions.

Here, in the heart of the Forest at Chigwell, in the bar-parlour of the Maypole, now called the " King's Head," the story begins. It was a cold windy night and there is a gathering of village gossips who play the part of Greek chorus to the oracular remarks of the stupid and pompous innkeeper, John Willett. He has just announced " It'll clear at eleven o'clock. No sooner and no later. Not before and not arterwards." As this was the hour at which he closed his house, it would add to the pleasantness of the evening if his assembled friends believed him and persuaded themselves they would have a pleasant walk home at eleven o'clock, and that the storm would clear at that hour. The warmth and the light of the room were made all the more pleasant by the cold and darkness outside, the darkness made more intense by the surrounding Forest.

Under circumstances so auspicious, Solomon Daisy began his tale. The tale of the dark night when he had been called out to ring the passing bell for an old gentleman who had died in the village and how a ghostly hand had rung the bell before his hand touched the rope. And in the morning Mr. Reuben Haredale was found dead, murdered. Everyone knew the gardener had done it, for he had disappeared, and so had a large sum of money, and the dead body of the steward was found with a deep wound in a pond close by.

All readers of the book know that Rudge, the steward, and father of Barnaby, is the real murderer. He has also killed the gardener, dressed the body in his own clothes, and then thrown it into the pond. Mrs. Rudge's mysterious visitor is her husband, Rudge, whom every one else believes to be dead.

Dickens takes immense care to conceal the truth from the reader, everything short of telling a direct lie. There is, first, Solomon Daisy's story ; then later Mr. Haredale says to Mrs. Rudge, who refuses the pension he is paying her, " Your husband was bound by so many ties to our relation and died in his service and defence."

Dickens went further than this in misleading the reader. When Mrs. Rudge goes down to Chigwell to tell Mr. Haredale she can no longer take the pension he gives her, she has to wait for the coach back to London. She sits down in the churchyard, and the book says, " It was a quiet pretty spot, but a sad one for Barnaby's mother; for Reuben Haredale lay there, and near the vault in which his ashes rested was a stone to the memory of her own husband with a brief inscription recording how and when he had lost his life."

If Dickens had died before the book was finished we should have the mystery of Barnaby Rudge instead of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* The question would not be " Who was Datchery ? " but who was Mrs. Rudge's mysterious visitor ? Some would assert that Rudge was dead, in the same way as they assert that Edwin Drood is dead. The evidence of the grave-stone would be taken as irrefutable proof. The moral is, in literary matters, " Don't be dogmatic unless you know," a counsel of perfection which it would be foolish to expect any Droodist to follow.

Gabriel Varden, the " Harmonious Blacksmith," is one of those men whom Dickens loved to describe. He belongs to the race of Pickwicks, of the Cheeryble Brothers, those kind-hearted employers, of the Fezziwigs who led the Sir Roger de Coverley in *A Christmas Carol.*

Gabriel Varden, like other good men, had an unpleasant household, a crazy apprentice, a detestable servant or lady's companion, a charming daughter, and an abominable wife. Mrs. Varden was one of the worst women in the whole of Dickens's works. She was nominally a good woman. She may have kept the commandment, " Love thy neighbour as thyself," but she did not consider her husband to be her neighbour. Compare her with any of the other characters of Dickens and the comparison is to her disadvantage.

Mrs. Gamp was a dirty, snuffy, selfish old woman, but she always makes us laugh; Mrs. Varden never does. The Mrs. Gamp in fiction has given more pleasure than all the Gamps in real life ever gave pain.

Compare her with Mrs. Clennam. Mrs. Clennam's religion consisted in making herself miserable; Mrs. Varden's in making other people so.

Mrs. Clennam's son was grown up and had left home, and her husband was dead, luckily for him, but Mrs. Varden had a daughter and husband to irritate and annoy.

Compare her with Mrs. Wilfer. Mrs. Wilfer was strong minded, Mrs. Varden was weak. Mrs. Wilfer ruled her household with a rod of iron, Mrs. Varden ruled hers with a tyranny of tears than which nothing can be worse. Mrs. Wilfer never wept or fainted; Mrs. Varden was always ready to turn on the water taps of her eyes and to faint at a moment's notice. You can't hold your own against a person who faints; you can't argue with a flood of tears. In a word, Mrs. Varden had persuaded her family that she was an invalid, and once you have done that you have them all at your mercy.

Poor little "Rumpty Wilfer" was probably rather proud of his majestic spouse; Gabriel had no such solace; he knew his wife could be charming, and he knew she was not. He could not do right; if he were silent he was sulky; if he argued he was brutal; if he spoke, what he said was taken down, altered, and used in evidence against him. The safest way was to admit himself to be always wrong, and even that did not help much.

Whilst Mrs. Varden is one of the worst characters Dickens drew, Mr. Chester is *the* worst. He is an utterly callous, cold, perfectly polished gentleman. He is worse than Pecksniff, for Pecksniff is a great laughter-maker, and laughter, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

With Jonas Chuzzlewit or Quilp you are put on your guard at once; cruelty and brutality are visible in every word and act, but with Chester all is smooth and gentle. The rattlesnake is most dangerous when invisible; while you can hear the rattle or see the beast you are fairly safe. Chester bears a certain resemblance to Sir Willoughby Patterne, Meredith's egoist—he is, however, a criminal egoist. He serves as a foil to the rough brutality of Hugh, his son, a sort of Caliban and to his hated and injured rival, Haredale.

The story is well managed—the various themes, the mystery of Reuben Haredale's murder, the story of the growing hatred between Chester and Haredale, the divided Varden family, the two love themes, and Mrs. Rudge's troubles could, no doubt, have been brought to satisfactory conclusions without introducing the riots. But once introduced, they affect all the characters in various ways. They rob Mrs. Rudge of her one solace, her son, Barnaby, and Barnaby during the madness of the riots appears saner than any of his companions. They give Chester his chance of indulging his hatred against Haredale. The frightening they give Mrs. Varden does her good. "Break thou deep vase of chilling tears, that grief has shaken to a frost." They do, indeed, shake that vase of chilling tears, Mrs. Varden, out of her belief that husband-baiting is a legitimate sport and that religion consists in being miserable and making other people so. They give Hugh his chance of taking vengeance on society for the sufferings of his mother, and give Sim Tappertit an opportunity of swaggering a little more.

There is a curious parallel between *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge.* In the former a young girl passes through ugly scenes saved from contamination by her innocence and beauty, and here a young man passes through the greatest horrors and mixes with the vilest companions preserved from all stain by his madness.

It is possible to read Dickens simply for the sake of the story, as it is possible to read Shakespeare or any other great writer. The wise reader will, however, look a little deeper, and in all great authors there are passages which contain a meaning beyond that of the mere words.

There are many passages in *Barnaby Rudge* with this sort of secondary and added meaning.

"'You're very snug here,' said Mr. Dennis, pulling out a mouldy pocket-handkerchief which looked like a decomposed halter." This is a fitting description of a hangman's handkerchief, but it has a far greater meaning when we remember that the hangman is to die by the same death he has inflicted on so many others.

On the night that Chester insisted on introducing Haredale to Lord George Gordon, Dickens tells us "It was that time of evening when if you shut your eyes and open them again, the darkness of an hour appears to have gathered in a second." At this meeting the hatred of those two men did gather immense darkness and became blacker and more bitter than ever. A bitterness that ended in death and disaster.

After Haredale has caught Rudge the murderer and with great difficulty had him lodged in Newgate, he begins to think with anxiety of those he has left at home, "and that home itself was but another bead in the long rosary of his regrets." It is a beautiful phrase, but means more when applied to Haredale than to any other character, for Haredale is a Catholic, and the Rosary, with its seven sorrowful mysteries, a Catholic devotion. It would be easy to find many other similar passages.

The historical novel was not entirely suited to the genius of Dickens. To Scott, with his learning and immense fund of miscellaneous knowledge, it was the ideal form of expression. To Dickens it was an experiment—successful, indeed, but not to be too frequently repeated.

Though the book is in an unusual form it possesses his usual characteristics; his love of the poor, his tenderness for the weak-minded, a quality he shares with Shakespeare, and his hatred of cant, injustice and persecution. It is a novel of which any author might be proud, and one which, if written by another, would be considered a masterpiece. Overshadowed by his greater works, it still is a great and noble work.

CHELTENHAM BRANCH COMES OF AGE

The Cheltenham Branch came of age in November last, and celebrated the occasion by a dinner. Mr. H. O. Barnett (President), was in the chair, supported by the Mayors of Cheltenham and Gloucester; Presidents of the Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Cirencester branches, and most of the Past Presidents and Secretaries of the Branch. Mr. A. W. Edwards and Mr. Walter Dexter represented Headquarters. Mr. Dexter proposed the health of the branch, and gave a delightful survey of Dickens's work as humourist and humanitarian. Mr. Palser, the first Secretary, gave an account of its early history, and when the various speakers had completed their round of congratulations and good wishes, the members left the tables for the dance floor and completed a very happy and memorable evening.

A LOSS TO EASTBOURNE

It is with much regret that we learn from the Eastbourne branch of the death of Mrs. Muggeridge, one of their Life Presidents. It will be recalled that Mrs. Muggeridge with her brother Mr. W. F. Goode and Mrs. Goode, presented this branch with the Dickens Hall in 1924.

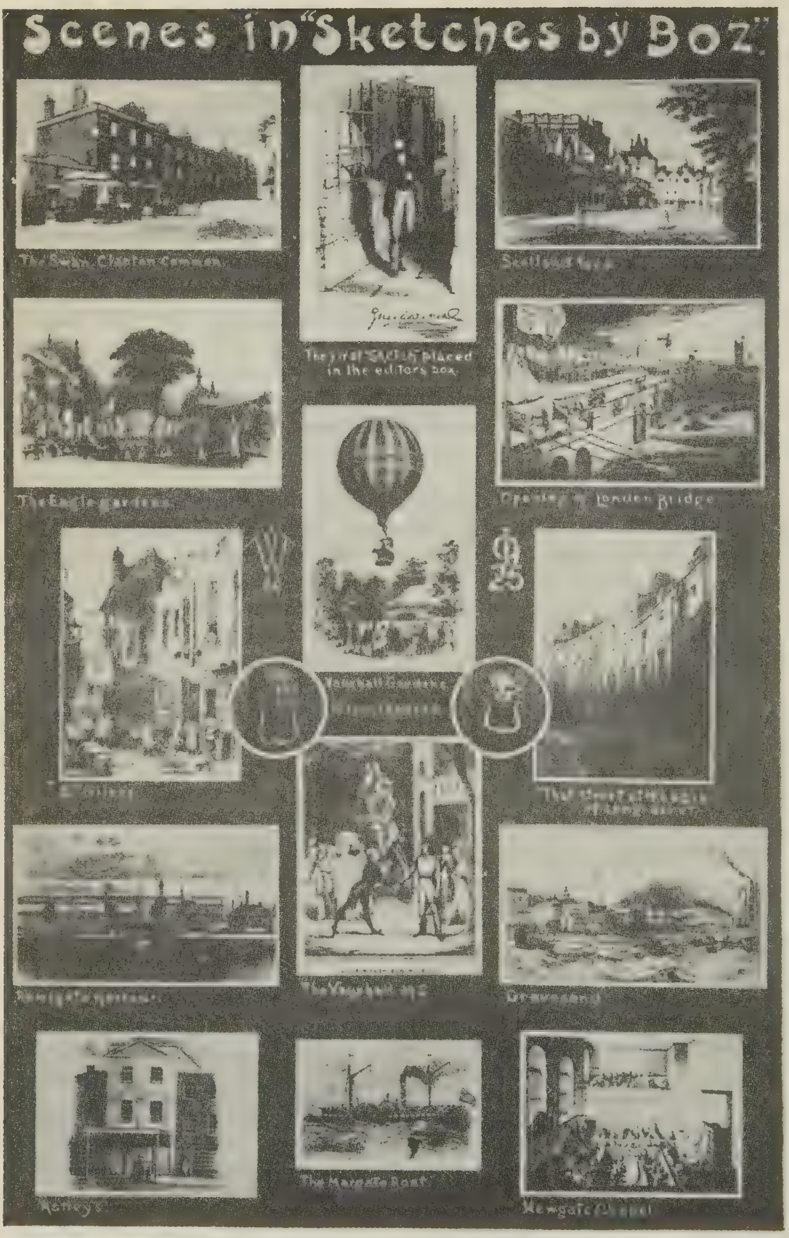

Scenes in "Sketches by Boz"
Scotland Yard
The first "Sketch" placed in the editors box
The Eagle gardens
London Bridge
The Margate Boat
Newgate Chapel

Photo by] [*T. W. Tyrrell*

THE GENESIS OF *SKETCHES BY BOZ*

BY WALTER DEXTER

THERE has been much confusion, not only over Dickens's first piece of published writing, but over the whole question as to the periodicals in which originally appeared the sketches which early in 1836 were collected and published by Macrone under the title of *Sketches by Boz*, thus forming Dickens's first published book.

In reviewing Mr. Eckel's revised Bibliography in *The Dickensian*, 1933, pages 119-130, we pointed out several inaccuracies in this connection, and in the last number, page 61, we had occasion to refer to inaccuracies in another recently published book. We now give an account of the serial publication of Dickens's earliest work.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—This magazine which had the distinction of first giving Dickens to the world, was not a first-class property, although, according to James Grant in "The Great Metropolis" published in 1836, it held some little position in the literary world. It had already been published for some years when Dickens became a contributor to it; but it seems never to have been a financial success and often changed hands.

From July to October, 1833, the publisher was Charles Tilt of 86 Fleet Street, a well-known bookseller, who some three years later was enlisted by Chapman and Hall to push the sale of *The Pickwick Papers* in monthly parts. During this time the circulation was only about 600 copies. After the publication of the October number, the property was sold to Captain Holland for £300, who acted as editor until the autumn of 1835 when he sold the magazine to Cornish. By this time Dickens had ceased to be a contributor to it.

The first number under Holland's editorship was published in November, 1833 and according to the contents page the publisher was A. Robinson, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street. It is therefore clearly established that it was in November, 1833, that Dickens dropped "into a dark letter-box in a dark office up a dark court in Fleet Street," his first effusion originally entitled "A Sunday Out of Town."

We have vainly endeavoured to find an unbound copy of the December number containing *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* (as the story was called on publication) so as to present our readers with a facsimile of the cover. All copies in existence, including one at the British Museum, are bound up in half-yearly volumes without the paper covers; but the title page for July-December, 1833, probably issued simultaneously with the December number, gives the name of the publisher as A. Robertson at the same address. A reproduction of this, from the collection of Count de Suzannet, is given on the following page.

Neither of the names Robinson or Robertson appear in the directories of the period. But we find there was a bookseller at 84 Fetter Lane named Andrew Robertson, and he may have had some connection. The address in Johnson's Court was that of Baylis and Leighton who printed the magazine during the whole of the time under review.

In January, 1834, the firm of Cochrane and M'Crone, 11 Waterloo

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

New Series.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

VOL. XVI.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY A. ROBERTSON, JOHNSON'S-COURT.
FLEET STREET.

1833.

Place, Pall Mall, appears as the publishers, and continues until September, when the style changed to James Cochrane and Co. During 1834 Dickens contributed, without any signature to the stories, *Mrs. Joseph Porter over the way* to the January number, *Horatio Sparkins* in February, *The Bloomsbury Christening* in April, and *The Boarding House* in May. The second part of this story did not appear until August. This was headed as " No. II," with a notice to the effect that " No. 1 appeared in the April Number," which was incorrect, as it had appeared in May. This story was signed BOZ, the first use of that well-known *nom de plume.* In the October number appeared *The Steam Excursion* also signed BOZ, and Dickens's only remaining contribution during 1834 was a letter (hitherto unrecorded) in the November number complaining of a piracy. A fuller reference to this will be made in the next number.

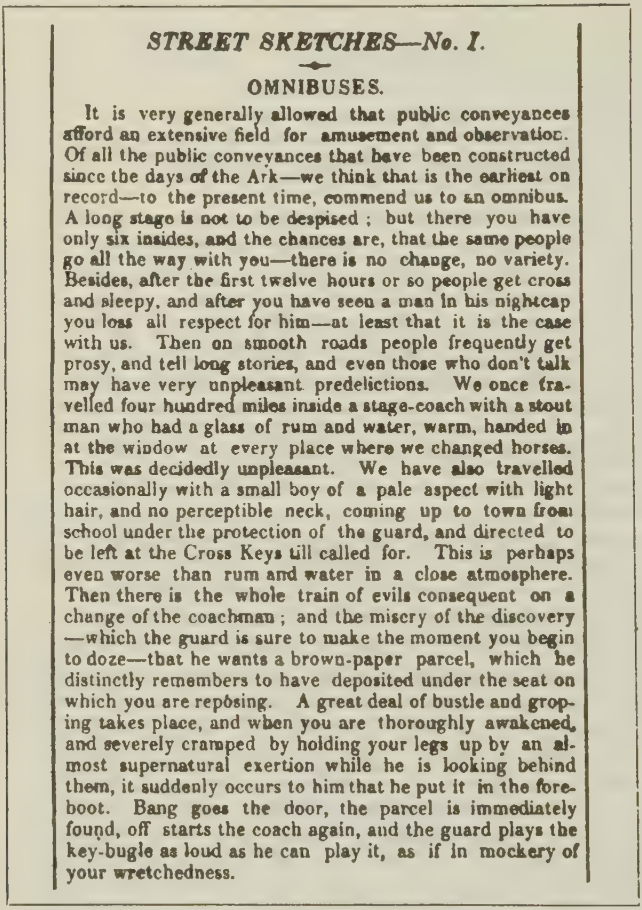
Dickens's next contribution did not appear in the Monthly until January, 1835. This was *A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle*, in two parts, of which the second appeared the next month. The story concluded with the following remark which was omitted from all subsequent reprintings :—" Mr. Watkins Tottle . . . left a variety of papers in the hands of his landlady—the adventures collected in his wanderings among different classes of society—which that lady has determined to publish, to defray the unpaid expenses of his board and lodging. They will be carefully arranged and presented to the public from time to time with all due humility by BOZ."

Here was a promise of a continuation of the humorous stories which were already beginning to attract the attention of the literary reviewers ; but Captain Holland was not very ready in paying Dickens for his work, and, as we shall see, other papers were ; so the name of Boz ceased to appear as a contributor to " The Monthly Magazine."

Although Dickens may not have received any payment from " The Monthly Magazine," he fully realised that it was publication therein of his first pieces of fiction that brought him to the notice of other editors and publishers, and he appears to have continued on friendly terms with Captain Holland. In a letter to Thomas Beard, addressed from Furnivals Inn we find him writing, " I met an old editor, Holland, to-day, and asked him to dine with us on Wednesday at half after four. Will you join us ? " and in a letter to Mitton some time later there is a reference to money Dickens was sending to Captain Holland in Paris. It appears therefore that Dickens was certainly thankful to him, as Forster refers to spending a night with Holland in Doughty Street in 1837, " When he spoke in a very touching way of the failure of this (' The Monthly Magazine ') and other enterprises of his life, and of the help that Dickens had been to him." There are further references to Holland in the letters to Macrone printed in this number.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.—Just at the time when the name " Boz " first appeared as the signature to a story by Dickens in " The Monthly Magazine (August, 1834), Dickens obtained a post on the reporting staff of " The Morning Chronicle." As the present writer was the first to point out, in editing the letters of Dickens to Thomas Beard

(" Dickens to his oldest friend." Putnams, 1932) he made three contributions to it in September, October, and November, 1834. These had been overlooked by other commentators on Dickens. They formed a series of " Street Sketches " all signed " Boz." The first bore the sub-title of *Omnibuses*, and a facsimile reproduction of the first part of the article is presented herewith.



STREET SKETCHES—No. I.

OMNIBUSES.

It is very generally allowed that public conveyances afford an extensive field for amusement and observation. Of all the public conveyances that have been constructed since the days of the Ark—we think that is the earliest on record—to the present time, commend us to an omnibus. A long stage is not to be despised ; but there you have only six insides, and the chances are, that the same people go all the way with you—there is no change, no variety. Besides, after the first twelve hours or so people get cross and sleepy, and after you have seen a man in his nightcap you loss all respect for him—at least that it is the case with us. Then on smooth roads people frequently get prosy, and tell long stories, and even those who don't talk may have very unpleasant predelictions. We once travelled four hundred miles inside a stage-coach with a stout man who had a glass of rum and water, warm, handed in at the window at every place where we changed horses. This was decidedly unpleasant. We have also travelled occasionally with a small boy of a pale aspect with light hair, and no perceptible neck, coming up to town from school under the protection of the guard, and directed to be left at the Cross Keys till called for. This is perhaps even worse than rum and water in a close atmosphere. Then there is the whole train of evils consequent on a change of the coachman ; and the misery of the discovery —which the guard is sure to make the moment you begin to doze—that he wants a brown-paper parcel, which he distinctly remembers to have deposited under the seat on which you are reposing. A great deal of bustle and groping takes place, and when you are thoroughly awakened, and severely cramped by holding your legs up by an almost supernatural exertion while he is looking behind them, it suddenly occurs to him that he put it in the foreboot. Bang goes the door, the parcel is immediately found, off starts the coach again, and the guard plays the key-bugle as loud as he can play it, as if in mockery of your wretchedness.

The first of the " Street Sketches." Facsimile from " The Morning Chronicle," 26th September, 1834

This was the first real " Sketch " by " Boz." The five previous pieces of work in " The Monthly Magazine " were more in the nature of short stories than sketches.

Forster entirely overlooked the contributions to " The Morning Chronicle " in 1834. After remarking that the stories in " The Monthly Magazine " were discontinued because payment for them was not forthcoming, he goes straight away to refer to the projected evening offshoot of "The Morning Chronicle" and to Dickens's letter to George Hogarth who was to conduct it, very humbly suggesting, "if the proprietors would not think it fair and reasonable that, taking his share of the ordinary reporting business of the 'Chronicle' besides, he should receive something for the papers beyond his ordinary salary as a reporter." This was in answer to a request from Hogarth to young Dickens that he should write some "Sketches" for the new evening paper. Dickens's letter was before Forster when he wrote; and it has since been printed in full in the collected *Letters of Charles Dickens*. In that letter Dickens definitely proposes "a continuation of light papers in the style of my 'Street Sketches'." I cannot understand why Forster should think Dickens was referring to the stories in "The Monthly Magazine," which were not in any way street sketches, whilst under this very title, the following contributions had been made to "The Morning Chronicle":—

26 September	1834	*Omnibuses*
10 October	1834	*Shops and their Tenants*
23 October	1834	*The Old Bailey*
5 November	1834	*Shabby Genteel*

All these sketches were signed "Boz," and bear out Dickens in the 1847 Preface to *The Pickwick Papers* where he more than once refers to his writings in "The Morning Chronicle" and never to "The Evening Chronicle." Professor A. W. Ward, in "Dickens"; "English Men of Letters" series (1882) falls into the same error in assuming the *Sketches* to have been exclusively written for "The Evening Chronicle." So does Robert Langton in "The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens" (1883), and Frank T. Marzials in the "Great Writers" series (1887). The industrious F. G. Kitton was, unfortunately, no more correct. He says, "the young author suggested a series of articles in the style of his sketches in 'The Monthly Magazine'" which is far from the truth, as the actual extract from the letter as printed above will prove. It is difficult to understand how Kitton fell into such an error; it is not as though the whole of the letter to George Hogarth had not already been published when Kitton wrote his book.

These errors and omissions have been continued even quite recently. Mr. Eckel in his "revised" Bibliography actually says that these four sketches were specially written for the two-volume issue of *Sketches by Boz* and makes a special heading for "The Evening Chronicle" in spite of the fact that he has to admit that the four sketches of 1836 referred to below actually appeared in "The Morning Chronicle" before they did in the evening edition; a grave error in a book devoted exclusively to first editions. It is gratifying to note that the correct information is given in the bibliography compiled by Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver just published, in which the origin of each of the Sketches is clearly set forth. After the publication of the *Sketches by Boz* in book form "The Morning Chronicle" commenced publishing "Sketches by Boz New Series." There were four articles only, on September 24th, October 4th, 11th, 26th, 1836. These were all printed in "The Evening Chronicle" the next day, except the last one which appeared the same day.

THE EVENING CHRONICLE.—Early in 1835 the proprietors of "The Morning Chronicle" decided to issue three times a week an evening paper, and placed George Hogarth, their music critic, in charge of it. They desired to open it with some original features and Hogarth having an undoubted liking for Dickens (although at that time he had no idea the young man would become his son-in-law) thought that a series of sketches similar to those "Boz" had contributed to "The Morning Chronicle" would prove an excellent send-off. So he approached his young colleague and probably suggested that payment might be forthcoming for the articles, if application were made. At any rate, Dickens wrote to Hogarth on the 20th of January referring to the proposal that he should contribute to the evening paper and suggesting, in quite respectful language, that as these would be in addition to his ordinary duties on the morning paper, the proprietors might think it fair and reasonable for him to receive something extra for the work. The request was acceded to, his salary increased from five to seven guineas weekly; and in the first number of "The Evening Chronicle" published on the 31st of the same month appeared the first of a series of twenty "Sketches of London," described as "For the Evening Chonicle," and signed "BOZ."

The series continued until August 20th, 1835. Although the sketch published on that date was marked "To be continued," no further contributions of this nature from the pen of Dickens appeared in either the morning or the evening "Chronicle" until more than a year had elapsed. Actually a dozen of them subsequently appeared in another paper, as we shall see. We have not been able to discover the reason for this. Dickens was still on the "Chronicle" staff, and there is no suggestion that his salary was reduced to its former level because he was not contributing "Sketches'"; on the contrary, it is known that his work as a reporter came in for more and more commendation from his editor. In September and October, 1836, four sketches were reprinted from the morning edition.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON AND SPORTING CHRONICLE.—In a little more than a month after "Sketches of London" had ceased in "The Evening Chronicle," Dickens commenced a series of twelve "Scenes and Characters" in this weekly newspaper. These were signed "Tibbs." Those who had been following Dickens's work would recognise this name as that of the proprietor of "The Boarding House." Three contributions during December 1835 and January 1836 were reprinted in "The Observer," which was owned by the same proprietor

The series ended on January 17th, 1836. A fortnight later what looked like a continuation appeared under the title "Scenes and Characters in London" with "The Auction Room" as a sub-title. This was in the Dickens style; but it was not signed, and there is no reason to suppose that Dickens wrote it. There were no further sketches under this title.

Dickens's introduction to this paper began some months before he became a contributor to it.

On May 1st, 1836, appeared " A Passage in the Life of Francis Loosefish, Esq.," by Boz. From an amusing sketch in " The Library of Fiction."

The next issue of the paper contained the following correction :—

> BOZ. We are requested to state that Boz is not the author of " A Passage in the life of Francis Loosefish Esq.," nor is he the editor of that periodical. His usual signature is attached to " the children of his fancy."

This sketch was described as by The Editor, and Bell's Life in London, knowing the attraction of an article by Boz, had jumped to the conclusion that Dickens was the editor of " The Library of Fiction." Actually the editor was Charles Whitehead, who it will be recalled had been given the opportunity of writing the monthly " something " (which later became *Pickwick*) round the drawings of Seymour, before the matter had been broached to Dickens.

In October, 1836, this paper pirated four sketches from " The Morning Chronicle." This called forth a letter of protest from Dickens to Easthope, the proprietor of the latter paper. Only one of the sketches, that entitled *Doctors Commons* in the issue of the 16th October, was acknowledged to " The Morning Chronicle." On the same day appeared another sketch in the Dickens vein under the general title of " Sketches of Professional Character ; The Horse Dealer."

On the 15th January, 1837, appeared a sketch signed W.P. entitled " Sketches of the Trades of the Metropolis, by the author of The Professional." It occupied the same position in the paper as the four sketches from " The Morning Chronicle " above referred to. There is no reason for supposing that this was by Dickens, although Mr. Eckel in his revised Bibliography repeats the statement from his older edition that some of Dickens's sketches were signed W.P. He does not point out which ones were so signed, and none of those enumerated by him were signed in that manner.

THE CARLTON CHRONICLE.—A letter of Dickens to Macrone published in *The Dickensian* 1932, page 38, led us to the discovery that some of the *Sketches* first appeared in this weekly publication. They were under the general heading of " Leaves from an unpublished volume by Boz (which will be torn out once a fortnight) " and the first appeared on August 6th 1836, entitled *The Hospital Patient.* The next number but one did not appear on August 20th as it should have done. What had gone wrong with the paper we do not know ; but it was delayed a month. *Hackney Cabs and their Drivers* appeared on September 17th under the same general title as before, but without any intimation that the " leaves " were to be " torn out once a fortnight."

Two further *Sketches* appeared during October, but they were reprinted without Dickens's permission from " The Morning Chronicle " of a few days before.

UNIQUE ITEMS IN FAMOUS DICKENS COLLECTIONS

3. COUNT DE SUZANNET'S LIBRARY AT LA PETITE CHARDIÈRE, LAUSANNE

MANUSCRIPTS

A FABLE (NOT A GAY ONE). Poem of 48 verses composed by Dickens in 1834 for the album of Miss Ellen Beard. Signed *Boz.*

THE IVY GREEN. Poem of three stanzas of ten lines each, inscribed in the album of Miss Georgina Ross (*circa* May 1836). Signed *Boz.* This poem, with an alteration in one of the lines, was subsequently incorporated in Part III of the *Pickwick Papers.*

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. One page of the original manuscript, describing an incident of the Footmen's *Swarry.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 39 pages of the original manuscript comprising the whole of Chapter IX. This chapter introduces the reader to Fanny Squeers, Tilda Price and John Browdie, and contains an account of Miss Squeers's tea-party at Dotheboys Hall.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S STORY. The original manuscript, comprising ten closely written pages, of the story contributed by Dickens to the Christmas number of *Household Words* for the year 1853.

A LITTLE DINNER IN AN HOUR. One page (40 closely written lines) of the original manuscript. The story first appeared in *All the Year Round* (January 2nd, 1869) and was reprinted in the later editions of *The Uncommercial Traveller.*

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND. One page (39 closely written lines) of the original manuscript. Dickens contributed three chapters to this Christmas story, first published as an extra number of *All the Year Round.* (1861.)

A COLLECTION OF OVER 550 AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of Charles Dickens to various correspondents. These letters, generally selected for their literary or biographical importance, are addressed to: the brothers Thomas and Frank Beard (217 letters covering a period of 38 years, 1832-1870); John Hullah (24); Thomas Mitton (4); George Cruikshank (3); W. H. Ainsworth (10); Leigh and Thornton Hunt (7); T. N. Talfourd (4); D. Maclise (4); J. P. Harley, John Forster (4); Laman Blanchard (4); W. Macready; Clarkson Stanfield (8); Douglas Jerrold (4); Hablot Browne (4, containing lengthy instructions for the illustrating of *Dombey and Son* and *Little Dorrit*); Lord Jeffrey; W. H. Prescott; W. M. Thackeray; Thomas Carlyle; Mrs. Richard Watson; Mrs. Gaskell; Peter Cunningham (34); F. D. Finlay (19); Wilkie Collins; Georgina Hogarth (7); Frances Elliot (15); Chapman and Hall (6); Bradbury and Evans (9); etc., etc.

A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF DICKENSIAN INTEREST, written by John Dickens, Catherine Dickens, Georgina Hogarth, Kate Perugini, W. H. Ainsworth, John Forster, W. M. Thackeray, etc., etc.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PICKWICK PAPERS:

"The Dying Clown." The finished pen and wash drawing by Robert Seymour. Dickens's dissatisfaction with one or two details of this composition is supposed to have had a bearing on the artist's subsequent suicide.

From the Stuart Samuel collection.

"Discovery of Jingle in the Fleet." The original drawing by Phiz. Pen and wash.

From the F. L. Lucas collection.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY:

"A Sudden Recognition, unexpected on both sides" (Depicting the capture of Smike by Squeers and Wackford, Jr.). The original drawing by Phiz, in pencil and wash. With autograph criticisms by Dickens in the margin.

From the Frederic Chapman and M. H. Spielmann collections.

"The Mad Gentleman addressing Mrs. Nickleby over the wall." Water-colour drawing by Phiz for the vignette on title of *Nicholas Nickleby*, Library Edition. 1858. Vol. II.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT:

The original pencil and wash drawings by Phiz for the following plates:—

Vignette of engraved title-page.
"Martin begins to be jolly under creditable circumstances."
"Martin meets an acquaintance at the house of a mutual relation."
"Mrs. Gamp propoges a toast."
"Martin is much gratified by an imposing ceremony."
"Warm reception of Mr. Pecksniff by his venerable friend."

From the Frederic Chapman and Priestley collections.

PRESENTATION COPIES

SKETCHES BY "BOZ." 1836-1837. 3 vols. Original cloth. First Edition and first issue of both series. Vol. I is inscribed to

Thomas Beard Esquire
From his sincere friend
The Author.

OLIVER TWIST. 1838. 3 vols. Original cloth. Third issue of first edition. Vol. I is inscribed to

Thomas Beard Esquire
From his sincere friend
Charles Dickens.

OLIVER TWIST. Third Edition. 1841. 3 vols. Original cloth. Vol. I is inscribed to

W. C. Macready
From his affectionate friend
Charles Dickens
Christmas 1841.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 1839. Full green morocco, gilt edges. First edition. Inscribed to

Sir David Wilkie
From his faithfully
Charles Dickens.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 1839. Full green morocco, gilt edges. First edition. Inscribed to

Lœtitia Austin
From her brother
Charles Dickens.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. Philadelphia. 1842. Original cloth. Inscribed to

George Morris from Charles Dickens.
New York. First June 1842.

BARNABY RUDGE. Philadelphia. 1842. Original cloth. First American Edition. Inscribed to

George Morris from Charles Dickens.
New York. First June 1842.

AMERICAN NOTES. 1842. 2 vols. Original cloth. First issue of first edition. Vol. I is inscribed to

W. H. Prescott
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
October Nineteenth 1842.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. 1843. Original cloth. First issue of first edition. Inscribed to

Mrs. Touchet
From
Charles Dickens
Seventeenth December 1843.

THE CHIMES. Twelfth Edition. 1845. Original cloth. Inscribed to

Hans Christian Andersen
From his friend and admirer
Charles Dickens.
London, July 1847.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. 1846. Original cloth. First edition. Inscribed to

Thomas Beard Esquire
From his old friend
Charles Dickens.
Devonshire Terrace.
Nineteenth May 1846.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE. 1846. Presentation binding of full red morocco elaborately tooled. First edition. Below the lines of the printed dedication *to my English Friends in Switzerland*, Dickens has added the autograph inscription :

And to Mrs. Cerjat
This copy is sent
With the true regard of
Charles Dickens.
London, Christmas, 1846.

DOMBEY AND SON. 1848. Original half morocco. First edition. Inscribed as follows:

Charles Dickens
to Mrs. Cerjat.
Twenty-ninth March 1849.

THE HAUNTED MAN. 1848. Original cloth. First edition. Inscribed to

T. N. Talfourd
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
Fourteenth December 1848.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. 1850. Full green morocco, gilt edges. First edition. Inscribed to

Thomas Beard. From his old friend
Charles Dickens.
Sixth December 1850.

BLEAK HOUSE. 1853. Half morocco. First edition. Inscribed to

Charles Knight
From Charles Dickens.
Third October 1853.

BLEAK HOUSE. 1853. Half morocco. First edition. Inscribed to

Thomas Beard
From his old friend
Charles Dickens.
December 1853.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. 1859. Original cloth. First edition. Inscribed as follows:

Charles Dickens
to Thomas Beard.
December 1859.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. 1861. Original cloth. First edition. Inscribed to

Frank Beard
With kind regards from
Charles Dickens.
Christmas 1860.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. 1861. 3 vols. Original cloth. First issue of first edition. Inscribed (on sheet of Gad's Hill Place note-paper inserted in Vol. I):

Thursday Fourth July 1861.
Thomas Beard
From
Charles Dickens.

MRS. GAMP. By Charles Dickens. As condensed by himself, for his Readings. Boston. 1868. Half morocco. First edition.

This copy was the one used by Dickens for his readings in

America and contains numerous and important emendations in his hand. Inscribed as follows:

Charles Dickens. His Reading Book.
To H. M. Ticknor. 20th April 1868.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Library Edition. 1858-1859. 19 vols. Original cloth.

A sheet of Tavistock House note-paper inserted in the first volume (Vol. I of the *Pickwick Papers*) carries the following inscription:

Tenth November 1859.
To Peter Cunningham.
This set of my Library Edition,
in remembrance of an old engagement
between us.
Charles Dickens.

BOOKS FROM THE GAD'S HILL PLACE LIBRARY

John Forster. LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1848. Full morocco binding by Hayday. First edition. The dedication copy, inscribed as follows:

Charles Dickens
from his affectionate friend
John Forster.

With the book-plate of Charles Dickens and the label of Gad's Hill Place.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND. 1859-1868. 20 vols. Half morocco. Complete set of the first ten years of this periodical. With the book-plate of Charles Dickens and the label of Gad's Hill Place.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS AT THE AGE OF 18

Miniature on ivory painted in 1830 by his aunt, Mrs. Janet Barrow. From the Edwin Landseer and Mackenzie collections.

Continued from page 117

to drive a ball among the spectators. It landed upon the back of the pony harnessed to the small car in which the children's governess was sitting. Needless to say, unused to such treatment, the pony bolted, and Mr. Remnant, throwing aside his bat, gave chase, and was fortunate enough to catch the runaway before any damage was done, and to receive the heartiest thanks of Dickens himself.

Shortly after the new greenhouse, "the very last improvement," was erected, Mr. Remnant was inspecting the flowers with Blount, the gardener. Some very special hyacinths took his fancy particularly, and jokingly he said to Blount that he should like to take them home with him. Dickens had just strolled into the greenhouse, and overheard the remark, and, with his usual generosity to those to whom he considered himself indebted in any way, told the gardener to pack up the flowers, of which Mr. Remnant became the happy possessor. "Just like the man," said Mr. Remnant in closing, "Just like the Charles."

CRICKET RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE OF THE GAD'S HILL TEAM

BY W. GLANVILL MASON

"MR. DICKENS," George Dolby tells us, "was a great lover of cricket, and in the summer of 1866, he would often hurry back to Gad's Hill after a visit to town, in order to be present at a cricket match in the field at the back of his house—between his own Higham Club and some other club in the neighbourhood." And, marvellous to relate one of the cricketers who played in these matches is still with us, hale and hearty.

Shortly before this hale survivor, Mr. George Henry Remnant (the remnant of the "Remnants), left the neighbourhood of Rochester in May last, I had the good fortune to be able to note down from his own lips, his early recollections of Dickens, and his own association with Gad's Hill and its "first" eleven.

Mr. Remnant was born so long ago as November 20th, 1846, in a house at Rochester, whose site is now occupied by the Vineyard Inn. When quite a boy he joined the 45th Rifles, and, in his young days, after his recruitment, was as handy with the rifle as with the bat. Both he held straight, and for his shooting won a regimental prize. History doth not relate whose batman he was, indeed we doubt if the term were then in use, but as a batsman, playing for the Kent Colts, he came under Dickens's notice at Gravesend, and, as Mr. Remnant is proud to relate, very shortly afterwards the narrator of the account of the famous single wicket match between Colonel Blazo and Mr. Jingle wrote to Mr. Remnant asking him to play for the home team of Gad's Hill, which Dickens had just formed.

It has been said that Dickens knew little about the game, but his selection of a player left nothing to be desired. At the first match in which Mr. Remnant took part, his score of 78 won the match for his side, to Dickens's particular delight in his own selection of the young player. With his usual kindliness he made a point of personally congratulating the new recruit. "I suppose you are Remnant: I can see by your badge (Kent)," the veteran cricketer remembers his greeting to have been that day. This would be in the year mentioned by Dolby, 1866.

Time and again thereafter he played at Gad's Hill, and finally at the Sports held there in 1869 Dickens did him the honour of selecting him to wear the Dickens colours, an armlet of lavender.

"I hope, as my colour-bearer, you will carry off the prize," were the encouraging words of the Squire of Gad's. And, to the immense pleasure of both, though Mr. Remnant started scratch, he was the first at the winning-post, Dickens himself, acting as starter, standing upon an old wheel-barrow and using an old muzzle-loader pistol for the purpose.

Two other personal recollections are worthy of recording. On one occasion when batting at Gad's Hill, Mr. Remnant had the misfortune

(Continued at bottom of page 116)

REVIVAL OF "THE FROZEN DEEP"

"THE FROZEN DEEP," a play in three acts, was written by Wilkie Collins for home performance in Dickens's house, and was first performed at Tavistock Square on Twelfth Night, 1857. The latest revival took place on November 30th last at the Millicent Fawcett Hall Theatre in aid of the Funds of the Dickens House. It was an appropriate and happy thought of the Dickens Fellowship Players to resuscitate it, thus giving an opportunity to members to savour its quality.

It is an effective emotional piece of theatrical work which in its time received the approval of Macready and Queen Victoria, and although the technique obviously belongs to a period long past, the play as produced by Miss Jolly was received with approbation and enthusiasm.

The story concerns itself with the hatred of a rejected lover for his successful rival. By an irony of fate the two men, who belong to rival exploring parties, are cast adrift in the Arctic regions. Forgetting his threat to slay his enemy whenever they meet, the hero, discovering who is in his care, protects and nurses him through storm and hardship, bringing him back alive to his mistress and her friends—who have conveniently arrived at Newfoundland by a relief ship. All is forgiven, and the hero, after giving the two young lovers his blessing, dies, at some length, under the shadow of the Union Jack.

Having regard to the miniature stage, etc., the presentation was a successful one; special praise being deserved by Mr. William Read as Lt. Wardour, the role created by Dickens, and Miss Hellier as the clairvoyant heroine, Clara. Comic relief was provided by David Smith as John Want, a ship's cook—much of whose part was interpolated by Dickens himself.

The Prologue, written by Dickens, was delivered by Sir Nigel Playfair.

The programme was a special feature: it comprised a fac-simile of the original, a page of the text in Dickens's handwriting, as well as two pages of bibliographical notes. A. E. B. C.

THE LATE MR. F. C. RAY

WE deeply regret to have to record the death of Mr. F. C. Ray, which took place on 12th January after several weeks illness.

Mr. Ray was an unofficial member of the staff of the Dickens House, where for the past eight years he had rendered much valuable service in various ways. Nothing came amiss or was too much trouble for him, from receiving visitors to running errands or pasting up news cuttings. His cheery personality will be remembered by many visitors to The Dickens House, and his ready and willing service will be greatly missed by the staff.

A large number of his old colleagues, together with the Misses Wyman and the Hon. Secretary representing the Fellowship, attended the funeral.

DICKENS AND LORD DENMAN

BY FRANCIS H. COWPER

WRITING in a legal paper a little while ago, I made a casual reference to the breach between Charles Dickens and Lord Chief Justice Denman. I was surprised to find that the incident was apparently very little known or remembered. It might be just as well that it should remain forgotten, but that its very causelessness serves as an object lesson to show how fragile a thing is human friendship.

From an acquaintance begun about 1841, there grew up between the great author and the great judge a strong attachment, springing on both sides from profound and sincere admiration. In 1844, when Dickens left for Italy, Denman was one of the chosen friends invited to a farewell dinner. In a letter from Genoa, the traveller wrote: "Denman delights me: I am glad to think I have always liked him so well. I am sure when he makes a mistake that it is a mistake; and that no one lives who has a grander and more noble scorn of every mean and dastard action. I would to heaven it were decorous to pay him some public tribute of respect."

Denman's regard for Dickens, if less emphatic in expression, seems to have been no less sincere. It therefore came as a surprise to the general public and a shock to his own family when, in September, 1852, in the course of a series of articles in the "Standard," he burst into a bitter personal attack on his friend.

He cannot fairly be held fully responsible for his words. Burdened as he was with heavy judicial duties, he had in addition since 1843 unremittingly attacked the remnants of slavery both with voice and pen. Weakened by overwork, he had suffered a paralytic stroke in 1849, but had recovered sufficiently to continue his duties on the Bench and resume his generous campaign on behalf of the negroes, but the rally was only temporary and it was not long before he had to resign the scarlet and ermine.

Tragically enough, the cause which had worn him out had by this time become an obsession, and when *Bleak House* was first presented to the public, he saw in the character of Mrs. Jellyby an insidious attack on the work to which he had dedicated himself.

The article in which he vented his indignation is too unbalanced for serious criticism. Opening with the remark that Dickens as a public favourite "is in danger of being spoilt," it goes on to ridicule his attack on Chancery abuses as belated and now unnecessary. Then it comes to "a still heavier charge." "He exerts his powers to obstruct the great cause of human improvement—that cause which in general he cordially advocates. He does his best to replunge the world into the most barbarous abuse that ever afflicted it. We do not say that he actually defends slavery or the slave trade, but he takes pains to discourage by ridicule the effort now making to put them down." Only a mind in which concentrated effort had killed all sense of proportion could thus dismiss Mrs. Jellyby. "The disgusting picture of a woman who pretends zeal for the happiness of Africa and is constantly employed in securing a life of misery to her own children is a laboured work of art in his present exhibition. It may possibly be a daguerreotype portrait of some disagreeable female Pharisee with whom Mr. Dickens may have the misfortune to be acquainted. If a real likeness, it was hardly worth the taking, certainly not worth the publishing, nor does the silly exaggeration thrown into it compensate for the tiresome labour of contemplating the image of so rare an original. But if meant to represent a class, we believe that no representation was ever more false. The noble matrons of the middle class in England whose feelings have been moved even to agony by these horrors, far from neglecting the domestic relations, have always been those most exemplary in the performance of them."

This attack, so blatantly unfair to the author of *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, was emphasised by the separate republication of the series of articles in which it occurred. But it was only the outburst of a great and powerful mind worn out with labours, jangled out of tune and harsh. In December of the same year, Denman suffered a second stroke which for the remainder of his life deprived him alike of speech and independent action, though he lingered on until September 1854.

For this quarrel, which his biographer calls "the most ill-advised and regrettable action of his life," his family were anxious to make amends to his former friend. His son George, who afterwards became Mr. Justice Denman, drew up a letter of excuse, which his daughter, Mrs. Cropper, sent to Dickens. The author's good sense dictated to him the following reply :

Tavistock House,
January 21, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Cropper,

I think it better on full consideration to send you the enclosed letter back without reading it. I have set forth to you the truth of the subject and have utterly dismissed Lord Denman's part in it from my mind. What he has written and what I have done, nothing can change. The only one thing in abeyance is the question whether injudicious partizanship will awaken reaction against the slave. That we shall all see for ourselves—too soon I think—and the perusal of your brother's letter could assist none of us. I say again I have cleared my mind of Lord Denman's last opinions of me. I know I deserve his former and wiser judgment and I cancel the rest for ever.

My dear Mrs. Cropper,
Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

That was the end. A firm friendship had been broken just at the personal crisis when it should have endured. A great man and generous had been betrayed into the trap of petty partisanship. The black slaves were not a scrap advanced. Posterity can only profit by this example of the futility of acrimony.

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

By W. Miller and E. H. Strange

(Continued from page 37)

PART IV.

COVER.

Below the name of the editor appears the words "With Illustrations." The date is MDCCCXXXVI. Inside the front cover are advertised six new works published by Chapman and Hall, beginning with "Sunday Under Three Heads." The back cover inside advertises more works published by Chapman and Hall, beginning with "Chess for Beginners"; outside back cover advertises "The Library of Fiction," with the contents of the first three numbers. At the bottom of the outer back cover is the imprint "Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars."

THE PICKWICK ADVERTISER.

This appears for the first time in this Part. It consists of four unnumbered pages immediately preceding the plates, advertising the latest publications of Charles Tilt (page 1), Mr. Macrone (page 2), Mr. Murray (pages 3 and 4), and Richard Bentley (page 4).

PLATES.

This Part contains the first two plates by Phiz. "The Break-down." (1) Earliest impressions of this plate show the two nearest spokes of the loose wheel not meeting the felloes. (2) The plate is re-etched so that the wheel appears whole. (3) Later still the under edge of the loose wheel is outlined in one sharp continuous line, and the blinkers of the horses of Mr. Wardle's chaise are much darker. "The Inn Yard of the White Hart." The pair of boots on the extreme left of the picture is not outlined in earliest impressions, and Mr. Wardle's stick appears almost broken. In later impressions, however, the boots were clearly outlined and the stick appears whole.*

TEXT.

This consists of two insets of sixteen pages each, 83 to 114. The distinguishing marks of a first issue are as follows:—

Page 91.—Line 13 from bottom, "why don't" are correctly spaced, in the second issue the words are joined. Line 17 from bottom in the second issue there is a round dot after the "d" of "assiduity."

Page 93.—The heading "THE PICKWICK CLUB" is not in the centre of the printed page, but nearer the right-hand margin.

Page 96.—Line 20, in the word "catalogue" the "e" is separated from the rest of the word in first issue, not in second.

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* These differences are minute, and we do not propose to illustrate differences between first and second issue plates, until we deal with Parts for which duplicate plates were etched.

Page 99.—Line 15 from bottom, the " d " of " dear Sir " is broken in first issue, made whole in the second.

Page 103.—Line 19, the " e " of the word " abated " has a broken loop in the first issue.

Page 107.—Line 14, the first word " it's " is correct in the first issue, in the second stereotyped issue the " i " is dropped out.

Page 112.—First word in the last line the " l " is almost completely missing in the first issue, replaced and perfect in the second.

PART V.

COVER.

Outer front cover differs from that of Part IV only in the numeral it bears. Inside the front cover are advertised five only of the six books advertised in the corresponding place in Part IV, " A Garland of Love " being advertised at the head of the inside back cover. Outer back cover advertises No. V of the " Library of Fiction."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of a four page Advertiser, unnumbered, preceding plates, advertising on page 1 ten works published by W. Kidd. Page 4 advertises Rennie's Scientific Alphabets. Four pages, unnumbered of advertisements come after the text, printed on smaller leaves, with the imprint, Clarke, Printers, Silver Street, Falcon Square ; and, last there is a folding sheet advertising Rowland's Kalidor.

PLATES.

" Mrs. Bardell Faints." The earliest state of this plate shows the knob on the door, and Master Bardell's hand, where he grips Mr. Pickwick, faintly, though clearly drawn. The Owl and the bust of Plato above the bookcase and the pattern of the carpet are also faintly but clearly indicated. Later, with repeated printing, the owl and the bust became less distinct. The first retouching, which yields the second state of this illustration, was mainly limited to outlining the shelves of the bookcase, the armchair, and the desk. A little more shading appears under Master Bardell's left hand, which is also outlined. Only the top of the reflection of the glass shade of the ornament on the mantelpiece so far appears. Later still, however, the plate was much more extensively re-etched, the whole reflection in the mirror being outlined, the knob on the door was made very plain, but fine detail like the pattern of the carpet, the owl, and the bust, tended to be lost. The pattern of the wallpapers was also continued right up to the moulding of the ceiling. " The Election Scene." In earliest impressions the staff in the beadle's hand is very faint, as is the dress of the man between Mr. Perker and his candidate. Later impressions, however, show both these very sharply outlined. Later still a cockade very clearly appears on Sam Weller's hat.

TEXT.

This consists of two insets of sixteen pages each, 115 to 146. Distinguishing marks of first issue are as follows :—

Page 121.—Line 13 from bottom, "e" is missing from the last word "the."

Page 127.—Line 19 from bottom, the "e" of "vere" is perfect, but damaged in the second issue.

Page 132.—Last line, the "s" in "fantasia" and the "b" in "bell" are perfect in first issue, damaged in second. The "a" of "and" is also missing in the second issue.

Page 133.—First line, the comma at the end of the line is too high up, correctly placed in second issue.

Page 141.—First line, the semi-colon at the end of the line is too high up, correctly placed in second issue.

Page 145.—The title "THE PICKWICK CLUB" is straight in first issue, very crooked and broken in the second.

PART VI.

COVER.

Front cover has only the difference of the distinctive numeral VI. Inside front and back pages are the same as Part V. The outside back wrapper advertises No. VI. of the "Library of Fiction."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of an Advertiser of eight pages, unnumbered, on the last of which advertisements are invited, "The extensive and increasing circulation of this popular work rendering it a desirable medium." Page 1 advertises Mr. Macrone's last new publications ; Page 4 four books published by John Limbird ; Page 6 London Therapeutic Institution ; Page 8 Rowland's Kalidor, and Allingham's Rotterdam Corn and Bunion Solvent.

PLATES.

The plates in this Part are different in quality from those of the preceding parts. They are hard and brilliant and full of sharp detail, not vague and sketchy as found hitherto. It is often objected, when one points out the necessary re-etching of plates under the stress of repeated printing, that a steel plate will stand tens of thousands of impressions before showing signs of wear. The answer to this is simple. A steel plate will stand very many impressions taken from it, provided the artist knows beforehand that so many impressions will be demanded of that plate. When Seymour and Phiz etched their first plates they were etching lightly to supply illustrations to a cheap periodical for which a large circulation was not anticipated. The immensely increased circulation of this present Part, however, demanded that Phiz should etch his plates in a different manner. Accordingly we find that no changes were made in the bodies of the plates until, with the bound volume, two entirely different plates were etched with captions. A curious mistake, however, was made.

The paginations on the two plates were transposed, " Mrs. Leo Hunter's Party " being page 169, and the " Seminary for Young Ladies " plate 154. The error was evidently quickly corrected, for impressions wrongly paginated are very rare. In the first issue of the former plate there is a stroke I just above the numeral 9. In early corrected impressions the tail of the 9 is still faintly visible under the 4. Later, however, this vanished and the figures 154 are made very distinct. Similar changes appear in the pagination of impressions from the other plate.

TEXT.

Distinctive marks of first issue are these :—

Page 148.—In the verse " Expiring frog " is not directly under " On a log," as it is in second issue. The " o " of " to," line 21 from bottom, is perfect, not broken as in second issue.

Page 154.—Line 6, there is a quad mark before " mamma." Line 23 another quad mark after the query mark. These are absent from the stereotyped second issue.

Page 157.—Line 18, " Te Count " corrected in the second issue to " The Count."

Page 161.—Line 20 from bottom, no space between the words " Weller " and " the." This error was corrected very early, and there are two variations of more correct spacing before the stereotyped second issue appeared.

Page 166.—Line 23 from bottom, " w " dropped from the first word " how." In second issue letter replaced, but a space between inverted commas after " how."

Page 171.—Line 4, there is a quad mark between the words " think " and " he's."

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE MANCHESTER BRANCH

At the Annual Dinner of the Manchester Branch the company included representatives of the branches in Blackpool, Blackburn, Liverpool, and Preston. The Rev. F. Paton Williams proposed the toast of the Fellowship, in the course of which he said : It was Tennyson, he believed, who said that the relationship of Dickens to the average novelist was that of Shakespeare to the average dramatist, and if that were true we had to recognise that in Shakespeare and Dickens we had two great personalities and two great creators essentially our own. The characters of Dickens were indeed universal, and it was remarkable that so many years after his life and his work had been done, people everywhere were still meeting, still thinking of all that he was and all that he had done for England and the world. The *Barnaby Rudge* Impressions evening was an unqualified success, most interesting papers, provoking discussion, were read by Mrs. Evans and Miss Biggs, Messrs. Dean and Farmer. It was with great regret that Mr. Bateman was too ill to show his Grangerised edition of Forster's " Life of Dickens " to the branch in January, as announced, but the pleasure is only one deferred. Thanks are due to Mrs. Evans for arranging a miscellaneous programme in its place.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

COMPILED BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

SWINBURNE

"The Victorian novelist whose work Swinburne most loyally championed, making the reading of it a daily ritual at The Pines, Charles Dickens, has left on record nothing significant about his admirer."

"'The Academy' for July 5, 1902, announces that Swinburne's former enemy, 'The Quarterly Review,' is soon to contain its first signed article, an essay on Dickens by the poet himself. 'The Academy' hints that the article will contain some plain speaking. Warned by this bit of news, Andrew Lang took 'the first word o' flyting' in the London 'Morning Post,' defending his utterances on Dickens, reminding the world of Swinburne's anti-Boer sonnets and previous rash criticisms, and declaring that he intended to read none of Swinburne's forthcoming article. Two weeks later, after Swinburne's essay, with its fierce thrusts at Lang, was published, 'The Academy' described Swinburne's latest exhibition of violence: 'We can only compare the effect of his prose on our nerves with that of a relentless steam-organ braying in wafts of gas-heat, while the characters of Dickens ride round distractedly on hobby-horses, urged, as it seems, by the insupportable accompaniment.' The Dickens essay was widely noticed."—"Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame," by C. K. Hyder. (Duke Univ. Press, Durham, N.C.)

* * * * *

THE "DOLLY VARDEN"

"Foremost among the revived modes of the eighteenth century, was that known between 1865 and 1870 as the 'Dolly Varden,' so named after the character in . . . *Barnaby Rudge* published in 1841 . . . the costume as worn by this young person is described by the novelist and is typical of the latter part of the eighteenth century. This style of dress consisted of a plain skirt, ankle deep, sometimes having a pleated flounce at the hem. Over it was worn a pointed bodice with a bunched and tucked up polonaise composed of some gaily flowered material over a bustle. A white frill or fichu surrounded the neck of the bodice and frills edged the sleeves. A special item was the wide-brimmed Leghorn hat . . ."—"Costume and Fashion," Vol. 6, by H. Norris and O. Curtis. (Dent.)

* * * * *

THACKERAY

"But he [Smollett] has a certain coarse vigor, and the wandering adventurer whom he introduced to English fiction has proved a frequent resource for Smollett's successors. Dickens used it with great originality and humor in *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* . . ."

"By ill luck or good fortune, through infirmity of character or uncertainty of purpose, Thackeray's youthful contacts with life were in one way more restricted, in another more various than those of Dickens. . . . Dickens was the younger man, but he was already celebrated and had been earning his own living for some years while Thackeray was still hesitating between the pencil and the pen. . . .

In their attitude to their work the two men differed very widely. To Dickens the creations of his brain were real people, whose sorrows he wept over and whose foibles he laughed at in the very act of creation ; to Thackeray even his best characters are only 'puppets' . . ."

"His conception of life also is different . . . the ideal of Thackeray is a class ideal—that of gentlemanliness . . . Dickens was never, either in the world of the imagination or in the actual world, entirely at his ease in gentlemanly society ; Thackeray was never at his ease anywhere else. . . . His emphasis is on manners, while that of Dickens is on morals."—"Pictured Story of English Literature," by J. W. Cunliffe. (Appleton-Century Co.)

* * * * *

DICKENS AND INNS

"To come down to later days, we can find no better description of the life that went on in an English inn than in those many delightful descriptions and scenes of inn life that Charles Dickens gave us in his novels. He has no peer in his charming word pictures of inns and inn life. He not only knew how to describe an inn (and its discomforts, too, sometimes), but he seemed to revel in doing so, and became filled with delight when he was one of the guests within its walls. As for an inn sign, it transported him into his most whimsical and pleasant of moods—the best description of any sign, being, perhaps, that of 'The Blue Dragon' in *Martin Chuzzlewit*."—"The Old English Inn," by P. J. Turner. (Canadian Geogr. Soc., Montreal.)

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IN AMERICA

"Outside the Senate Chamber there was wining and dining as usual, and the usual zest for entertainment. True, Charles Dickens's readings had been abandoned because of the impeachment [of Andrew Johnson], but the ailing novelist, dragging himself from his rooms to the ill-lighted and worse-ventilated Carroll Hall, where dogs barked and people coughed, and a drunken auditor mumbled audibly, was glad of an excuse."—"The Tragic Era," by C. G. Bowers. (Blue Ribbon Books, N.Y.)

* * * * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

"The Roosevelt family began their celebrations on Christmas Eve : 'One of the traditions which we have kept grew out of my husband's school life [continued Mrs. Roosevelt]. The Rector's father would come up before the boys left school for home, and read to the School Dickens' *Christmas Carol* ; as I, too, had been brought up to love that particular story, we established a rule that on Christmas Eve we should read that story aloud, my husband being allowed to cut it so that it could be read in whatever time was at our disposal. As soon as the children grew old enough to listen, they were allowed to sit up. They were all eager for it, and would not have missed it for the world, for it taught the real gospel of the Christmas spirit. Dickens had the gift of throwing the high lights against the darker material side of his stories, and this one points out how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, which makes the exchange of Christmas presents such a joyous occasion.' "—"Franklin Delano Roosevelt," by B. Moses. (Appleton.)

WALTER BAGEHOT

"England is happily a stable society, a society that works and lives, but does not attempt the impossible. It will not listen to false prophets like Dickens. Now Dickens, though by nature a sentimental radical, began by attacking removable ills. 'He has ended by describing the natural evils and inevitable pains of the present state of being, in such a manner as must tend to excite discontent and repining.' He has taught some to speak 'in what really is, if they knew it, a tone of objection to the necessary constitution of human society.'* But England will have none of him, at least as a social reformer."—"English Political Thought in the Nineteenth Century," by C. Brinton. (Benn.)

* * * * *

HENRY ADAMS

". . . he became an insatiable reader of anything he chose among his father's books, mostly eighteenth century history, and of the 'new' authors, such as Dickens and Thackeray, just coming out, Dickens remaining a favourite with him throughout life."

"Adams landed at Liverpool, visited Eaton Hall, and found that both aristocracy and the England of Dickens were real."—"Henry Adams," by J. T. Adams. (Routledge.)

* * * * *

FROM A QUAKER'S JOURNAL

"*The Pickwick Papers* are in everybody's mouth, in every review, newspaper and periodical. They show great talent, a wonderful acquaintance with life in all its lower stages, are full to repletion with wit and humour, have nothing decidedly immoral or objectionable in their tendency; but the characters are perfectly unnatural, the incidents absurdly improbable, and their main drift, if they have any, not very palpable. I expect Dickens has exhausted his powers and will never surpass his present popularity.

"Dickens *Notes on America* (which we have read), from the popularity of their author, have had a great run, they are freely and cleverly written, contain some amusing sketches of Yankee peculiarities, do not go very profoundly into anything, but will, I hope, do good by their indignant denunciation of slavery, as it exists among these professed friends of freedom. His plain speaking has given immense offence."—"A Quaker Journal," by W. Lucas. (Hutchinson.)

VINCENT CRUMMLES AND HIS COMPANY

Crummles and Company was the subject of an interesting lecture by Mr. G. C. Groome at the Wellingborough Branch in January. Dickens's known love of the theatre was reflected in *Nicholas Nickleby*, where his account of the second-rate theatre may be regarded as quite true to life. The history of the theatre in the times of Garrick, Keen, and Irving was already recorded, but it was left to Dickens to give us the picture of the strolling companies and the entertainment they gave to the masses. After the lecture many members gave their own reminiscences of travelling players, some of them being of even a lower plane than the Crummles Company, rather similar to that described in "Greenwich Fair" in *Sketches by Boz*.

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* **Bagehot's Works, vol. 3, "Essay on Dickens."**

THE LATE MR. ARTHUR HUMPHREYS

With the death of Arthur Humphreys in November last, the Dickens Fellowship, and particularly the Manchester Branch, suffers a heavy loss.

Mr. Humphreys was a member of the Fellowship from its inception and was one of the first to advocate the formation of branches. It was as a result of his efforts that the Manchester Branch was formed in January, 1903; he was for eighteen years its Honorary Secretary and in 1916-17 became its President. As well as constantly working to further the aims of the Fellowship, he was an ardent student of Dickens and did much valuable research work. He was a frequent contributor to the pages of *The Dickensian*, but his most notable literary work was his little book "Dickens's First Schoolmaster" (1926) written after long and patient enquiry, which definitely established the identity of the schoolmaster Giles.

Mr. Humphreys travelled much, particularly on the Continent, and wherever he went he spread the Dickens "gospel." He was instrumental in having a tablet fixed on the house where Dickens lived in Lausanne. He was a familiar figure at the annual conferences and a welcome lecturer on Dickensian and other subjects possessing an easy and genial manner and a keen sense of humour; being an expert photographer he was able to exhibit his own slides. He was deeply interested in the "Group" movement in the Fellowship and was Vice-Chairman of the North Western Group. He gave valuable assistance in the formation of the Preston Branch last year.

A zealous Church and Sunday School worker, Mr. Humphreys will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, amongst whom he was held in the highest esteem. F.R.D.

FURTHER WELCOME GIFTS TO THE DICKENS HOUSE

By his will the late Mr. Arthur E. E. King, of Wolverhampton, bequeathed to the Dickens Fellowship the sum of one hundred pounds, which the Council has donated to The Dickens House, in which Mr. King took a great personal interest.

Another very acceptable donation, the second of its kind, comes from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Guest, of Nottingham, who have sent a cheque for four pounds ten shillings, the proceeds of a private whist drive held at their house. One or two other branches have followed this good example; but we want more members to take a personal interest in their Dickens house, where several alterations are now being carried out for the better preservation of the treasures housed in it.

A NEW PRESENTATION OF THE *CAROL*

A somewhat different *Christmas Carol* was presented at the Christmas Dinner of the Boston Branch. The scene showed a very modern young married couple, somewhat out of sorts, on a Christmas Eve. A quarrel is about to begin, when the husband turns on the Radio and both he and his wife are enthralled by the story of the *Carol* which comes over the ether; the result is entirely satisfactory; the quarrel is forgotten; the Christmas decorations go up and down comes the curtain. The *Carol* broadcast was given in another room by the Boston Fellowship Players, under the direction of Miss Margaret Older, who was also responsible for the dramatisation.

LEACOCK'S FUTILITY*

BY J. W. T. LEY

IF it were not true it would be positively unbelievable that a man of Mr. Stephen Leacock's reputation should be guilty of such a futility as this book. It is inevitable that the author's very name will cause large numbers of people to turn to this work as at least of some value, and yet the truth is that it is the world's worst. As a biography of Charles Dickens of pretensions, by a man of standing, it is the worst that has come my way.

Mr. Robert Lynd has already pointed out that a sense of proportion is essential in a biographer. He might have added that it is a basic quality in the humorist ! How does Mr. Leacock pass that test ? The first fifty-four pages of this book deal with Dickens's life up to his thirtieth year. Let it be borne in mind what those thirty years embraced. There is the ever-fascinating story of his boyhood. There was the early love affair. There was the period spent in two lawyers' offices, and in Doctors' Commons. There were the years as a newspaper reporter. There was marriage and the births of two or three children. There was the production of *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, to say nothing of three plays. Into those thirty years were crowded more suffering and achievement than in the whole life times of nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand. Mr. Leacock devotes fifty-four pages to them, and then proceeds to take up twenty-nine pages with the first American tour about which Forster, Glyde Wilkins, and Dickens himself have written so exhaustively. That tour accounted for about four months of the novelist's life. I agree that this is the best-written section of the book, but I am talking about sense of proportion. Incidentally, let us take off our hats to Mr. Leacock for his world-shaking discovery about a wrongly-named hotel !

Later we have eighteen pages about the second American tour, so fully reported by Dolby, and then, to finish up, we rub our eyes as we read that Shakespeare was " a man—or a collection of men—of far lesser genius " than Dickens.

So much for the sense of proportion. What next shall we look for in a biographer ? Shall it be reasonable completeness and up-to-dateness of knowledge ? Mr. Leacock is palpably unacquainted with much recent knowledge. He certainly cannot have read the letters to Thomas Beard. He has read Forster (unannotated), he has read Dolby, he has read Chesterton, he has read the *Letters*, and he has read the Beadnell letters. In other words, a man of reputation, writing a biography of one of the world's most famous men, has done no more than look at the most obvious reference books, and has made no research whatsoever.

What is the third thing for which we seek in a biographer ? Is it not accuracy ? How comes Mr. Leacock through that acid test ?

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* Charles Dickens, His Life and Work," by Stephen Leacock. London: Peter Davies. 10s. 6d. net.

Well, to begin with, he writes of *Edward* Dorrit instead of Frederick; he writes of Mr. *Parker* instead of Perker; he writes of Mr. Bounder*ly*; he persistently writes of *Horace* Skimpole; Mrs. Lirriper becomes Mrs. Lirri*f*er; John Leech is John Le*a*ch; and W. H. Wills is H. G. Wills—manifest evidence, this last, of careless confusion of thought.

There can be no sort of excuse for carelessness of this kind. A slip is understandable, but Mr. Leacock's slips are on almost every page. There is much worse, however. The misspelling of a well-known name may not matter much, but glaring misstatement of facts in a work of this kind cannot be condoned. For example, we are actually told that Dickens wrote the *Carol* during the progress of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and later we are told that the *Carol* was published at one shilling! Then we read that *The Village Coquettes* was followed by *The Strange Gentleman*, and that the manuscript of neither exists, when, as a matter of fact, they were produced in the reverse order, and the manuscript of the *Coquettes* is in existence to-day—actually in America! And what are we to say of the statement that *The Haunted Man* was written for an American publication? This is true of *Hunted Down*, from which it will be seen how carelessly Mr. Leacock has carried out his work.

It is by no means a pleasant task to write in this strain of a book by so well known a writer as Mr. Stephen Leacock, but it is impossible to overlook these things in the pages of such a magazine as *The Dickensian*. The truth is that one gets an irresistible impression from a reading of this book. It is that of a busy man undertaking a task in regard to which he is not particularly enthusiastic, and in regard to the subject of which he is not very well informed; going more or less hurriedly through three or four of the most obvious reference books, making notes therefrom, and compiling from Forster a chronological table from which to work; hurriedly dictating to a typist, and telling her to send the script off to the publisher as she completes it; and finally leaving her to read the proofs by that script. Once is the author's real interest aroused, and that is when he comes to the American tour. About that he does write interestingly, though, as already stated, at disproportionate length.

When it comes to criticism or expression of opinion, Mr. Leacock frequently leaves the reader bewildered. For instance, what does he mean when he writes of that first American tour, "Here landed the youthful Dickens with eyes trained to different things: expecting something else: an enthusiastic radical soaked in English conservatism; despising forms and ceremonies *and good manners* till he came to a country that hadn't got them"? He actually describes Dickens's repudiation of the libellous allegations made by the Seymour family as "petty, ungenerous, and unnecessary." Does he know the story? He tells us that "The abstract theme of humbling the pride of Mr. Dombey smacks somewhat of the Victorian copy-book. In our days pride can be humbled in less than a whole bookful." What does that mean? Could not pride be humbled in less than a whole bookful eighty years ago? I cannot understand a man of Mr. Leacock's special reputation writing thus of *Dombey and Son* to the complete ignoring of, say, Jack Bunsby. Our author tells us that *Dr. Marigold* is forgotten now. Another misstatement. On the subject of criticism, what is to be said of the declaration that Dickens went up like the rocket with *Pickwick* and came down like the stick with *Our Mutual Friend*. I find the chapter dealing with *Drood* quite interesting, but there are few criticisms here with which I could agree. That, however, brings us to mere matters of opinion. In a concluding sentence I should dearly like to know what sort of noise a fog makes!

[I have to thank several readers for sending me most interesting comments on this book. I much regret space precludes me from printing them.—THE EDITOR.]

SARAH GAMP—WAS SHE A SOBER NURSE?

BY H. T. OLIVE

SOME people seem to think Sarah was always drinking gin out of a tea-pot and quarrelling with Betsey Prig because she did not drink fair, or else she was eating pickled salmon and cowcumber and neglecting her patients. It is quite true that when on a night case she would make herself very comfortable and then ask for a little supper, with a morsel of cheese and later on a little drop in a bottle, "not more than a shillingsworth, my dear." But just to go on with she would have a half-pint of porter drawn mild and brought to her regularly.

When we first meet Mrs. Gamp she had been a widow for twenty years and was living in a small first floor front room over Mr. Sweedlepipe's bird shop in Kingsgate Street, Holborn, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop. The room was very small and crowded with band-boxes, tables and chairs, etc. But you could manage to move about so long as you did not forget the four poster bedstead.

Think what a hard life old Sairey lived. After working hard all day on a case, to be called up at night and "rushed off by that hypocrite, Pecksniff, to lay out old Chuzzlewit." Waking up all the ladies round Kingsgate Street who thought Pecksniff wanted Mrs. Gamp, not for the close of life, but for the beginning, and were at him for terrifying delicate females with his corpses. But of course we all know that Mrs. Gamp herself went to a laying-out or a lying-in with equal zest and pleasure.

Sarah had to work and battle to keep her connection and was consequently always on the look out for business. When Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewitt returned from her honeymoon, Mrs. Gamp called and presented her card, saying with a smile, "Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a young married lady as to put that somewheres where you can keep it in mind. I am well beknown to many ladies. Gamp is my name and gamp my natur'. Livin' quite handy I will make so bold as call in now and then and make enquiry how your health and spirits is, my precious chick.' "

However, there is one thing about Sairey, she did attend to her business and never forgot any of her ladies. She always kept her little calendar on the chimney piece with the different dates marked off. Her great motto was : " Bless the babies and save the mothers." With what a professional eye she regarded poor old Chuffy when he was so ill, tossing about on his bed in a high fever. She pinned his wandering arms against his side speculating as to what he would look like when his time came. " Ah," she ruminated, " he'd make a lovely corpse."

Now you know, Mr. Mould, the undertaker, had a great opinion of Mrs. Gamp as a good woman and a sober nurse. After she had called to see them one day he described her to his wife as a woman of intelligence, one who observes and reflects in an uncommon manner. A woman far superior to her station in life. In fact, " the sort of woman one would almost feel disposed to bury for nothing ; and do it neatly, too." What praise, coming from Mr. Mould, of all people.

Although Mr. Mould was quite a serious undertaker he liked his little jokes with Sarah. You remember when she went to lay out Anthony Chuzzlewit, Mr. Mould said, " This is to be a very high-class funeral, money is nothing to them," and then propounded this question : " Why do people spend more money upon a death than upon a birth ? " suggesting that " perhaps it is because an undertaker's charges comes dearer than a nurses' charges."

" Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Mould, " you have been breakfasting at somebody's expense this morning." Then Mr. Mould stopped ; he saw by a little mirror on the wall, he was looking merry, so he composed his features, and became quite sorrowful.

Think how kind and gentle Mrs. Gamp was with poor old Chuffey. When Mr. Jonas was abusing him and said to Sarah, " Get him to his room, he's been raving to-night—stark mad," Mrs. Gamp said, with uncommon tenderness, " Poor, sweet dear, he's all of a tremble . . . there's my blessed old chick. There's my darling, Mr. Chuffey," in a tone that was at once soothing and encouraging. " Come up to your own room, sir, and lay down on your bed a bit, for you're shaking all over. That's a good creatur. Come with Sairey ! "

Now what an unfeeling and rough nurse (compared to Mrs. Gamp) was Mrs. Prig. When washing Mr. Lewsome, and the poor feeble patient complained she had put the soap in his mouth, she said, " Well, keep your mouth shut. Do you expect me to wash one feature and miss another for half-a-crown a day. If you want tidivating up, you must pay more."

See what a kind and loving old soul Sairey was when she was attending her life-long friend, Mrs. Harris, with her eighth, and you know how indignant she was with Mr. Harris, when he said he thought it was one too many—the brute ! And Mrs. Harris lying there and the darling mite cooing so sweetly !

No wonder Mrs. Harris admired Mrs. Gamp. Often and often she said, "Sairey Gamp, you raly do amaze me . . . never did I think till I know'd you, as any woman could sick-nurse and monthly likeways, on the little that you takes to drink."

"My half-a-pint of porter fully satisfies; perwisin', Mrs. Harris, it's brought reg'lar and draw'd mild."

Mrs. Harris's reply to this was important. "If ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteenpence a day for working people and three-and-six for gentlefolks . . . you are that inwallable person."

"Mrs. Harris," I says, "don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my fellow creatures out for nothink I would gladly do it. Such is the love I bears 'em."

Mr. Gamp was not a very good husband to Sarah, for when he was on the drink he would send their own dear little boy to pawn his wooden leg for a few pence, to buy beer. Yet think how fond of him Sarah must have been, for she told Mrs. Harris that, when she saw her poor dear Gamp in Guy's Hospital, with a penny-piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, she thought she would have fainted away.

Even Poll Sweedlepipe must have thought Mrs. Gamp a good tenant and a kind nurse. He always talked to her more like a friend than a landlord, because he often said to her, "You are so full of zeal you see you worrit yourself so."

"Worrit myself," cried Mrs. Gamp, "You speak truth in that, Sir . . . I feels the sufferins of other people more than I feels my own, though no one mayn't suppoge it."

Now, who would deny a poor hard working widow her little drop, out of a brown tea-pot, or that she ought not to ask to have the bottle placed on the chimney piece, so as she could put her lips to it when she felt so disposed.

We know Mrs. Gamp's practice was lubrication in moderation (like the froth-blowers), so the chances are if she did not have her porter drawn mild, she would have been drinking tea. No doubt she knew tea was bad for her digestion, but very good for tanning leather.

As Tony Weller said of some of the ladies at the Brick Lane tea meeting, "If some o' these here people don't want tappin' in the mornin', I ain't your father, and that's wot it is . . . . There's a young 'ooman on the next form but two, as has drank nine breakfast cups and a half; and she's a swellin' wisibly before my werry eyes."

If we need any more proof that Mrs. Gamp was an experienced, attentive and sober nurse, we have only to remember how she nursed that good woman, Lady Burdett Coutts, who spoke so highly of her so many times to her friend, Charles Dickens, and Dickens was so pleased with Mrs. Gamp, he gave her to us in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

And many years afterwards, he said to Lady Burdett Coutts, "I do wish you could introduce me to another Mrs. Gamp." So you see if it had not been for Lady Burdett Coutts, we should never have known one of Dickens's greatest characters, who for ninety years has amused millions of people in every part of the world. So we say, "Snap her up at any price, for Mrs. Gamp is worth her weight and more in golden guineas."

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

1. How did Mr. Pipchin break his heart ?
2. When was there a mighty bowl of wassail something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper in which hot apples were hissing and bubbling, with a rich look and a jolly sound, that were perfectly irresistible ?
3. Where was the dark shop-window with a tallow candle dimly burning in it, surrounded by a muddle of objects vaguely resembling pieces of leather and dry stick ?
4. How did Mr. Winkle put his skates on ?
5. When did they have a beautiful little dinner. Quite an elegant dish of fish ; the kidney-end of a loin of veal, roasted ; fried sausage meat ; a partridge and a pudding. There was wine, and there was strong ale ?
6. Where had the unwearied researches of Mr. Pickwick been carried out ?
7. How did Pip have the idea that his father was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair ?
8. When is battledore and shuttlecock a good game ?
9. Where were all the gentlemen very pigeon-breasted and very blue about the beards ; and all the ladies and all the gentlemen were looking intensely nowhere, and staring with extraordinary earnestness at nothing ?
10. How were both Oliver Twist and Pip brought up ?
11. When did Matthew Bagnet tell George to consult his old girl ?
12. Where, on a chest of drawers, was there a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop ?
13. How did Tattycoram receive her name ?
14. When was the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love ?
15. Where did they work in the graves of deceased languages ?
16. How did Squeers profess to conquer Human Nature ?
17. When did Miss Flite expect her judgment ?
18. Where did Mr. Pickwick write the famous Chops and Tomato Sauce letter ?
19. How ought one to proceed to win against the Dodger ?
20. When was it the best of times—and the worst of times, the age of wisdom and the age of foolishness ?
21. Where was the varnish in Mrs. General ?
22. How did Joey Ladle take it ?
23. When did the ladies sit upon forms and drink tea until such a time as they considered it expedient to leave off ?
24. Where was Traddles found playing Puss-in-the-Corner ?
25. How can Rigaud alias Blandois always be easily recognised ?
26. When was the Raven sure to be in it ?
27. Where did the China Shepherdess live ?
28. How did the secret-looking man at the Three Jolly Bargemen, make himself known to Pip ?
29. When did Sam Weller commit an innocent forgery ?
30. Where were the portrait by Spiller and the bust by Spoker ?
31. How was Mr. Merdle most aptly described ?
32. When did Mrs. Gamp like to put the bottle to her lips ?
33. Where was Mr. Pickwick once suspended ?

(*The Answers will be printed in the Summer number.*)

DICKENS'S FIRST PUBLISHER

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH JOHN MACRONE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

BY courtesy of the Miss Belle Da Costa Greene, the Librarian of the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York, we are now able to present our readers with the remainder of the correspondence of Dickens with his first publisher, John Macrone. A portion of the letters appeared in *The Dickensian* for 1932, and should be read in conjunction with the present series, which will be completed in our next number. We have to thank Mr. Wm. Dike Reed, the President of the New York Branch, for his great kindness in making the copies of the letters for publication.

The first letter of this series follows very closely on the first recorded letter to Macrone dated October 28th, 1835, printed on Page 33 of *The Dickensian* for 1932, in which Dickens discussed the title for his first book, and suggested a further visit to Macrone's on the following Thursday morning; the present letter was written in the evening.

13 Furnivals Inn
Thursday Evening
[30th October 1835]

My Dear Sir—

I intended to ask you this morning, but although we talked about the very book, I quite forgot it,—whether you would have the goodness to lend me any old copy of Rookwood—I promised to borrow it for Mr. Hogarth if I could; and am three parts ashamed and the other sorry, for my neglect.

I have instructed the Bearer to wait for an answer in the event of your being at home. He has been also to Alderman Wood; and should that worthy functionary have inclosed me an order for two to see that interesting spot to which an order for admission is very frequently granted, I will report progress tomorrow.

Believe me
Dear Sir
Very truly yours
Charles Dickens

I am, by the mercy of Black, and The Chronicle proprietors, at home this evening—It would be an insult to suppose it worth your while to walk or cab so far East, for Scotch Whiskey and Cigars—would it not?

The order he was hoping to get from Alderman Wood was to enable him to visit Newgate, and to this a reference had been made in the previous letter. Black was the Editor of "The Morning Chronicle."

The next six letters refer to visits to Cruikshank, who was to draw the pictures for the book, and his subsequent delays in providing them. The first four were written prior to the second letter already published.

13 Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning

My Dear Sir,

Do you go to Cruikshank's with me ? —And if so (which I think would be better as it is partially a business affair) will it suit you to go to-night, or shall we fix Monday Evening ?

I only returned to town last night, or I should have called on you before. Will you send me back a message fixing time and place.

Believe me (in great haste)
Ever yours truly
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

13 Furnivals Inn
Monday ¼ to 12

My Dear Sir—

No notice has arrived from the office yet ; and as I shall not accept any even if it should arrive, at this late hour of the day, I shall expect you at half past six—I have sent a note to Cruikshank to warn him that we shall be there this evening.

Believe me
Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

Furnivals Inn
Friday Morning

My dear Sir,

I will give you a call on Monday Morning. I hope by that time we shall have the book from Cruikshank, and be enabled to put it in hand.

I was very busy yesterday and the day before doing a long paper for the book—" A Visit to Newgate " which I am very anxious for you to see a corrected proof of. Hogarth perused it very carefully last night and bid me tell you that it would " make " any book—an opinion which Black more than confirms.

I don't say this egotistically of course, but merely to shew you that I have been exerting myself for both our sakes.

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

St. James's Square
Monday

My Dear Sir

I called on you this morning although with very little hope of finding you returned so soon. When you come back will you be kind enough to write to Cruikshank impressing the necessity of dispatch upon him ? —I think he requires the spur.

I will call on Thursday Morning and shall perhaps succeed in finding you at home.

Believe me
Very truly yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Sir,

You can form a very imperfect notion of the indefatigable perseverance with which the thousand and one friends of Newspaper Editors and Proprietors engage the Theatrical orders when a new piece is running. The Drury Lane Ticket is engaged to-night I know : I have written to Black for it for tomorrow, or if it be still bespoke, for the first night of its disengagement. I shall hear this evening, and you shall hear tomorrow.

I regret to see one or two errors in the first volume though I have the consolation of believing that none but practised eyes will observe them. I am glad you like The Black Veil. I think the title is a good one, because it is uncommon, and does not impair the interest of the story by partially explaining its main feature. I give Cruikshank 'till Saturday :—I hope we shall have something to look at by that time.

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

P.S.—I forgot to say that the order will be for two.

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir

I called at your house yesterday, and heard you would be home on Wednesday. I had occasion to communicate with the Printer this morning and saw Mr. Whiting, who said that they could finish by this day week (they have just begun the second volume) but that if they were to wait for Cruikshank after all, they might as well have the advantage of an extra week to complete it in. I said I would beg you on your return to ask Cruikshank by what day he would undertake to finish, and inform them without delay, for which Mr. Whiting said he would feel greatly obliged.

Will you have the kindness to write to Cruikshank on this subject and apply the spur ?—I rather think he wants it. I understand you will probably be home on Wednesday. If the person who leaves the note, waits for an answer, we shall probably know for certain when he will have finished on Thursday Morning. I will call upon you about half past eleven.

It will be time to put in a preliminary advertisement soon, will it not ?

Believe me
Dear Sir
Ever Yours Sincerely
Charles Dickens

The proof stage had now arrived, but Dickens was called out of town, and his father-in-law-to-be was left to read the proofs. The next letter, postmarked 18th December, 1835, was from Northampton.

Northampton
Thursday Morning [18th December 1835]

My Dear Sir

Your letter has been forwarded to me at Kettering where I am watching the election and shall be compelled to remain until Monday when I shall return to town for mail. During my absence Mr. Hogarth is reading the proofs—a task which he will execute quite as well as I could, as he knows all the sketches by heart, and takes an interest in the book in no way secondary to my own. I am perfectly satisfied with your arrangements with Whiting. The page is an extremely neat and pretty one, and they are getting on very quickly indeed. I hope we shall be out in the first week of the new year.

I dare say you will have returned to town almost as soon as myself—I trust you will be enabled to inform me that Mrs. Macrone is doing well, and that you are "all right."

Believe me
Ever yours very sincerely
Charles Dickens

If you could see the beastly swine who wallow in the Public Houses down here under the denomination of "Conservatives" you would renounce your creed for ever.

Sketches by Boz was published early in February, 1836, and the next five letters were all written during January and reflect the anxiety of Dickens to see his book published, circulated to the reviewers, and commented on. The first of them, postmarked January 7th, 1836, shows that there was under consideration at the eleventh hour a new title for the book.

13 Furnivals Inn
Thursday Morning [7th January 1836]

My Dear Sir,

I have not been engaged in devising a new title for the Sketches, for this reason—the greater part, if not the whole of the book, is worked off. I am not acquainted with the mechanical arrangement of such matters, but I confess I do not understand how the words "Sketches by Boz" which head every other page, can be altered without cancelling the whole impression. If any new title-page should occur to you, I shall be very happy to hear of it, and take it into consideration ; the only reason that induces me to favour the present title at all is that it is both unaffected and unassuming—two requisites which it is very desirable for a young author not to lose sight of.

When George Cruikshank called here on Monday, he said he would drop me a note towards the close of the week, begging me to go up to his house to spend the evening and see the plates. I shall hear from him I dare say either to-night or to-morrow, and if so I will call on you immediately.

I am highly gratified with Ainsworth's opinion of the Visit to Newgate, and for the very kind interest he seems to take in our proceedings. Has he seen the Black Veil ?

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

Is it not time to begin advertising ? Everybody asks me the same question.

---

13 Furnivals Inn
Friday Evening [8th January 1836]

My Dear Sir :

If you send the advertisement to the "Chronicle" to-night, I will tell the Printer to place it at the head of a column. I cannot take it. It is quite a different Department of the paper, and they are particular in such matters. It can be taken into the Printing Office after the outer shop is closed.

Pray do not misunderstand me about the title. I am ready to adopt any you can suggest. All I meant was that I could think of none myself.

I have made one alteration in the advertisement. Tell my brother whether it is going to the office to-night. If so he will call on the Printer as he comes back with instructions from me.

Ever yours truly,
Charles Dickens

Captain Holland, mentioned below, was the Editor of "The Monthly Magazine" which had printed Dickens's first piece of fiction.

---

15 Furnivals Inn (I have moved)
Friday afternoon [15th January 1836]

My dear Macrone,

Pray let me know by Bearer what the Subscription was. I hear it was an excellent one. "Captain" Holland invited himself here to-morrow night, to take a glass of grog, and some oysters. Will you meet him ? I shall be most happy to see you in my new quarters.

Believe me
Ever yours faithfully
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning

My Dear Sir,

Have the copies arrived ? We are losing time fearfully in getting the Notices. I will write to Dilke to-day, and tell him I am the author of a Book he will receive from you.

Believe me,
Ever Yours mo : sincerely
Charles Dickens

Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning

Dear Sir,

Have you the power to throw any additional light, this morning on the probable period at which the book will be ready ? I have a great many Letters written to inclose with the Volumes to the Authorities at the different papers.

Believe me
Ever Yours Sincerely
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

The letter of the 2nd February, 1836, which follows, is of very special interest as it encloses a paragraph written by John Black, the Editor of " The Morning Chronicle," preliminary to publication of the book. In it Dickens personally made two alterations, the first by substituting the word " Original " for " Collected " in line seven, and then four words further on, by inserting the word " versatile " before " author." With these corrections, which were never made in the notice as printed in " The Morning Chronicle," the preliminary notice was used extensively in the advertisements which appeared in the press during the ensuing fortnight.

> " The *Sketches by Boz* which we are now advertising for publication, will appear, we are informed, at the end of the week." In addition to selections from the " Sketches of London," originally published with the signature of " Boz " in the *Morning and Evening Chronicles*, these volumes will comprise several new tales—including a very powerful article entitled " A Visit to Newgate,"—and a variety of original papers by the same versatile author ; the whole illustrated by numerous etchings in GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S best style. A more entertaining miscellany cannot well be imagined ; and we most earnestly wish it the success which we are quite certain it will deserve, and doubt not it will obtain.—Editor *Morning Chronicle*—February 2.

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Morning [2nd February 1836]

My dear Macrone,

I inclose a modest paragraph which appeared this morning. It is not affectation ; I really *cannot* do the tremendous in puffing myself. Will you let me know in the course of to-morrow or next day, when you think you will have the first copies of the book; and I will come to your office, and direct some to such Newspapers as I am interested in and they can go at once. I suppose you will have some ready by Saturday Morning.

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esq.

Furnivals Inn
Sunday Morning

My Dear Sir,

I forward you a note to go in the "Sun" Panel. Be good enough to send a copy to the Chronicle in the usual way—Mr. Hogarth will take care of it. The Spectator, Athenæum and Literary Gazette, I presume you will send to, in the course of to-morrow. Will you let me have as many copies for myself to-morrow afternoon, as you can conveniently spare. There are several private friends both in London and Edinburgh to whom I am anxious to forward them without delay, as I know they not only can but will do the work a great deal of good.

Ever yours truly
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

15 Furnivals Inn
Saturday Evening

My Dear Macrone,

Just as your messenger left the books, I had made up a parcel for Edinburgh to send to you as you were kind enough to promise to forward it. I did not, however, know he had been here, until it was too late to catch him.

If you will get it forwarded as soon as you can, I shall feel very much obliged to you.

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
Charles Dickens

I shall be at home, writing, every morning next week. Call on me, like a good fellow, if you are passing this way.

The letter accompanying the presentation copy to Lord Stanley referred to in the next letter, was published in *The Dickensian*, 1933, Page 94.

Furnivals Inn
Tuesday Afternoon [9th February 1836]

My Dear Sir,

In three copies, I had unfortunately written, before your Messenger arrived, the names of Lord Stanley, Mr. Easthope and

Black. I can not therefore return more than 3, unless they can go to a Newspaper with the name erased.

I send you 5—in two you will see names written, and if you like to take them out, you can. If not, you will perhaps return them to me by my brother, whom I will send to you about 6 to know whether you have anything to request. I would call myself but I shall be at the House. Pray don't forget the Chronicle. They expected to have been able to send it to Hogarth last night.

Ever yours
C. D.

Furnivals Inn
Thursday Morning [11th February 1836]

My dear Macrone,

I forward you a Chronicle with Hogarth's beautiful notice. I will keep my eye on the Evening papers to-night. There will be a notice in the Court Journal, and I hope in the other Morning Papers, whenever they can squeeze it in.

I have been busy with a Magazine Paper during the last three days. I shall finish it to-day I hope ; and if you are likely to be at home at one o'clock to-morrow, I will call on you then. I want to see you.

Ever yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Sunday Morning [14th February 1836]

My dear Macrone,

As I feared, the Sunday Papers did not receive the copies in sufficient time to notice Boz this week—even the Spectator merely acknowledges the receipt of the Book, although there was the strongest disposition on the part of the Editor, to notice it, if possible. We shall look better next week. I know three daily papers where the review has been standing in Type for days past, without an opportunity offering, for its insertion—the pressure of other matters has been so heavy. I hope you do not mean to delay the subscription beyond Tuesday : the sooner we push it now, I think, the better.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you tomorrow night. Should I be prevented, I will call on Wednesday.

Believe me,
Ever yours sincerely,
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Friday Afternoon

My Dear Macrone,

I inclose such notices as I have by me. The Morning Post, is as good as Hogarth's. Be good enough to preserve them for me, when you have made your Extracts. Mrs. D takes some pride out of them.

Believe me
Most faithfully yours
John Macrone, Esqre. Charles Dickens

"The Morning Post" notice, referred to above, appeared on 12th March.

(To be concluded)

CHRISTMAS CHARITY AMONG THE BRANCHES

THE great amount of charitable work undertaken by the Fellowship as a whole is never better exemplified than at Christmas time, and from reports so far to hand we find that in addition to the Christmas entertainment and tea given to about 500 children in the Charles Dickens School, Lant Street, 840 children were entertained by the Bath branch, and 80 deaf and dumb children were given tea and a cinema entertainment by the Balham branch. In Sheffield 200 crippled children and their parents were entertained. In Hull there was a Lonely Old Folks Party of 110 guests whose ages varied from 65 to 90 years. The Rochester branch delivered Christmas parcels to 364 homes for no less than 863 children. 120 parcels of toys for sick poor children were made up by the St. Pancras Branch. The Bromley branch continued its good work in supplying clothes to Guy's Hospital, and added to it the distribution of parcels of grocery and coal to 28 needy families. Southend gave a special children's party, assisted the Mayor's Distress Fund; gave three performances of *Our Mutual Friend* for the benefit of charity, and opened a cot at the local hospital and presented it with a cheque for £30. Eastbourne's well-known carol party has been as successful as ever, the amount collected being £84 9s. 10d., and the Tiny Tims, past and present, had their annual tea-party in January. The Dickensian Tabard Players have given many performances for the benefit of various charitable undertakings. The Blind Relief Society in Brighton were assisted in their Christmas funds by the activities of the branch there.

In Winnipeg the Tiny Tims' Fund supplied stockings and shoes to poor children.

The "One Hundred Neediest Cases," organised by the "New York Times," was very generously supported by the New York Branch, a crippled child being selected for their special care.

All these activities are but a portion of the work which is being done by our seventy-six branches throughout the world.

GOOD WORK IN BIRMINGHAM AND EDINBURGH

Due to the generous help and support of members and their friends, the Birmingham Tiny Tim Cot Fund has been increased by over £70 in the last few months. Further generosity of the members made possible the supply of warm clothing and shoes to 300 very needy children, and as the result of Mr. Cooper Sands's lecture, over 200 poor children were entertained to a party at Christmas.

The Edinburgh Branch contributed £10 each to the Royal Infirmary and the Poor Children's Christmas Hamper Fund. The Dramatic Section of this branch during the last year has been so successful that various charities have benefited to the extent of close on £100.

SIMILARITIES OF IDEAS BETWEEN SCOTT AND DICKENS

By H. WALTERS

IT is remarkable that in recalling the characters in fiction that had impressed themselves on his childish mind and constituted the "glorious host" to keep him company, Dickens does not include any from Sir Walter Scott's novels.

Scott died in 1832, four years before the publication of Dickens's first book, *Sketches by Boz*, and, bearing in mind the Scottish author's great popularity, it is reasonable to suppose that Dickens in his youth had read some, if not all, of Scott's works, and this assumption is borne out by a reference to Scott's diary in an entry in a diary kept by Dickens under date 14th January, 1838, while in a letter to George Cattermole written in 1839 Dickens refers to "Peveril," "A Legend of Montrose" and "Kenilworth," which he had just been reading, *with greater delight than ever*.

The absence of any mention of Scott's novels in the autobiographical passage above referred to is the more remarkable seeing that in *The Pickwick Papers* Dickens makes use of incidents and ideas that had previously been used by Scott, and the similarity of these ideas is so striking as to prohibit any chance of coincidence.

Consider the incident of the discovery by Mr. Pickwick at Cobham of the stone on which some letters had been rudely cut.

How this precious stone was taken to London and a sketch of it presented to the Royal Antiquarian Society; how Mr. Pickwick wrote a pamphlet "containing ninety-six pages of very small print and twenty-seven different readings of the inscription." How, subsequently, the man from whom the stone had been bought "represented it to have been rudely carved by himself in an idle mood, and to display letters intended to bear neither more nor less than the simple construction of—Bil stumps his Mark."

Now let us turn to Scott's "Antiquary" and compare (in Chapter IV) Mr. Oldbuck's discovery, on some waste land near his house "Monkbarns," which he had acquired as the supposed site of a Roman Camp by giving "acre for acre of my good corn land for this barren spot," of a stone which he had "transported to Monkbarns in order to have the sculpture taken off with plaster of Paris; it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A.D.L.I. which may stand without much violence for 'Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens.'"

Mr. Oldbuck's dreams of fame arising out of his discovery were shattered by the old beggar, Edie Ochiltree, stating that he remembered and had assisted in the building of the "Praetorium" on the existence of which Mr. Oldbuck relied as evidence of the Roman Camp, adding, "Mair by token, Monbarns, if ye howk up the bourock . . ." (Anglice: dig up the mound). "Ye'll find, if ye hae not fund it already, a stane that one o' the mason-callants cut a ladle . . . and he put four letters on't that's A.D.L.L.—Aiken Drums Lang Ladle."

Certain of Sam Weller's illustrations of his meaning are referred to to this day as "Wellerisms."

Compare these with Andrew Fairservice's muttered remonstrance at Baillie Nicols' orders ("Rob Roy," Chapter 27). "Ower mony maisters, ower mony maisters, as the paddock said to the harrow, when every tooth gae her a tig"—and again in the same chapter—"There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the old mare said to the broken cart."

Mr. Touchwood, one of the characters in Scott's "St. Ronan's Well," in introducing himself to Mr. Mowbray, says, referring to his name Peregrine, "I don't like it, and I always write P. short, and you might have remarked an S. also before the surname—I use at present P. S. Touchwood. I had an old acquaintance in the city who loved his jest—he always called me Postscript Touchwood."

In *The Pickwick Papers* Mr. Peter Magnus when presenting his card to Mr. Pickwick thus calls his attention to his name.

"Curious circumstances about those initials, sir," said Mr. Magnus. "You will observe—P. M.—Post meridian. In hasty notes to intimate acquaintances I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much."

Mr. Micawber must have read Scott's "Rob Roy" as in concluding his farewell speech to David Copperfield and Traddles at his lodgings in Gray's Inn Road prior to his departure for Canterbury he sums up his future thus: "On Monday next on the arrival of the four o'clock afternoon Coach at Canterbury, my foot will be on my native heath—my name Micawber!" an obvious adaptation of Rob Roy's rebuke to Francis Osbaldistone, "Speak out, Sir, and do not Maister or Campbell me—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor."

It will be remembered that David Copperfield was articled to a firm of proctors—Spenlow and Jorkins—of whom he remarks, "If a client were slow to settle his bill of Costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid; and however painful these things might be (and always were) to the feelings of Mr. Spenlow, Mr. Jorkins would have his bond. The heart and hand of the good angel Spenlow would have been always open but for the restraining demon Jorkins."

This idea of a law partnership might have been borrowed from the firm of Greenhorn and Grinderson in Scott's "Antiquary," of whom Mr. Oldbuck says, "I see now there is some use in having two attorneys in one firm. Their movements resemble those of a man and woman in a Dutch baby-house. When it is fair weather with the client out comes the gentleman partner to fawn like a spaniel: when it is foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog."

Readers of Scott's "Guy Mannering" will remember Dominie Sampson's presentation of his first earnings to Mr. MacMorlan. "On Saturday he appeared before Mr. MacMorlan with a look of great triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold. 'What is this for, Dominie?' said MacMorlan. 'First to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, worthy sir—and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram.'"

There is a somewhat similar scene when Mr. Dick produces his first earnings to David Copperfield. Having changed the sum of ten shillings and ninepence into sixpences and brought them to Miss Trotwood arranged in the form of a heart upon a waiter—with tears of joy and pride in his eyes—" 'No starving now, Trotwood,' said Mr. Dick, shaking hands with me in a corner, 'I'll provide for her, sir' . . ."

In the Additional Note to "Guy Mannering," Scott mentions the trial of a farmer for highway robbery. "The case looked gloomy for the prisoner and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable when one, Caird of Barullion, who had committed the robbery, suddenly seized the bonnet, which had been sworn to as the accused's, and putting it on his head, looked the complainant full in the face and asked him, 'Am I not the man who robbed you?' 'By heaven!' replied the complainant, 'You are the very man.' 'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said the volunteer pleader. He swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it.' " The accused was acquitted on the result of this intervention.

Scott undoubtedly had this incident in mind when in "Rob Roy" he describes Campbell's (Rob Roy's) intervention on behalf of Francis Osbaldistone, when the latter was charged before Justice Inglewood with robbery of the Excise Officer's portmanteau.

In a similar manner in *A Tale of Two Cities* Dickens uses the likeness of Sydney Carton to Charles Darnay, at the trial of the latter for treason, to demolish the evidence of a witness, who had sworn to the prisoner's having been at the precise time required in the coffee room of an hotel.

Similarities can be traced between old Mrs. Wardle in "Pickwick," with her tales of Lady Tollimglower, and Lady Margaret Bellenden in Scott's "Old Mortality," with her tales of Charles II. The character of the half-witted *Barnaby Rudge* might well have been suggested by that of Davie Gellatley in "Waverley."

In the "Antiquary," Mr. Oldbuck, when pointing out the so-called Roman Camp to Lovel, emphasises his remarks by a poetic quotation in the first line of which he interjects Lovel's name :—

> " . . . see then, Lovel, see,
> See that huge battle moving from the mountain."

In a similar manner in *Our Mutual Friend* Silas Wegg, when dropping into poetry, introduces his listeners' names. One instance may be quoted :—

> "Helm a-weather now lay her close
> Yard arm to yard arm she lies,
> Again cried I, Mr. Venus, give her t'other dose. . . ."

Other incidents common to both Scott and Dickens may occur to students of these authors, but those mentioned in this article seem to indicate that Dickens might have obtained some of his incidents and ideas through his early reading of Scott.

THE PERIODICAL WORKS OF DICKENS*

BY MICHAEL SADLEIR

FOR the benefit of persons unfamiliar with the processes and terminology of Victorian publishing, it must be explained at the outset of a review of Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver's monumental work, that the "Periodical Works of Charles Dickens" are those of his novels which were issued in monthly (or weekly) parts.

Thirteen of Dickens's works were published in parts—eleven making their first appearance thus, two attempting a sort of second incarnation in periodical shape after a first edition in volume form. Inasmuch as the appeal of the part-issue to the collector of nineteenth century first editions is irresistible, and collectors of the first editions of Charles Dickens have for long been numerous, passionate and wealthy, it is not surprising that the competition for fine sets of Dickens parts long ago became very keen; prices very high; and the temptation to unscrupulous persons to create where they could not supply, very strong. It was, therefore, most important—alike to collectors and to honourable dealers in rare books—that the essential composition of a set of parts of every one of Dickens's books so issued should be finally established. With this ambition, Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver settled to the compilation of their bibliography. The work is finished, and the results lie before us. I find it hard to believe that it need ever be done again.

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas Hatton has been a lover of Dickens all his life and a collector of Dickens first editions (and particularly of Dickens part-issues) for many years. He has made a point of carefully examining every individual part which has come his way, and of noting its construction and incidental features. It was, therefore, peculiarly suitable that he should come to collaborate with Mr. Arthur H. Cleaver, who, as son-in-law of the late John F. Dexter, had at his disposal the collections and voluminous notes made by his father-in-law on precisely similar aspects of Dickensian bibliography. Mr. Dexter began collecting Dickens and Dickensiana in 1868 (he was buying "parts" before the Master's death) and continued all his life to assemble, to reject and to annotate. It is, therefore, easily credible that the combined experience of the late Mr. Dexter and the still active Mr. Hatton should far exceed that of any other Dickens collector in the world. We are told that no fewer than 4,000 examples of the original twenty-as-nineteen parts of *Pickwick* alone have been exhaustively examined, annotated and compared before the conclusions here set down were reached; and though the other periodical works cannot compare with *Pickwick* for complexity, it would probably be an understatement to put a total of 10,000 on the individual Dickens parts handled and analysed for the purposes of this bibliography.

The general arrangement of the Hatton-Cleaver book can be warmly commended. After an attractive little salute to the memory of John F. Dexter from his daughter Mrs. Cleaver, comes a brief " Introductory Chapter " in which the authors explain their aim, method and general principle in compiling their bibliography. Analyses of the thirteen " periodical works " then follow in chronological order, each prefaced with a few pages or a paragraph of general discussion, each passing to a meticulous description, part by part, of wrapper, textual peculiarities and advertisements. A facsimile of the front wrapper, printed on paper of approximately the same colour as the original and within one millimetre of its actual size, precedes the analysis of each title, and the printed title-page distributed with the final part of each work and afterwards used for book-issue is also reproduced.

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* *A Bibliography of the Periodical Works of Charles Dickens.* Bibliographical. Analytical. Statistical. By Thomas Hatton and Arthur H. Cleaver. Chapman and Hall. 1933. Large Paper Edition, £4 4s. 0d. Royal 8vo, £2 12s. 6d.

For purposes of reference more informative running headlines would have been a help [throughout the 88 pages devoted to *Pickwick*, " Charles Dickens " on the left and " The Pickwick Papers " on the right are insufficient guidance], but, this apart, the mechanics of the book could hardly be improved.

The authors claim in their introductory chapter that they have now established down to the last detail the original make-up and complexion of every one of the 215 parts which compose the thirteen periodical works of Dickens. This task was more various than anyone unversed in problems of part-issue can realise. First the *wrappers*. These had a special drawing on the front, as well as title, author's and illustrator's name, number of part and imprint. On the back (and often inside as well) they were printed with advertisements. Hardly an element in these wrappers but might or must vary from part to part. Similarly the advertisements continually altered. In this book every variation in every Dickens part is recorded in detail ; and the result is not only of deep interest to the owner of copies, but an insurance against malpractices, of which there have been in the past only too many. No Dickens parts are common, but some are very rare indeed. Also sets turn up lacking one or more parts. Ingenious people have occasionally thought to convert a late part into an early one, or to supply a missing part by discreet alteration of a serial number. But in future the matter will be not so simple as that. Every other detail on the wrapper must conform to schedule ; and one glance at the schedule as here laid down will serve to frighten the forger away. Another trick has been to supply back wrappers from other numbers or even from different books altogether. (We are told, for instance, that wrappers from the " Comic History of England " have been used to " perfect " sets of the rare part-issue of *Oliver Twist.*) This, again, will not work any more, because, quite apart from possible nonconformity between one back-wrapper in a set of parts offered for sale and the Hatton-Cleaver description, no wise collector, after studying this book, will in future buy parts which show a join along the spine.

After wrappers, *text and illustration.* In their treatment of text the authors of this book have introduced a new principle and achieved valuable results, particularly as regards *Pickwick.* Every part of

Pickwick was set up and printed from movable type, but by the time Part IX came to be composed, the earlier parts were stereotyped, so that the reprints constantly called for could be rapidly produced. Henceforward (and including Part IX to the end) all reprints were made from stereo-plates, and naturally sets of parts in private ownership became inextricably mixed. Now the process of stereotyping leads to a tiny shrinkage in the over-all type area, and by meticulous measurement of type-area in the 4,000 *Pickwick* parts examined, Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver have made possible identification of sheets printed from type and those from stereos. The collector will, therefore, now know whether the sheets inside a wrapper are of the original printing or reprints, and whether they belong to the same issue of the part as does the wrapper round them.

The involved problem of illustrations (again at its worst in *Pickwick*) cannot be discussed in a short summary such as this. Suffice it to say that, although experts may continue to disagree, the pros and cons on the many disputable points are here for the first time set forth with impartiality and admirable clarity. I should like to offer a special word of congratulation on the handling of the question of " duplicate steels," which is relevant to a large number of Dickens part-issues. The great demand for Dickens's work (once he was an established favourite) compelled his illustrator, " Phiz," when preparing his etchings, to supply steels often in duplicate, sometimes in triplicate, as a single steel would not have stood up to the wear of a long run. He purposely varied these duplicate steels in some small detail of engraving, with the result that different " states " of plates have been remarked in different sets of Dickens parts. Previously attempts have been made to claim priorities for certain of these " states " over others ; but Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver argue—and, I think, irrefutably—that inasmuch as " Phiz " supplied the duplicate steels at one time, they rank as simultaneous and interchangeable, and that no schedule of earlier or later states can be established.

This sensible and instructed attitude in the matter of illustrations makes the more surprising the authors' almost defiant championship of inset advertisements. It is impossible to condense an argument about the value of advertisements as evidence of date of issue into such a review as this. But I cannot refrain from challenging the following statement, made on page 5 :—

> " The collations of many of the ' big ' copies [actually of *Pickwick* ; but the argument applies equally to other titles] have to confess the lack of some particular advertisement leaf or inset ; and it has been contended that its absence or otherwise does not necessarily disqualify a copy from being of the earliest issue. With that contention we must emphatically disagree . . . and it is submitted that the publication of a particular number with all its material matter as planned by the publishers and put together by the binder is the one which carries the official hall-mark."

Now everyone will agree that it is desirable to have a set of parts as fully furnished as possible with those advertisements known to have been originally included. But surely it does not follow that a copy lacking an inset (or even with an imperfect "Advertiser") is "disqualified from being one of the earliest issue?" It is merely less attractive to the purist collector than a fuller copy. Further, it seems to me very dangerous to base any argument whatsoever on the presence or absence of those tipped-in slips of advertisement which were so frequent in part-issues during the nineteenth century. Not only has any particular set of parts been at the mercy of a careless employé in a binding shop of sixty to ninety years ago, but it has also been exposed to the risk of later ingenuity. Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver talk of "material matter as planned by the publishers." But how do they know what was planned? Of course in many cases evidence of surviving copies more or less proves what was habitually present. But this is not always so. They tell us, for instance, that Part XIII of *Pickwick* should include among its front advertisements a 4 pp. prospectus of "Pigott's Coloured Views": but remark that this inset is "almost an unknown quantity. The first to be recorded was in 1921, and since that year two further copies have been noted." Why assume that Pigott (unknown before 1921) was planned to appear in *Pickwick* in 1837? Every dealer in and collector of Victoriana possesses prospectuses and leaflets issued at various times during the nineteenth century. Suppose one of them to-day had a good set of *Pickwick* and, having carefully tipped a suitable leaflet into one part, put the series into auction, with the claim that it contained a hitherto unrecorded inset? Suppose that claim be accepted? Might not the very same inset (first recorded in 1934) conceivably appear in other copies of the same part during the next few years? Human nature being what it is, I fear it might.

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There is no space to enlarge further on the wealth of information and the astonishing industry which have gone to the making of this book. Dickens collectors have been ill-provided hitherto with scientific works of bibliographical reference. For their part-issues they now have authority and to spare. Is it too much to ask Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver to round off the job and deal with the book-issues also? The variant bindings alone would make a chapter of engrossing interest.

THE CHARLES DICKENS ESTATE

The Gad's Hill Estate Co. are developing a Charles Dickens Estate in the shape of the letter D around what was formerly Dickens's home. The new road, named Charles Dickens Avenue, was formerly opened on the Birthday. Detached houses are being built, and a Memorial Park of four acres is being set aside for a Dickens Institute. We shall look forward with great interest to its development.

DICKENS IN ADVERTISEMENT

The "Daily Express" devoted two pages on the Birthday to advertise, by Dickens characters and quotations, various well-known commodities. Prizes were offered for more appropriate quotations than those accompanying the advertisements.

LETTERS to the EDITOR
POST OFFICE

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE LEVER LETTERS

SIR.—I note in your review of the Letters to Charles Lever a reference to a note of mine in my annotated Forster. The author of the introduction to the book says that I take the conventional view that there never was a close friendship and that at one time there was a coolness. I am not convinced, even by these delightful letters, that there ever was an intimacy such as existed with many friends, but on the subject of the alleged coolness, may I point out that my reference was to a period considerably in advance of the date of the first letter in this vol. ? Those who are interested will find a lengthier allusion in my earlier book, " The Dickens Circle."—J. W. T. LEY.

THE ROSS FAMILY

SIR.—In connection with the early manuscript draft of the *Ivy Green*, inscribed by Charles Dickens in the album of Miss Georgina Ross in May, 1836, and which figured at a recent sale at Sotheby's, the following may be of interest to reader of *The Dickensian*.

Georgina Ross was a sister of Sir William Ross, the noted miniature-painter, and of John Ross, an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, in the days of Furnival's Inn and Doughty Street. John Ross is mentioned in Dickens's Diary (1838) and in letters to Thomas Beard and other friends of the same period. He died in 1885, aged 77.

One of Georgina's sisters, married to Dickens's uncle, Edward Barrow, was another member of the family to attain distinction as a miniaturist. She is the author of the earliest portrait of Charles Dickens, executed when he was 18 years old, and first reproduced in F. G. Kitton's " Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

Thomasina, another sister, was a contributor to *Household Words*.

According to a family tradition which Miss Knox, a grand-niece of Miss Ross and owner of the Album, has very kindly imparted to me, Charles Dickens admired and wanted to marry Georgina. But the lady's father, William Ross, refused his consent, having made up his mind that young Dickens was too worldly and pleasure-loving to make a good husband ! A. DE SUZANNET.

TINY TIM AGAIN

SIR.—Referring to the recent correspondence on this matter (alas that so soon we have lost two of the protagonists in Mr. Cuming Walters and Mr. Warren), I had occasion recently to refer to the facsimile of the MS which I possess. To my surprise I found there was no reference to the fate of Tiny Tim, so Dickens evidently inserted it in the proof. It looks as though having forgotten himself that Tiny Tim must live he thought he had better emphasise his continued life to the reader by capitals. W. KENT.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES

The attention of branch Secretaries is again directed to page 253 of the Autumn number, 1933. Latest Date for the Summer number, May 10th. Additional branch reports will be found on other pages of this number.

The following branches report most successful evenings with the meetings detailed in the Diary printed in the last number :—Rugby, Hull, Bromley, Winnipeg, Eastbourne, Plymouth, Hackney, St. Pancras and Leyton.

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The Editor regrets that the list of meetings of the Old Town-Orono Branch was omitted from the Diary in the last number. They were as follows :—December : " Psychological Study of an Imbecile," by Rev. Dr. L. D. Case, and " A Study of Prison Life," by Mrs. H. D. Foster. January : " The Maypole Cronies," by Mr. A. B. Larchar, and " A Study of Dickens's Plots," by Professor W. F. Scamman. February : Birthday Celebration ; Pantomimes in charge of Mrs. Gordon Noyes.

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The Edmonton (Alberta) Branch has adopted an excellent plan for increasing the interest in the Province of Alberta. Through the press it is offering prizes for the eight best essays on " Why is Dickens so widely read to-day ? "

The breath of Dickens's Kent was brought to far off Alberta when Miss Jessie Montgomery spoke to the members of the Edmonton Branch in January of her trip through Kent last summer with a county library van. Mr. H. R. Leaver was the Chairman, and Mr. H. P. Brown filled the second part of the meeting with a revival of the " Songs of Dickens's Day," which have already been fully dealt with in *The Dickensian.*

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Mr. H. Gerald Wade, the President of the Winnipeg Branch, has again been busy this Christmas in giving a series of his well-known lectures on Dickens, including his latest, " The Spirit of Christmas and Old Scrooge."

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The subjects of the lectures at the Melbourne Branch during the last quarter of 1933, of which we should have liked to have received particulars in advance for the Diary, were " An Imaginary Conversation," by Mrs. Moore ; " Dickens as Orator," by Miss E. A. Fraser ; and " The Plot of *A Tale of Two Cities*," by Mr. C. R. Long, M.A. A novel presentation of *A Christmas Carol* was given in December by Mrs. G. Edwardes and her pupils.

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Mr. E. Kendall Pearson, President of the Gloucester Branch, proposed the Immortal Memory and " Many Happy Returns to his Books " at the conversazione held at the Connaught Rooms on February 6th, when over two hundred guests were present, including the Mayor and Mayoress, the City High Sheriff and his wife, and representatives from the Cheltenham and Tewkesbury Branches. Many members were in the costume of the *Barnaby Rudge* period.

The Victoria (B.C.) Branch, which the Editor hopes will in future forward its list of meetings in advance for inclusion in the Diary, entertained the members of the Royal Society of St. George in December, when a varied programme was presented, including a full account of Dickens's visits to America, given by Mr. C. C. Pemberton. Mr. Arnup spoke on "The Pathos of Dickens," and Major R. A. Donald contributed a paper on "Some aspects of Dickens and his books."

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The Preston Branch has made a good start, lectures having been provided in the autumn by Mr. Gregson, of the Blackburn Branch, Mrs. Greenwood, of Blackpool, and Mrs. Evans, of Manchester. In addition, the branch has been able to send a donation to the Preston Royal Infirmary.

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The members of the Brighton Branch had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Adams, of Hove, who was "At Home" to the Branch on December 21st. She recounted to her guests her remembrance of Dickens as a visitor to her girlhood's home, "Eastgate House," Rochester, which has been immortalised in *Edwin Drood*. The occasion was a unique and delightful event in the history of the branch.

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The New York Branch received a varied assortment of most interesting papers from their members on the subject of "The Romantic Episode from Dickens which interests me most, and why."

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In addition to the activities mentioned in the diary, the Woodville Branch presented, with great success, a dramatic version of *A Christmas Carol* in aid of the Tiny Tims' Treat Fund. It was later repeated on two occasions in support of local charities, and before the patients of the Derbyshire Orthopædic Hospital.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS.

Charles Dickens, by Stephen Leacock. 10s. 6d. Peter Davies, Ltd.

A Bibliography of The Periodical Works of Charles Dickens, by Thomas Hatton and Arthur H. Cleaver. £2 12s. 6d. and £4 4s. 0d. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

"Mr. Huffham," by Hugh Walpole. *Strand Magazine*, December.

"A Lifetime spent with Dickens," by Bransby Williams. *Tit Bits*, 9th December.

"Debut of a Famous Author," by Arthur Sharp. *Nottingham Weekly Guardian*, 2nd December.

"Rooms in which Dickens would have loved to spend Christmas," by P. A. Barren. *Woman's Magazine*, December.

"Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Present" (Coloured cover), by Rex Woods, to the *Canadian Home Journal*, December.

"Christmas with Dickens" (illustrated), by Austin Chester. *Windsor Magazine*, December.

"Dickens's First Story." *Birmingham Daily Mail*, 1st December.

"First Printed Article by Dickens," by Arthur Sharp. *Great Thoughts*, December.

"Portsmouth and the Comic Spirit," by E. V. Lucas. *Sunday Times*, 27th November.

"Gad's Hill Place," by E. V. Lucas. *Sunday Times*, 10th December.

"The Bagman's Story" (reprinted). *Saturday Review*, 16th December.

"The Thin Boy's Threat" (Cartoon by Bernard Partridge). *Punch*, 13th December.

"Radio Revives the Dickens Christmas," by Max Kester. *Radio Times*, 15th December.

"Dickens's First Story," by Anthony Clyne. *Weekly Scotsman* and *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, 16th December.

"The Christmas Carol," by Fred M. White. *Nottingham Weekly Guardian*, 9th December.

"Dickens and *A Christmas Carol*," by W. Kent. *New Britain*, 20th December.

"The Spirit of Dickens." *Scottish Field*, December.

"Gabriel Grub" (reprinted). *Saturday Review*, 23th December.

"Mr. Pickwick's Portable." *World Radio*, 22nd December.

"A Right Merry Christmas with Dickens," by Guy Beresford. *British Weekly*, 21st December.

"Getting Local Colour: with Nicholas Nickleby and his creator in Yorkshire," by G. Bernard Wood. *Autocar*, 22nd December.

"Pickwickian Melbourne," by A. W. Greig. *Argus*, 7th October.

"A Free Commentary on the Mystery of Edwin Drood." *Oldham Chronicle*, 13th and 20th January.

"Imitations of Dickens." *Cleckheaton Guardian*, from 5th January.

"The Pickwickians in Bath." *John o' London's Weekly*, 6th January.

"The Ideal Room: A Few Hints from Dickens." *The Cabinet Maker*, 13th January.

"The Very Dickens of a Christmas." *Lancashire Daily Post*, 22nd December.

"Dickens up-to-date: *A Christmas Carol* in Plus Fours." *Sheffield Daily Independent*, 23rd December.

"Charles Dickens and Ourselves." *The Schoolmaster*, 28th December.

"Dining with the Spirit of Dickens." *Liverpool Post*, 23rd December.

"Did Dickens Invent Christmas?" *Western Sunday Independent*, 24th December.

"The Man who made Christmas Merry," by H. A. Vachell. *Sunday Dispatch*, 24th December.

"The Christmas Glow: a Dickens Chapter," by Sir Henry F. Dickens. *New York Times*, 24th December.

"Mrs. Charles Dickens's Golden Silence," by Walter Dexter. *Daily Mail*, 19th January.

"Dickens's Letter on the Death of Dora, and a Prayer at Night." *Sunday Graphic*, 21st January.

"Dickens's Letters to Maria Beadnell." *Sunday Graphic*, weekly from 21st January.

"The Private Life of Charles Dickens," by Ralph Straus. *Daily Express*, 23rd January.

"Some of Dickens Allusions to Freemasonry," by William Moister, P.D.G.W. *Masonic Journal of South Africa*, December.

"Dickens and the Scotland Yard Detective," by G. E. Rowles. *Midland Daily Tribune*, 26th January.

"This is Dickens's Birthday," by Walter Dexter. *Daily Mail*, 7th February.

(To be continued)

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Mar. 9—"Balloon" evening, papers by Mrs. Wolsoncroft, Miss A. M. Holmes, Miss J. Kennedy, etc.
17—Dramatic Social, arranged by Miss F. Jolly.
April 13—Papers on *Barnaby Rudge*.
May 11—Annual Meeting and Social Evening.
Rambles on April 21st, May 26th, June 16th.

BATH.
Mar. 5—Reading Circle.
19—Dramatic Evening, arranged by Mrs. F. J. Giddings.
26—Reading Circle.
April 9—A Dickens Newspaper Night. Editor: Mr. J. H. Hollier.
23—Lecture, "Dickens as a Fashion Artist," by Miss G. Singers-Briggs.
May 7—Annual Meeting and Reading Circle.

BIRMINGHAM.
Mar. 14—An evening with *Barnaby Rudge*, arranged by Miss Reading.
April 11—General Meeting.
Reading Circle, March 21st, April 18th.

BLACKBURN.
Mar. 1—Lecture, "Around and About the Copperfield Country," by Mr. W. W. Gregson.
22—Papers by Lady Members.

BLACKPOOL.
Mar. 7—Dramatic Night by the Dickens Players.
22—Papers on the Historical Interest in *Barnaby Rudge* by Mrs. J. Greaves and Miss Alys Myers.
April 12—Five Minute Papers by Members, arranged by Mrs. H. Sherratt.
26—Annual Meeting.

BRIGHTON.
Mar. 8—Competition for the "Laura Withy" Cup.
April 12—An Evening of Recitals.

BROMLEY.
Mar. 14—"An Introduction to *Barnaby Rudge*," by Mr. T. W. Hill.
April 11—Dramatic Evening.
25—Whist Drive in aid of The Dickens House.

CHELTENHAM.
Mar. 2—Lecture, "Domestic Service," by Mr. A. G. Dye.
10—Whist Drive.
April 6—Annual Meeting.

CIRENCESTER.
Mar. 5—Lecture, "Hard Times," by Mr. H. St. G. Rawlins.
15—Reading Circle.
April 9—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.
Mar. 6—A Miscellany.
13, 27—Study Circle.

EDGWARE.
Mar. 13—Lecture, "The Adventures of Mr. Pickwick." by Mr. Baylis.
17—Ramble.
April 10—Readings.
May 8—Annual Meeting.

EDINBURGH.
Mar. 8—Lecture, "Traddles and His Prototype," by Mr. Hugh Hannah, F.S.A.
23—Progressive Whist and Bridge.
April 5—Annual Meeting and Sketches, arranged by Mr. W. R. Mort.

GLOUCESTER.
Mar. 7—Lecture, "Dickens and Travel," by Mr. A. G. Dye.
April 4—Lecture, "The Gordon Riots," by Mr. E. Kendall Pearson.

HACKNEY.
Mar. 7—Lecture, "Dickens and the World Crisis," by Mr. S. J. Rust.
April 23—Annual Meeting and Members' Evening. "How Dickens might be rewritten."

HULL.
Mar. 3—Whist Drive.
9—Lecture, "A Great Contemporary of Dickens—John Ruskin," by Rev. O. L. Whitmee.
23—"Tragedy and Comedy," by Mrs. James Downs.
April 6—Dramatic Evening.
13—Annual Meeting.

LEYTON.
Mar. 28—Dramatic Evening under the direction of Mr. J. C. Robinson.
April 25—Annual Meeting.

LIVERPOOL.
Mar. 7—Short Papers by Members.
21—Annual Meeting.
LONDON.
Mar. 13—Lecture, "The Great English Humorists," by Mr. S. P. B. Mais.
17—Ramble, conducted by Mr. G. F. Young.
April 7—Informal Dinner at Palace Hotel.
24—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Sketches.
May 19—Ramble, conducted by Mr. S. J. Rust.
MANCHESTER.
Mar. 2—Lecture by Mr. Neville Cardus.
16—Whist Drive.
April 6—Annual Meeting.
MONTREAL.
Mar. 27—Lecture, "The Immortal Child," by Mr. Leslie Gordon Barnard.
April 24—Annual Meeting. Lecture by Miss E. Bryan, M.A.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Mar. 9—To be arranged.
23—Social Evening.
OLD TOWN—ORONO.
Mar. 13—"Sim Tappertit," by Miss Ella Vinal; "Lord Chester and Lord Chesterfield," by Miss Clarine Coffin; "The Maypole Inn," by Mrs. C. M. Sharpe.
April 10—"Capital Punishment in England," by Mrs. M. J. Walenta; "Animals in Dickens," by Dr. Edith Patch.
May 8—Critical Review of *Barnaby Rudge* by Mrs. C. B. Porter.
PHILADELPHIA.
Mar. 28—Subject to be announced.
April 25—Subject to be announced.
PLYMOUTH.
Mar. 6—To be arranged.
20—Members' Evening.
PORTSMOUTH.
Mar. 14—Elocutionary Competition.
21—Whist Drive.
April 11—An Evening with Dickens.
28—Whist Drive.
May 29—Whist Drive.
PRESTON.
Mar. 1—Members' Evening.
15—Lecture on *Barnaby Rudge* by Mr. L. Mason.
April 5—Annual Meeting.
REDDITCH.
Mar. 7—Papers and Sketches by members of the Cheltenham Branch.
April 4—Sketches by members from the Woodville Branch.
May 2—Annual Meeting.
RUGBY.
Mar. 6—Visit of the Redditch Branch.
April 3—Ladies' Night.
May 1—Annual Meeting.
ST. PANCRAS.
Mar. 12—Lantern Lecture, "The Dickens House," by Miss Doris Minards.
24—Ramble—Clerkenwell and district.
April 16—Annual Party. Dramatic Sketches.
28—Ramble.
SHEFFIELD.
Mar. 9—Lecture-Recital by Rev. T. W. Nicholson.
15—Whist Drive.
April 5—Pickwick Supper.
13—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Presentations.
SOUTHEND.
Mar. 3—Dance.
15—Dramatic Performance.
April 14—Annual Meeting and Dance.
June 1-5—Annual Conference.
SOUTHAMPTON.
Mar. 8—Resumé of Chapter 59 to end of *Barnaby Rudge*, and Discussion.
April 12—Annual Meeting.
TORONTO.
Mar. 8—Scenes from *Bleak House*, arranged by Mr. H. M. Newton.
April 12—Address on *Oliver Twist* by Judge H. S. Mott.
WELLINGBOROUGH.
Mar. 10—Lecture, "History without Tears," by Rev. D. J. Sheppard.
24—Readings and Sketches.
WINNIPEG.
Mar. 8—Lecture, "Dickens as a Lover of Nature," by Canon Gill.
April 12—Annual Meeting. Address by Prof. Hopper.
WOODVILLE.
Mar. 14—Dramatic Evening.

THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Vol. XXX. SUMMER NUMBER, 1934 No. 231

Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN

A QUARTERLY DICKENS
MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS

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LIMEHOUSE LUCK

NICOTINE IN DICKENSLAND

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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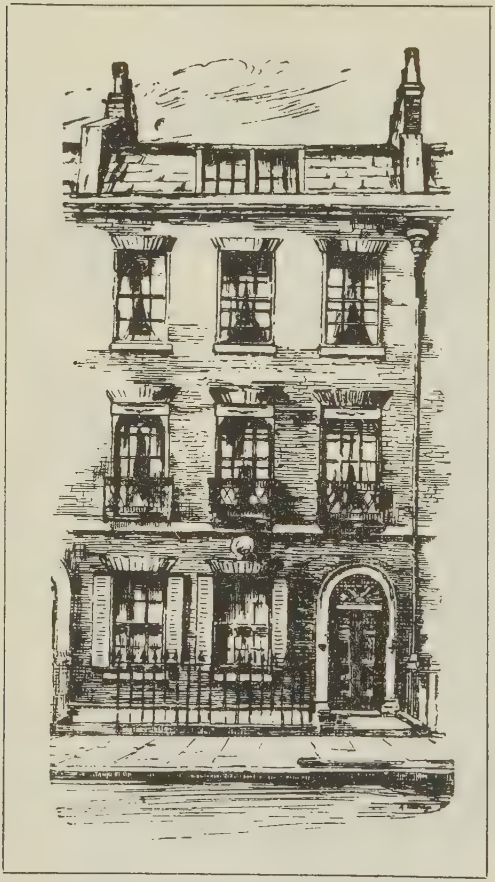
WHEN IN LONDON DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT
THE HEADQUARTERS OF

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

AT



THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

Here Dickens lived 1837-1839, finished *Pickwick*, wrote *Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, etc.*

Library and Museum open 10 to 5 daily (Sundays excepted).

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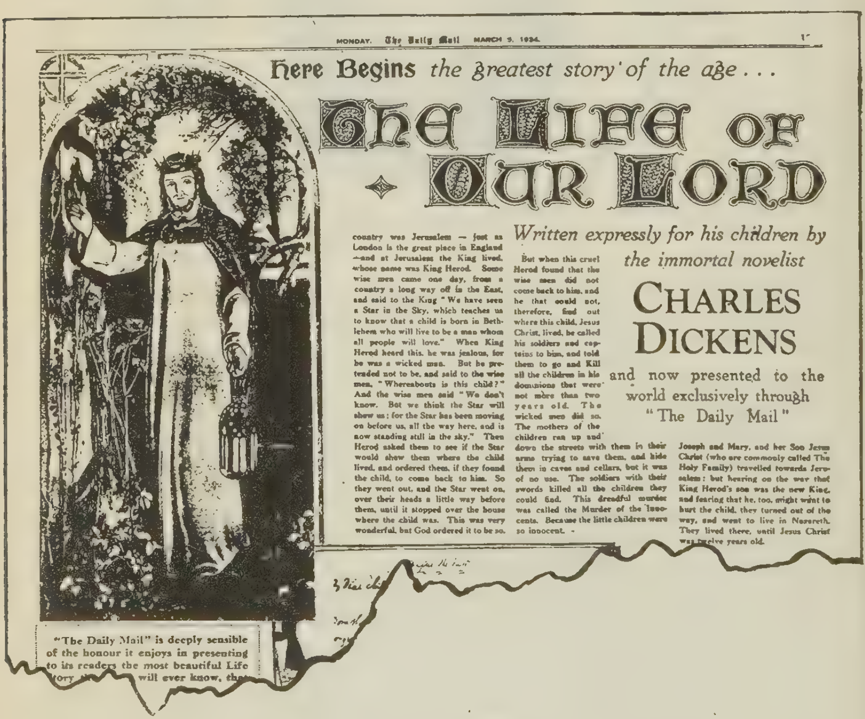
SUMMER
Vol. XXX. 1934 No. 231

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

A Boom in Dickens. It is of little use to be so closely connected with The Dickens Fellowship as I have been for nearly thirty years, and yet be without convictions regarding the ultimate place of the Victorian era. Therefore when in 1931 at the Birthday Dinner I gave reasons for my assertion " The Victorians are coming into their own again," it was not in any spirit of prophecy. However, the events of the past three years have proved my prediction correct. The Victorian age has ceased to suffer from propinquity; it has become sufficiently aged to be revered, sufficiently alluring to be studied. The enchantment of distance has woven its spell, and Dickens towers among the Victorians, a very Everest. In short, as Mr. Micawber would say, there is a Dickens boom. The popular press scented it first of all. " Dickens " became their pass-word to larger circulation, and it is estimated that six million copies of Dickens's novels were disposed of in about three months. That was just a year ago. Then at the end of last year, the last of the Dickens children passed away; news was spread that new Dickens matter was likely to be available, and Dickens became the one topic of general interest.

* * * * *

The Children's New Testament Re-Christened. Dickens's unpublished work *The Children's New Testament* rechristened " The Life of Our Lord " had world-wide publicity in the press during March. In England and Scotland, publication was confined to " The Daily Mail " whose proprietors, Associated Newspapers Limited, had purchased the world publication rights from the Dickens family. In America it was published simultaneously in nearly two hundred different newspapers; about three weeks later it appeared in some hundred and twenty-five other newspapers, and a third serial release was made to very small papers numbering approximately one hundred and seventy-five. Serial rights have also been disposed of to Denmark, Sweden, and Holland, where, presumably, translations will appear. Australasian and Indian newspaper rights have also been granted in book form, the "Daily Mail" has published the work at two different prices, and book rights have been disposed of to the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, and we are informed that negotiations are pending with other foreign countries.



MONDAY. The Daily Mail MARCH 5, 1934.

Here Begins *the greatest story of the age . . .*

THE LIFE OF ◆ OUR LORD

Written expressly for his children by the immortal novelist

CHARLES DICKENS

and now presented to the world exclusively through "The Daily Mail"

country was Jerusalem — just as London is the great place in England —and at Jerusalem the King lived, whose name was King Herod. Some wise men came one day, from a country a long way off in the East, and said to the King "We have seen a Star in the Sky, which teaches us to know that a child is born in Bethlehem who will live to be a man whom all people will love." When King Herod heard this, he was jealous, for he was a wicked man. But he pretended not to be, and said to the wise men, "Whereabouts is this child?" And the wise men said "We don't know. But we think the Star will shew us; for the Star has been moving on before us, all the way here, and is now standing still in the sky." Then Herod asked them to see if the Star would shew them where the child lived, and ordered them, if they found the child, to come back to him. So they went out, and the Star went on, over their heads a little way before them, until it stopped over the house where the child was. This was very wonderful, but God ordered it to be so.

But when this cruel Herod found that the wise men did not come back to him, and he that could not, therefore, find out where this child, Jesus Christ, lived, he called his soldiers and captains to him, and told them to go and Kill all the children in his dominions that were not more than two years old. The wicked men did so. The mothers of the children ran up and down the streets with them in their arms trying to save them, and hide them in caves and cellars, but it was of no use. The soldiers with their swords killed all the children they could find. This dreadful murder was called the Murder of the Innocents. Because the little children were so innocent.

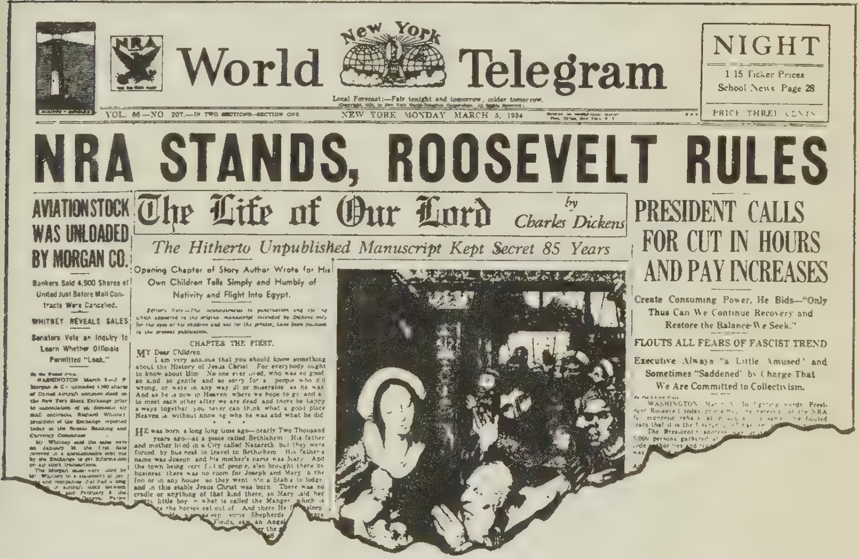
Joseph and Mary, and her Son Jesus Christ (who are commonly called The Holy Family) travelled towards Jerusalem: but hearing on the way that King Herod's son was the new King, and fearing that he, too, might want to hurt the child, they turned out of the way, and went to live in Nazareth. They lived there, until Jesus Christ was twelve years old.

"The Daily Mail" is deeply sensible of the honour it enjoys in presenting to its readers the most beautiful Life story [illegible] will ever know, th

* * * * *

The Two Presentations —English and American. On this and the opposite page, we give, by courtesy of the "Newspaper World," facsimile reproductions of how *The Life of Our Lord* was presented in "The Daily Mail" and in the principal of the five hundred American newspapers which offered it as a special "once-in-a-life-time feature." We compliment "The Daily Mail" on the special type they used for the printing and the great care generally given to its presentation. Subsequent instalments in the "World Telegram" were placed on the first page of the second section of the paper, thus avoiding any unfortunate clashing with news.

Dickens Films. Several different plays about the Brontës helped much to forward the Victorians; and then "Little Women" on the screen from America gave a finishing touch to the whole, and preceded a declaration from America that they were going to film *David Copperfield.* This caused at least one of the British film companies to sit up and take notice. That English masterpieces should be left in the hands of American film producers was unthinkable, in spite of the fact that "Cavalcade" was screened in Hollywood! So the largest and most important British company, The Gaumont British Film Co. Ltd., put *The Pickwick Papers* on its list for autumn release and they are now actively engaged upon it. They could not have made a better choice (*David Copperfield* being booked elsewhere) and the rivalry that will surely exist between the two companies as to which can produce the best Dickens film, will be all to the good of the finished product.



New York World Telegram

NIGHT
1 15 Ticker Prices
School News Page 28
PRICE THREE CENTS

Local Forecast:—Fair tonight and tomorrow, colder tomorrow.

VOL. 66—NO. 207.—IN TWO SECTIONS—SECTION ONE NEW YORK MONDAY MARCH 5, 1934

NRA STANDS, ROOSEVELT RULES

AVIATION STOCK WAS UNLOADED BY MORGAN CO.

Bankers Sold 4,900 Shares of United Just Before Mail Contracts Were Canceled.

WHITNEY REVEALS SALES

Senators Vote an Inquiry to Learn Whether Officials Permitted "Leak."

The Life of Our Lord by Charles Dickens

The Hitherto Unpublished Manuscript Kept Secret 85 Years

Opening Chapter of Story Author Wrote for His Own Children Tells Simply and Humbly of Nativity and Flight Into Egypt.

Editor's Note—The inconsistencies in punctuation and spelling which appeared in the original manuscript intended by Dickens only for the eyes of his children and not for the printer, have been followed in the present publication.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MY Dear Children.

I am very anxious that you should know something about the History of Jesus Christ. For everybody ought to know about Him. No one ever lived, who was so good so kind so gentle and so sorry for all people who did wrong, or were in any way ill or miserable, as he was. And as he is now in Heaven where we hope to go and all to meet each other after we are dead and there be happy always together, you never can think what a good place Heaven is, without knowing who he was and what he did.

* * *

HE was born, a long long time ago—nearly Two Thousand years ago—at a place called Bethlehem. His father and mother lived in a City called Nazareth, but they were forced, by business to travel to Bethlehem. His father's name was Joseph and his mother's name was Mary. And the town being very full of people, also brought there by business there was no room for Joseph and Mary in the Inn or in any house so they went into a Stable to lodge and in this stable Jesus Christ was born. There was no cradle or anything of that kind there, so Mary laid her pretty little boy in what is called the Manger, which is

PRESIDENT CALLS FOR CUT IN HOURS AND PAY INCREASES

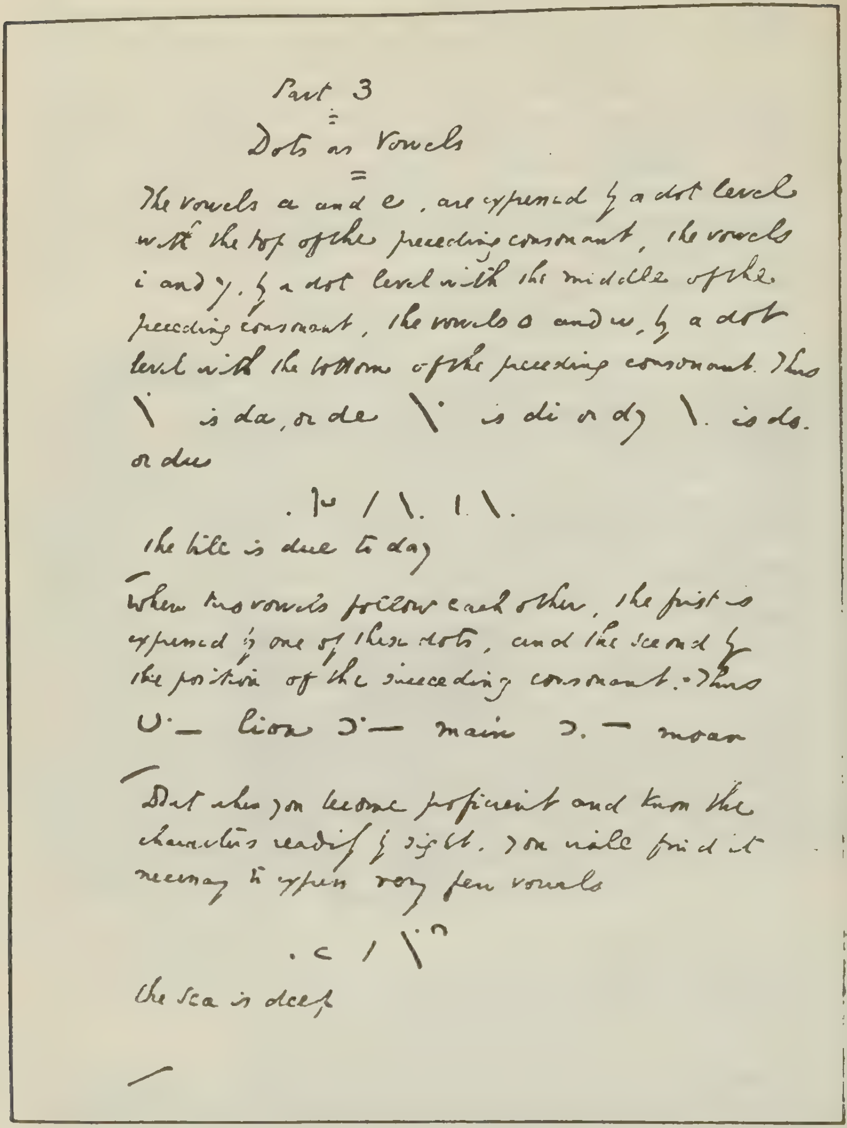
Create Consuming Power, He Bids—"Only Thus Can We Continue Recovery and Restore the Balance We Seek."

FLOUTS ALL FEARS OF FASCIST TREND

Executive Always "a Little Amused" and Sometimes "Saddened" by Charge That We Are Committed to Collectivism.

* * * * *

Dickens Manuscripts in the Rylands Library, Manchester. A fairly full account of these treasures has been prepared by Mr. Moses Tyson, M.A., Ph.D., and has been reprinted from the library "Bulletin" issued in pamphlet form. Apart from the letters to Mrs. Gaskell, the principal manuscripts are contained in an extra-illustrated "Life of Dickens" which has been in their possession many years, but has only recently come to light through the researches of Mr. Wm. Miller and Mr. F. R. Dean. Here we find some very early letters to J. P. Harley relative to *The Village*



Part 3

Dots as Vowels

The vowels a and e, are expressed by a dot level with the top of the preceding consonant, the vowels i and y, by a dot level with the middle of the preceding consonant, the vowels o and u, by a dot level with the bottom of the preceding consonant. Thus \ is da, or de \˙ is di or dy \. is do. or due

the bile is due to day

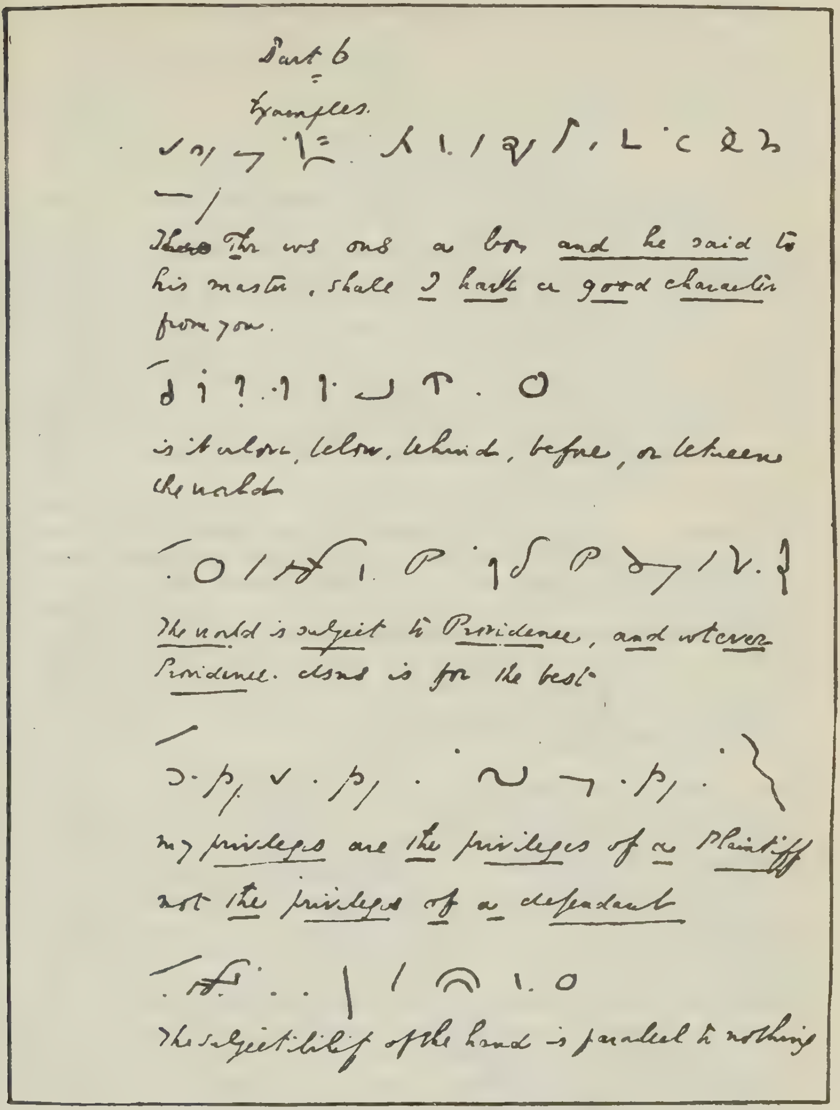
When two vowels follow each other, the first is expressed by one of these dots, and the second by the position of the succeeding consonant. Thus

lion main moan

But when you become proficient and know the characters readily by sight, you will find it necessary to express very few vowels

the sea is deep

Coquettes, and other matters, letters to his father-in-law George Hogarth and to his brother Frederick. By courtesy of "The Manchester Guardian" we are able to reproduce two pages of a book on shorthand which is also among the treasures. From the writing this appears to have been compiled in the late 'fifties, probably for one of his children. The volumes also preserve the much-corrected manu-



Part 6

Examples.

~~There~~ Thr ws ons a boy and he said to his master, shall I have a good character from you.

is it above, below, behind, before, or between the worlds

The world is subject to Providence, and whatever Providence does is for the best.

my privileges are the privileges of a Plaintiff not the privileges of a defendant

The subjectibility of the hand is parallel to nothing

script of *A Child's Dream of a Star* (1850), the MS. of his speech at the Royal Academy Dinner on April 30th, 1870 (the last he delivered), and a corrected proof of a scathing review of a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to Lord Ashly, M.P., on the Mines and Collieries Bill," by the Marquis of Londonderry. In his notes accompanying the article in "The Manchester Guardian," "M. T." (the initials of the keeper of Western Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library) says this review "was sent sub-rosa to Charles Mackay of 'The Morning Chronicle' in 1842." That may be, but there was nothing secret about the review itself, as it duly appeared in Dickens's old paper, an interesting piece of information of which Dr. Tyson does not appear to have knowledge. It was one of a series of articles written by Dickens at the time, on the request of the proprietor Sir John Easthope with whom, after quarrelling at the time of his resignation from the paper in 1836, Dickens was on friendly terms six years later.

* * * * *

Dickens to His Wife. The letters of Dickens to his wife in the British Museum have been very carefully guarded and few have seen them. A selection has been made by "The Times" for publication here and in America about the middle of May; as *The Dickensian* goes to press at this time, it will, unfortunately, be too late to comment on their publication. How much they will add to our knowledge of Dickens the man, we are unable to say, but they cannot fail to be of great interest to Dickensians as a whole.

* * * * *

Two Corrections. Mr. A. W. Edwards wishes me to point out that there was a regrettable error in his obituary notice of our late Life President. Sir Henry Dickens passed away on 21st December last, and not on the 22nd as stated. Then I have to thank several readers who have written me to point out that in Mr. Olive's admirable article on Sarah Gamp there is a curious error on page 132. It was not of Chuffey that she said "he'd make a lovely corpse" but of Lewsome. It is just as well to have these things perfectly correct and in thanking my correspondents, I compliment them for the thoroughness of their reading.

* * * * *

From Bleak House to Great Expectations. The Budget of April last produced a good crop of allusions to Dickens. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, began it by saying that we had "finished the story of *Bleak House* and were sitting down to enjoy the first chapter of *Great Expectations*. Major Nathan, in the debate which followed, said he considered the Chancellor was leading us back from "Bleak House" to "The Old Curiosity Shop"; but his retort was nothing so pointed as the Chancellor's original allusion. One happy correspondent in "The Times" expressed the opinion that we could now regard the Chancellor as "Our Mutual Friend," whilst another (a pessimist surely) reminded his readers that "Bleak House" was not a dreary place, and that Pip's great expectations came to nothing after all!

* * * * *

Diary of Dickens Meetings. I want to make the Diary an absolutely complete record of the season 1934-5. Will secretaries kindly make a note to let me have particulars of the September-November meetings by the 20th August at the very latest. Their syllabuses may possibly not be printed by then, but I hope they can send me this information in advance. WALTER DEXTER.

DICKENS'S FIRST PUBLISHER

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH JOHN MACRONE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

(*Continued from page* 143)

Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Morning

My Dear Macrone,

A friend of my sister's Mrs. Levien, 13 Woburn Place, Tavistock Square, wants a copy of "Boz." Will you allow your clerk to leave it ?—She will no doubt give (she may have already given) the money to my sister :—I will procure and forward it to you.

When you can spare me a couple of copies, by way of wind-up, will you let me have them ?

Believe me
Most Sincerely Yours
Charles Dickens

The Editor of "The Court Journal" told a friend of mine, as a mighty secret, that Boz was done by Leigh Hunt, and some one else, whose name my informant forgets. Knowing fellow, is he not ?

The "Mr. Thomson" of the next letter was doubtless William Thomson, uncle of Mrs. Dickens.

Furnivals Inn
Monday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I hear from Mr. Thomson (who has just returned to town, prior to his departure for the West Indies) that my parcel has not yet reached his father's house, and that he himself inquired for it, at Bell and Bradfute's, in vain. I am greatly concerned at this, as there were letters of importance in it, which I had undertaken to forward and the non-delivery of which may be productive of serious inconvenience and misunderstanding. Pray have the goodness to communicate with whomsoever you confided the packet to, and let me know the result. I am sorry to trouble you, but it is such an awkward situation for me, that I have no alternative.

Believe me
Very sincerely yours
Charles Dickens

I wish you would let me have two Boz's—one for the commissary, and one for myself. I want the "Hints on Etiquette," too. PICKWICK. TRIUMPHANT.

We can fix the date of the next letter by its reference to the Melbourne *v.* Norton trial which took place in June, 1836. This is the first direct evidence we have had that Dickens reported this trial, although we have known that certain parts of the famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick trial were taken from incidents in it.

Furnivals Inn
Thursday Evening [June 1836]

My dear Macrone—

I have not yet fixed the day for our visit to Bedlam. Whenever I do, I will first ascertain that the time I propose, is convenient to you—

A Draft for the first of July, will suit me perfectly—could not be better. I have not yet heard from George Cruikshank. I think he must be out of town—

I am tired to death to-night, though I have been in bed all day. Melbourne *v* Norton has played the devil with me.

Ever faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

The next letter was written early in July, 1836, as " The Madman's Manuscript " appeared in Part IV of *Pickwick*, published at the end of the preceding month. *Sunday Under Three Heads*, here referred to as " Sabbath," was published in June, 1836.

Furnivals Inn
Thursday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I inclose you a Sabbath and a Pickwick. Let me beg your particular regard for the specimen of London Life, " Sam Weller " in the latter, also " The Madman's MS."

My ' good lady ' incloses a note to your'n—I hope it's an apology for apparent, but most unavoidable neglect. I'm sure it ought to be—

Believe me
Most faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

The next two letters refer to the employment of Dickens's brother Frederick, in the office of Macrone. The second is endorsed on the back with the date, 28th July, 1836.

Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Morning [July 1836]

My dear Macrone,

If you still think that Fred would be of any use to you, I have made up my mind that I should very much like him to be initiated into business habits, in your Accounting House. I know you will find him very quick and steady ; and if you really want any sharp young fellow, you can not have one better suited to your purpose. I have deliberated a long time about the propriety of keeping him at his present study, but I am convinced that at his present period of life, it is really only so much waste time. If you write me word that you will give him a stool, he shall sit himself upon it forthwith.

I have sent two Sketches to Cruikshank, and shall report further progress next week. I am happy to say that I see a decent prospect of the House being up, at last, and I devoutly hope 'ere next Session I may make some arrangements which will render its sittings a matter of indifference to me—as the story books say "for ever after."

Believe me
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Thursday Morning [28 July 1836]

My dear Macrone,

As I like to see Fred, before I go out in the evening, to set his studies for the night, and see what he is at, I should prefer his taking his tea at home, if agreeable to you. He will gain a quarter of an hour perhaps, this way, without inconveniencing you—

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

John Macrone, Esqre.

The date of the next letter is probably July 27th, 1836, as it concerns the operetta *The Village Coquettes*, which was read and played over to a few friends the previous Saturday evening. According to a draft letter to Braham the theatre manager, enclosed in a letter to Hullah (see *The Dickensian*, 1933, Page 262), Macrone on this occasion purchased the copyright of the piece after the first act had been read; but the following letter shows that other arrangements were in view.

Wednesday Morning

My dear Macrone,

After looking over your calculation, Mr. Hullah and I, have come to the determination of publishing the books of the Songs, ourselves. Being required only for distribution in the Theatre, they do not require a Bookseller's aid.

As to the Drama, I have made up my mind to leave the publication open, until it has been played, and the success ascertained. I have two other offers for it; and should the success be very great, I can make something better than half profits of it, at all events. The Music is purchased by Cramers' for a good round sum.

I hope to hear that your trip to Paris has been successful, and that you have not only arranged with Victor Hugo, but made something of Paul the needy. How goes on the negotiation with Moore?

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

I open the note again, to say that Hogarth has settled with Colburn.

A second edition of *Sketches by Boz* was published in about August, 1836, but, as will have been seen from the letter of July on page 165, preparations were already in hand for the publication of a Second Series of similar sketches, also in two volumes, and during October, 1836, advertisements to this effect appeared in the press. The publication was eventually confined to one volume, to which the preface was dated December 17th, 1836. The sketch on Bedlam, referred to already, does not appear ever to have been written. The one on *Scotland Yard* appeared in "The Morning Chronicle" on October 4th, and was copied into other papers, without permission.

Furnivals Inn
Friday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I have written to Cruikshank. As yet no answer. I think of going over Bedlam for the new series, specially (fine subject) one day next week. I will give you due notice if you would like to go.

Believe me,
Ever faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens

The paragraph shall certainly appear. We will concoct one together.

Furnivals Inn
Monday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I am obliged to stop at home this morning, to write a sketch for the Chron—so much the better for the second series.

I will send you all the copy I have, in the course of the day. Have you got a "Scotland Yard"? If so be good enough to give it to Fred, and I will insert it, in its proper place.

The Puddleport Papers I have forwarded and recommended. The humour I was not fortunate enough to discover (this is entre nous of course) in the glance I gave them on Saturday Night; and really, if a man wishes his MS to be read, he should take the trouble to write something bearing a faint resemblance to the characters generally in use. I never waded through such a scrawl.

I hope to hear that Mrs. Macrone is doing as well as you could wish. Will you give Kate's best love, and return a full account of her?

Believe me
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

John Macrone, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Saturday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I forwarded the MS just as Cruikshank left it here yesterday, during my absence from home. I will forward some more in a day or two, but as to the second volume I must again say that I am quite certain I cannot get it out before Christmas. There really is not time, unless Hansard's people have greatly undercalculated the quantity sent.

Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens
John Macrone, Esqre.

The letter following shows that trouble with Cruikshank over the illustrations still continued, and it was probably this, and the inability of Dickens to provide sufficient material to fill a second volume, that led to the Second Series being confined to one volume only.

Furnivals Inn
Wednesday Morning [October 1836]

My dear Macrone,

I have long believed Cruikshank to be mad: and his letter therefore, surprises me, not a jot. If you have any further communication with him you will greatly oblige me by saying from me that I am very much amused at the notion of his altering my Manuscript, and that had it fallen into his hands, I should have preserved his emendations as "curiosities of Literature." Most decidedly am I of opinion that he may just go to the Devil; and so far as I have any interest in the book, I positively object to his touching it.

I think it a great question whether it requires any illustrations at all, but if so, I think my Pickwick man had better do them, as he is already favourably known to the public, by his connection with that immortal gentleman. This will be matter for reflection, and you are the best judge about it.

I am strongly of opinion that it would do you good to spend an hour or two here now and then while Mrs. Macrone is up stairs, and Catherine bids me say that she cordially agrees with me. Say when you will come, so that I may be at home, and not at work. I met Holland the other day in the street, and as he appeared much delighted to meet with his old contributor, I invited him to dine here to-day. I suppose it's a compliment, or rather no compliment at all, to ask you to meet him.

Take care of Mrs. Macrone. How could you let her come down to dinner so soon? Catherine is all anxiety to hear of her getting better. I trust you have a good account to send this morning.

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens

Furnivals Inn
Friday Morning

My dear Macrone,

I quite forgot last night 'till Missis reminded me, five minutes after you left me, that we are engaged at Chapman's to-day, and that there is no help in us. Will you compromise the matter by dining with us on Sunday at five? We shall be quite alone, and if you are out, you will deprive Mrs. M. of any temptation to come down stairs again.

Send us a particular account this morning of her well-being, and young what's-his-name's.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

Although friendly relations appear to have continued between the two families, there was trouble brewing between the author and the publisher. Dickens had entered into an agreement with Richard Bentley to edit a new magazine in which he was to write a new story. This soon got to the ears of Macrone, who naturally asked Dickens when he would be letting him have the manuscript of the new novel " Gabriel Vardon " which in May he had promised to have ready by the end of November " or as soon afterwards as I can possibly complete it." (See page 170.) The fact was, Dickens had put this novel aside (he was to have received £200 for it) in favour of a more advantageous offer from Bentley. In November, 1836, there was correspondence between Dickens and Macrone which has not yet come to light ; it is referred to in published letters of Harrison Ainsworth, who, it will be remembered, had introduced Dickens to Macrone.

In them Ainsworth cautions Macrone against writing hasty letters to Dickens, and points out that " £200 was preposterously small " and that the £500 offered by Bentley was the minimum value of the novel. But, as he is careful to add, there was a bargain on Dickens's part, and he should be made to keep it. Ainsworth suggested seeking legal remedies immediately, but apparently Macrone did not wish to take such drastic measures. Ainsworth's last letter, in which he returns Dickens's agreements to Macrone, is dated 29th November. Within a day or two another mediator was on the scene. This was Thomas Hansard, the printer of the Second Series, who appears to have obtained some interest in the firm of Macrone and the following letters passed in confirmation of their interviews make perfectly clear the position which has given rise to so many adverse and erroneous statements in the past.

Furnivals Inn
December 2nd, 1836.

Dear Sir :

You are quite right in supposing that my mind is made up, with reference to the second series, and that I accept the offer made to me by you, as well as that of £100 for the Second Edition of the first, which you proffered on behalf of Mr. Macrone. I will sign these two agreements together, but not one without the other.

You will allow me to observe, that knowing nothing of my misunderstanding with Mr. Macrone, you are not competent to judge of the propriety of my connecting it with the offer for the two copyrights. I decline entering into any negotiation with Mr. Macrone having reference to any other engagements than those

I have mentioned above, so long as that misunderstanding remains in its present state.

Dear Sir
Yours obed^{tly}
Charles Dickens

T. C. Hansard, Esqre.

Furnivals Inn
Thursday Evening

Dear Sir,

I have had an hour's time to think over your proposition of this morning; and as you say Mr. Macrone would prefer an early answer, I think it better to reply at once. I would take two hundred and fifty pounds (not less) for the two copyrights, if we could arrange satisfactorily. My account with Mr. Macrone would then stand thus—

	£		
For the second edition of the first series	100	0	0
Balance of the first edition of the second	50	0	0
For the copyright of both	250	0	0
Total	£400	0	0

I wish to know how Mr. Macrone (supposing he consents to give the additional £50) would propose to pay this—I mean in what amounts, and at what dates. I also wish to know whether Mr. Macrone intends to continue to advertise a novel by me, and to retain possession of a letter of mine, respecting which, a misunderstanding has arisen between us. Mr. Macrone's reply on these points, will regulate my decision.

I am
Dear Sir
Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Further negotiations doubtless took place both verbally and by letters; but we have no precise information. Finally, early in January, Dickens to obtain release from his contract to write a novel for Macrone, gave to him the full copyright in both series of *Sketches by Boz* in consideration of the sum of one hundred pounds.

The receipt was drawn up by Dickens himself, and witnessed by Hansard. It is in the Widener Collection at Harvard, and reads as follows:—

Received the 5th of January, 1837, of John Macrone, Esq., the sum of One Hundred Pounds, together with an agreement now delivered to me, the full consideration and payment for the entire copyright of the first and second series of the works written by me entitled "Sketches by Boz" the which I hereby assign and make over to the said John Macrone without any reserve whatever.

£100. Charles Dickens.

Witness: T. Hansard.

The "agreement now delivered" was his letter of the 8th May agreeing to write "Gabriel Vardon"; it is in the Huntington Library at San Marino. The following is the full text:—

15 Furnivals Inn
Monday, May Eighth, 1836.

My Dear Macrone,

I shall have great pleasure in accepting from you the sum of Two hundred pounds for the first edition of a book of Fiction (in Three Volumes of the usual type) to be written by me, and to be entitled Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London of which not more than one thousand copies are to be printed. I also agree to your printing an extra number of copies, if it should appear desirable; on condition that the profits thereon, all expenses being first deducted, be divided between us.

I also understand that the before mentioned Two Hundred Pounds are to be paid by you, on delivery of the entire manuscript on or before the 30th day of November next, or as soon afterwards as I can possible complete it by your acceptances, at such dates as may be acceptable to both of us.

Very faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

To John Macrone, Esq.

This turned out an excellent bargain for Macrone; for within six months he sold the copyright in *Sketches by Boz* to Chapman and Hall for no less than two thousand pounds. We may as well tell the sequel.

Macrone died on September 9th, 1837. He left his widow and children unprovided for, and we know that Dickens out of his friendship for Mrs. Macrone, edited *The Pic-nic Papers* for her benefit.

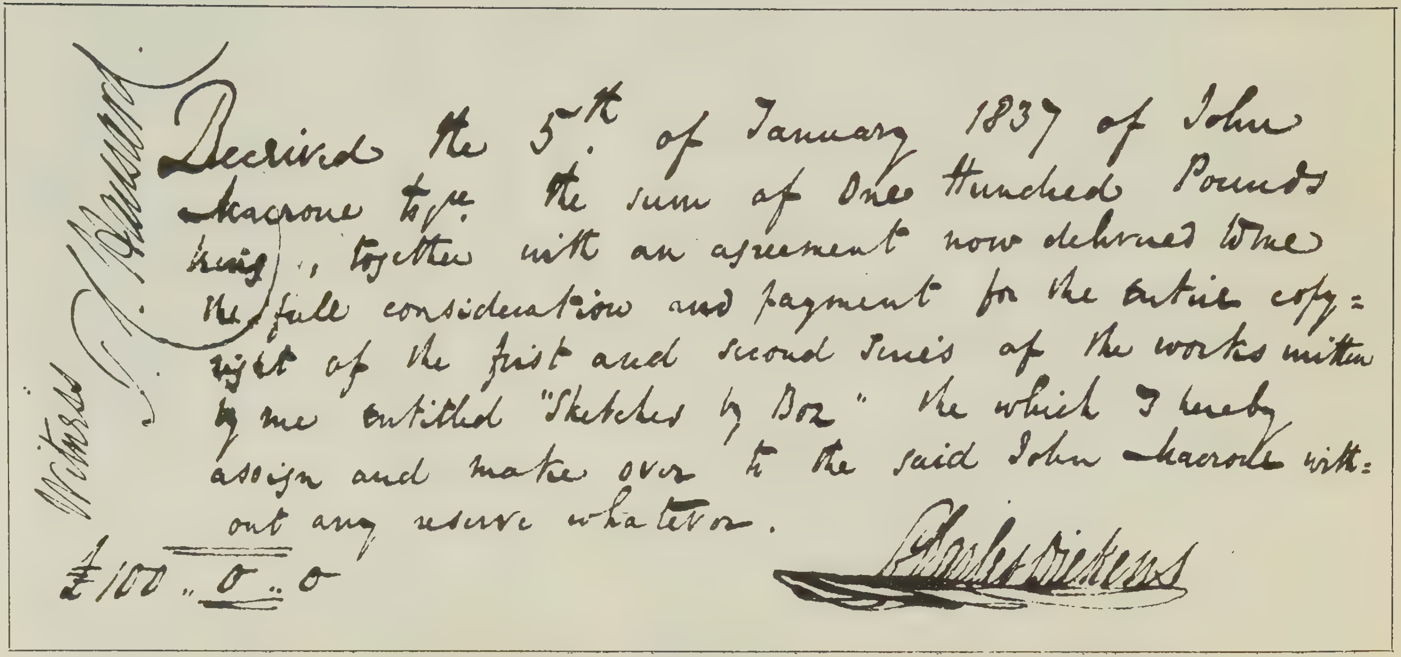
Macrone's affairs were placed in Chancery. Thomas Hansard had not been paid his account for printing the Second Series, and, failing to get any satisfaction and after a delay of nearly two years, he conceived the idea that Dickens was "a partner to the amount of one half in those works at the time of printing and consequently liable for the whole." The correspondence is preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library. He instructed his solicitors, Foss and Clark, of 36 Essex Street, to write Dickens for the amount. This they did on May 2nd, 1839. Dickens passed this letter over to his solicitors, Smithson and Mitton, to deal with, and the usual correspondence ensued. Mitton saw Dickens on the subject and got him to put in writing his account of what had taken place some two years before. The following letter is now published for the first time by the courtesy of the Huntington Library.

The Cottage,
Petersham,
Monday, May Thirteenth, 1839.

My Dear Sir,

You wish to know what my recollection is of the arrangements I had with Mr. Macrone relative to my Sketches. I will tell you.

For the first edition of the first series I had three or four days after the publication £100. I never was a partner. I never signed



Received the 5th of January 1837 of John Macrone Esqre. the sum of One Hundred Pounds being, together with an agreement now delivered to me the full consideration and payment for the entire copy=right of the first and second Series of the works written by me entitled "Sketches by Boz" the which I hereby assign and make over to the said John Macrone with=out any reserve whatever.

£100 " 0 " 0

Charles Dickens

Witness [illegible] Ainsworth

any agreement to be a partner. I never claimed or received one sixpence as a partner in the publication of that work.

I think for the first edition of the second series I had 150 pounds, but I am not certain what the previous amount may have been. I only know that I had no partner's share—no share at all—in the profits and never dreamt of such a thing. A dispute arose between myself and Mr. Macrone whether an agreement for a novel, which we had together, was not understood to be cancelled between us. As it was not actually cancelled, he had the legal power of enforcing it, or claiming damages against me. I—upon the negotiation of this very same Mr. Hansard who acted for "his friend" Mr. Macrone, and acted so very strongly, too, that my friends and I always supposed him to have a pretty considerable share with the gentleman in the profits of my works—I gave up to Mr. Macrone the copyright of both series of Sketches on getting back the agreement. The rest you know. First and last by these books I had some £400. Macrone had some £4000 and the copyrights were purchased back again by Chapman and Hall for £2000.

Of this purchase Mr. Hansard was cognizant, and not a word said he then of his bill being unpaid or my having ever been a partner—which, indeed he knows I never was, as well as any man alive, and better. For all evidence and explanation on those matters pray apply to my friend Mr. Forster, who negotiated matters on my behalf with Mr. Macrone and his fidus Achates Mr. Hansard, and can set the question entirely at rest. Whatever you do pray apply to me no more. You have my assurance I will not pay the money or a sixpence of it. I will not characterize this proceeding of the printer's just now as it deserves, but I'll bide my time, and may perhaps have a word or two to say about it one of these days which will raise his honest wrath.

Faithfully yours,

To Thomas Mitton. Charles Dickens.

Two days later Smithson and Mitton communicated this letter in almost its entirety to Messrs. Foss and Clark, and it looks as though the matter ended there.

The present publication of these documents is a complete and satisfactory answer to the baseless charges which have from time to time been brought against Dickens in respect to his relations with his first publisher. W. D.

DICKENSIAN FETE AT GAD'S HILL PLACE

On Saturday, June 30th, 1934, a fête will be held in the grounds of Gad's Hill Place (by courtesy of Miss W. Stuart Burt) in aid of the funds of Higham Parish Church (the "Church on the Marshes" of *Great Expectations*). Dickens's house will be open for inspection; stalls will be given Dickensian titles, and helpers will be in appropriate costumes. The old Rochester coach will be in attendance. The Dramatic Section of the Rochester Branch will present some short Dickens sketches, and the proceedings will end with Mr. Fezziwig's Ball. Mr. W. Laurence Gadd, who will judge the costumes, is giving valuable assistance in the organisation of the fête.

LIMEHOUSE LUCK
OR
THE LEAD MILLS LOCATED

BY GEORGE F. YOUNG

NOT Gaffer's "luck." No body-snatching for me. Once I saw a body which had been in the water for a month. For my part any money that may have been in the pockets was as safe as the two pennies on the eyes of the departed Mr. Gamp.

All the same my luck has been in, down Limehouse way. I had come expressly to find the Lead Mills described in *On an Amateur Beat.* Therefore my starting point was Limehouse Church. But at Ratcliff Cross I missed my way and got down by the riverside. I wasn't sorry for that. Coming over a swivel bridge I noted in Limehouse Lock not only a miniature "Mr. Baker's Trap," but also a passable, if not possible, Brig Place. Thank you, Colonel. Exactly.

I was put on the right road by some expert dart-throwers with whom I mingled in the tap-room of "The Fellowships." "The Grapes" if you prefer it, but I don't. Crossing Narrow Street I found in Brightlingsea Place a picturesque cluster of cottages, one of which bore a stone inscription, TRIGG'S PLACE, 1823. No! they did not stand on the brink of a little canal. But the name sounded so familiar that I took the liberty of christening the lady standing in the little doorway of No. 9 "Mrs. MacStinger"; and in my mind's eye could see Captain Cuttle in his room above, which was (and is) at once the first floor and top storey.

I reached the church through the adjacent Church Row; and noticed that No. 5 was being treated to a new brick front. No flight of fancy here. For here lived that pattern for all godfathers, Christopher Huffam—"a man who knew his duty and did it."

Now in Chapter 35 of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, we are given two definite clues as to the location of the Lead Mills. They were quite near the church. And at the time the story was written the premises were owned by a man and his two sons. There is a third; and that is that the Mills which Dickens first saw, must have been west of the church. I argued that if Dickens had finished his "beat" at the church *before* he saw the Lead Mills, then obviously his thoughts were of home. Therefore, he would be walking westward; probably to take train from Stepney Station: just as he did after completing his *Small Star In the East* excursion.

Between church and station, I came upon Island Row, "leading to the Lead Mills." Not *the* Lead Mills. Mr. Sarfas soon convinced me of that. The only *White* Lead Mills in the neighbourhood were in Burdett Road, and had been there for "donkeys'" years.

Now as Burdett Road is east of the church, I needed something more from friend Sarfas to send me there. I got it in the name of the firm. A very long name, but the "Johnson and Sons" part of it intrigued me. Could they be the successors of *the* father and son ?

I retraced my steps, and on the canal bank in Burdett Road found the firm I wanted. A clerk was sceptical. Yet sufficiently interested to put me in touch with one of the directors by telephone. In ten seconds I was convinced. In half-an-hour I was at the city offices of Locke, Lancaster, and W. W. and R. Johnson and Sons, Ltd.

Then and there I got the story of the Lead Mills, fully confirmed by documentary evidence which Mr. Keith H. Johnson produced from his safe.

It all started with the publication of *A Small Star in the East* story which appeared in *All The Year Round* dated 19th December, 1868. In that story Dickens tells of a case of lead-poisoning he met with in East London. And although in the main he confined himself to what he was told, there is no doubt that the average reader is left with the impression that Dickens himself had a very poor opinion of the conditions governing the manufacture of white-lead.

At that time there existed in the Commercial Road, a small blue lead and paint factory. It was a shade west of the church and on the opposite side of the way. The name of this firm was Johnson and Sons, and the address, No. 4, Waterloo Place. It was this building which Dickens saw as he was leaving Limehouse Church. Waterloo Place has gone, and the petrol station at the corner of Waterloo Street occupies part of the site. Johnson and Sons also owned *the* white-lead mills which still exist in Burdett Road ; and it was not till 1894 that the title of the firm was changed.

Of course, the Johnsons read Dickens's story ; and at once recognised in the Irishwoman and her two daughters, three employees of their own. The mother was a Mrs. Hurley ; the married daughter a Mrs. Crawford ; and the name of the single daughter—the poisoned one—was Mary. Their address was No. 1, Ratcliff Cross.

So on 24th December, 1868, a long letter of protest was sent to Dickens. In it was a frank admission that they were the employers of the family he had visited. They were fully aware of the dangerous nature of the work, and took every possible precaution. A dozen and one methods were employed to obviate risk. These included constant medical supervision, special clothing, and the use of respirators. Most important of all, a full-time attendant whose job it was to see that the hands of the workpeople were thoroughly cleansed in one of the many wash-basins provided, before they took any food. Then follows an assurance of the longevity of their workpeople. The letter ends :

> "The special family whom you visited are now at the Works, a mother and 2 daughters, they have been employed on and off for the last five years. The girl who was ill was at work yesterday and appeared quite well. Our medical man saw her and tells us the discharge from the ears would not arise from the Lead, but probably from some pressure on the head ; the girl having been used to

carrying great weights in connection with her work at sack making, which employment she also follows.

" Knowing the great interest you take in the welfare and improvement of the poorer classes we beg to add we shall be glad at any time you think fit to show you over our Works and enable you to test the accuracy of our statements and also to hear from the people themselves their feelings as to the efforts made by us on their behalf. We also venture to add that we think ourselves in a degree entitled to a little sympathy in the matter and that it is somewhat hard after all we have done, to be held up, though certainly not by name, to the public as employing those who have no choice between starvation and being ulcerated and paralysed for 1/6 a day.

We are, Sir,

Very respectfully yours.

P.S.—Our Medical Man Mr. J. S. Cummings asks us to enclose the accompanying note on his behalf in reference to the same subject."

Of course this letter produced a reply from Dickens. Here it is in full.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester.
Kent.
Tuesday Twenty Ninth December, 1868.

Gentlemen,

I have not the slightest doubt of the strict accuracy of every word of your communication received here this morning. Knowing from the instance of the Sheffield Sword Grinders and their magnetic mask, and from other analogous cases, how difficult it is to induce ignorant people to take precautions provided for them when doing dangerous work, the contents of your letter are no surprise to me.

You will have the goodness to observe that "The Lead Mills" were a mere abstraction to me when I wrote the paper which has attracted your attention, and that I did not then know where they were, or the name of your firm. But I was so anxious to be just, that although I was attended in my visit to Stepney by a physician, and although we saw other clear indications of Lead Poisoning besides the one instance named (and that only in the words of the Irishwoman; not in mine or with remark of mine), I forebore to state them.

It will afford me pleasure to see your Works for myself, and I will give you a few hours notice of my coming, on my return from Ireland, about three weks hence.

Mr. Cummings' letter is not so moderate as yours or so reasonable. He does not sufficiently discriminate between the Irishwoman and her visitor, and surely cannot in reason suppose that the caller, in graphically presenting her exact words, endorses them! If they were presented otherwise than as a piece of character, can he possibly suppose that a writer at all accustomed to read or observe, would record that a young woman's brains were coming out at her ear.

Both he and you may rely on my being perfectly free from any prepossession or prejudice against you, and being more than willing to set you right.

I am, Gentlemen,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs Johnson and Sons,
4, Waterloo Place,
Limehouse,
London, E.

We know that Dickens did visit the factory and proved himself "more than willing" to put the firm right. From Limehouse Church, he walked westward to the smaller factory in Waterloo Place, and from there was conducted eastward, past the church and so to the white lead factory in Burdett Road. Hence in concluding his account of the visit which appeared in *All The Year Round*, 27th February, 1869, under the title of *On An Amateur Beat* we read "Retracing my steps over my beat, I went off duty."

The two "frank conductors" were Robert Johnson who wrote the letter to Dickens and was grandfather of Mr. Keith Johnson; and Matthew Warton Johnson, grandfather to Mr. Maxwell Johnson—a co-director with Mr. Keith Johnson in the business.

That is the whole and true story of the Lead Mills; and the most-read poisoning case in history. From it two points emerge. They are, that Johnson and Sons convinced Dickens that so far as their firm was concerned he appeared to know very little about the conditions governing the manufacture of white-lead. And Dickens on his part recognised the fact in handsome fashion. "They had nothing there to be concealed," he wrote, "and nothing to be blamed for."

I have to thank Mr. Keith Johnson for taking so much trouble to set me right as to the facts. Also for a copy of his grandfather's letter to Dickens and of his notes made at the time. I am grateful, too, for a copy of the letter from Dickens which, with Mr. Johnson's permission, is now published for the first time.

It matters not that I was unable to accept a very kind offer of a tour of the factory. I happen to know that the present firm is a model one. It is also true that marvellous improvements have been effected in the prevention of lead-poisoning in the White Lead industry. In his report for 1931, the Chief Inspector of Factories stresses these points; and goes on to say that there was only one reported case of lead-poisoning for the whole year, in White and Red Lead factories in England.

Incidentally, this little story of the Lead Mills, furnishes the informaion asked for sixteen years ago by an old and valued contributor and correspondent of *The Dickensian*, I hope that the patience of Mr. Ardagh is not exhausted.

* * *

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

BY W. MILLER AND E. H. STRANGE

(*Continued from page* 124)

PART VII.

COVER.

The outer front cover differs from its predecessors IV to VI only in the serial number VII. It should bear at the bottom the date MDCCCXXXVI as before. The back cover advertises outside "The Pictorial Album" for the year 1837, and bears the two imprints of Chapman and Hall, and of Bradbury and Evans, Printers, as in Parts IV-VI. The cover inside is one continuous advertisement, back and front, of the First Volume of "The Library of Fiction or Family Story Teller." The Publishers' Address takes up about the lower half of the front leaf and the upper half of the back leaf of the cover, and ends with a list of fourteen contributors, including "Boz."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of an "Advertiser" of eight unnumbered pages preceding the plates and a small slip, verso blank, dated September, 1836, advertising "A Large Chart, entitled 'Phrenology Made Easy.'" On page 1 of the Advertiser, Smith, Elder, and Co. advertise "New and Interesting Works." Page 3 advertises "New System at Bull's Library," page 5 "London Therapeutic Institution," and page 7 "E. P. Doudney and Son," with two woodcuts, the lower running horizontally across the page.

PLATES.

The plates, like those of all the preceding parts, bear the clearest evidence of the priority of certain impressions over all others. Mr. Pickwick In the Pound. (1) In the first state the beadle's staff has a white knob, the pipe in the mouth of his next neighbour is very indistinct, as is the stick in the hand of the boy just behind the left corner of the pound. The hind legs of the larger donkey are not indicated at all. The woodwork of the pound to the left ends indefinitely. (2) All these details were made very distinct in the second issue of the plate. The church in the background is much more solidly drawn, instead of being lightly sketched in, and the woodwork of the pound is extended to the left of the picture. Mr. Pickwick and Sam in the Attorney's Office. (1) In the first state of this plate the door leading into the clerk's room is only shaded in the lower right corner and the lower panel is only outlined in part. (2) The shading has been extended to the top left corner of the lower panel which is now completely outlined.

TEXT.

This consists of two insets of sixteen pages, pp. 179-210. The first issue has the following distinguishing points :—

Page 179.—Line 9 of first paragraph, the "l" of "lations" is perfect, in the stereotyped second issue it is usually broken.

Page 194.—Line 7, the "b" in "bagginets" is missing in the first issue.

Page 202.—Line 30, the "r" in "for" is upside-down, and the first issue text reads "Sept." not "Aug."

PART VIII.

COVER.

Outer front cover has merely the distinctive serial number VIII. Inside front cover is the same as in Part VII, except that "This Day is Published" is substituted for "In The Course Of October Will Be Published." Apart from this the Publishers' Address is word for word the same, ending with "Original Tales or" on front cover and continuing "Sketches" on the inside back cover. On the latter, however, at the foot of the page, is advertised No. 8 commencing the Second Volume of "The Library of Fiction." Back wrapper, like that of Part VII, advertises outside "The Pictorial Album," "Early in November," however, not "In the Course of November."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of an "Advertiser" of eight unnumbered pages and a four page inset on blue paper, octavo, numbered on page 3 only, advertising Geo. Henekey And Compy, Wine Merchants to H.R.H. The Duke of Sussex. The "Advertiser" has on page 1 Mr. Tilt's announcement of "Splendid Annuals for 1837," dated October 1, 1836. Page 3 advertises "Palmer's Pocket Toilets," page 5, T. Cox Savory and D. A. Doudney's "Important New Invention! The Andrometer," the last word in type occupying the whole breadth of the page. Page 7 is the same as in Parts VI and VII, but page 8 has as the middle of three advertisements "Brown Stout Porter."

PLATES.

Reference was made in dealing with the plates of Part VI to their hardness and brilliance as compared with the plates which had preceded them. The plates of Part VII also are in comparison rather sketchy, like the plates in Parts I to V. The plates of Parts VIII and IX are even harder and more brilliant than those of Part VI. The Ipswich plate facing p. 254, in particular, is magnificent in its clarity and fineness of line. All four plates in Parts VIII and IX stood the strain of all the printing necessary until, with the publication of the bound volume, four totally different plates were etched with captions. Impressions in all monthly parts are, therefore, the same, with no difference of line or point to show retouching of the same steel plates or duplication of plates. Phiz's plates for Part III, to replace the Buss plates, have the same qualities as the plates for Parts VIII and IX and belong to the same period.

TEXT.

Page 211.—The Signature S at the foot of the page is perfect in the first issue, tends to become broken in the second. Line 21 from the bottom, the "l" of "life" is perfect in the first issue, usually broken in the stereotyped issue. Line 14, between the letters "th" of "beneath" there is in the second issue a small circular point, due to the fragmentation of the metal in preparing the stereo and diagnostic of a stereotyped text.

Page 215.—The "E" of "THE" in the title "The Old Man's Tale" is perfect in the first issue, usually broken in the second. In the latter, also, the numeral 2 in the page number is often broken or set too high up.

Page 223.—Line 9 from bottom, usually a quad mark after "beneath" in the first issue.

Page 225.—Line 17 from bottom, the "e" of "reg'larly" is almost absent in the first issue, corrected in the second.

Page 227.—First line, the query mark is broken in the first issue, made whole in the second.

Page 233.—Line 8, there is usually in the first issue a quad mark between the words "I ever."

PART IX.

COVER.

Front cover outside has the distinctive serial numeral IX. Inside front cover advertises "Tilt's Miniature Classical Library." At the bottom of the page is announced as nearly ready "Bartholomew Fair: A Humorous Poem," illustrated by George Cruickshank. So far as we know this was never published. Back cover inside announces three books by Longman, Rees, and Co., Heath's "Picturesque Annual," "Hints on Etiquette" and "Short Whist." Outer back cover announces fourteen "Popular and Amusing Works" published by Charles Tilt, including eleven of George Cruikshank.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These are much greater in bulk than in any previous number. The "Advertiser" is of twelve pages unnumbered. Page 1, "The Imperial Classics," published by William Smith. Page 3, "Frazer's Magazine For The Ensuing Year." Page 5 is headed by John Murray's announcement of "The Complete Works of Lord Byron" in seventeen volumes. Page 7, "Elegant and Cheap Christmas Presents," by Richard Bentley. Page 9, "Genuine British Wine Establishment," 17 Lower Holborn, and Page 12, "Rowland's Kalydor," "Vincent's Gowland's Lotion," and "Allingham's Corn Cure."

Back advertisements number 28 pp. (1) An eight page inset, unnumbered, of Chapman and Hall. Page 2 announces this present Part itself, p. 4 contains a list of fifteen contributors to "The Library of Fiction" headed by "Boz," p. 6 ends with an appreciative quotation from "The Metropolitan Magazine," and p. 8 from one from the Salisbury Journal. (2) A four page inset of smaller size advertises "The Parterre," published by Effingham Wilson, Junior. Page 1 has two specimen engravings, and p. 4 contents of Volume III and Volume IV. (3) An eight page inset, pp. 2-8 numbered, of Works Published by W. S. Orr and Co., London. (4) A four page inset on yellow paper, unnumbered, advertising "Jenning's Landscape Annual." (5) Geo. Hennekey And Compy.'s advertisement, as in Part VIII but on pink paper.

PLATES.

As before noted the two plates Mr. Weller Attacks the Executive of Ipswich and Job Trotter Encounters Sam in Mr. Muzzle's Kitchen are the same in all copies appearing in parts.

TEXT.

Distinguishing marks of first issue text are the following :—

Page 244.—Line 9, earliest impressions have a quad mark between "advice" and "Sir."

Page 248.—Line 10 from bottom, a quad mark between "the" and "Magistrate."

Page 253.—Line 17, an inverted comma between the words "directed by," removed from the stereotyped second issue.

Page 254.—Second paragraph up, lines 4 to 11 are not straight in first issue. This was corrected in the stereotyped second issue. Line 15 between the words "its" and "particular" in most first issue texts there is a quad mark. In the very earliest texts with signature N2 this mark had not yet appeared, however.

Page 256.—A quad mark between third and second last words of the page.

Page 260.—Line 29, "hodling his hand," corrected in the second issue to "holding."

Page 261.—Signature at bottom of page is N2, corrected very speedily to X2. Line 25, no space between two last words.

Page 266.—Line 19, there is a quad mark before the line. At the bottom of the page there is a quad mark under the word "about," absent, however, from N2 texts.

Page 267.—The 7 of the page number is higher than the 26.

Page 268.—Last line, "h" of "housemaid" is set too high up in first issue, corrected in second stereotyped issue.

A SUGGESTED SOLUTION OF *THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD**

BY W. J. PHYTHIAN-ADAMS

A SOLUTION of this mystery, at once interesting and simple, lies ready to the hand of the reader if he is prepared to give full weight to the scenes in the opium den. In the first of these the " keynote," which according to Dickens's note was to be " touched " throughout the chapter, is to be found without difficulty in the constant repetition of the word " Unintelligible." It may even be that this was itself the original title of the first chapter but that it appeared to Dickens on reflection to reveal too much : hence his further note " Change title to THE DAWN." The master-clue in this scene is given in one word : " There has been chattering and clattering enough between them, but to no purpose. When any distinct word has been flung into the air, it has had no sense or sequence. Wherefore, ' unintelligible ! ' is again the comment of the watcher, made with some *reassured* nodding, and a gloomy smile." The significance of this word does not become apparent till Chapter xxiii, when the opium woman is gloating over the unconscious Jasper : " ' Unintelligible,' I heard you say, of two more than me. But don't ye be too sure . . . . . *I may have learned the secret how to make ye talk, deary.*' "

It follows as a fairly obvious inference from this that Jasper's raving must be taken literally ; and indeed no other explanation would accord with his graphic gesture in the course of it, when he darts forward to point at the ground " as though at some imaginary object far beneath." We are to assume, in short, that in his half-dazed condition (brought on by the special preparation of the pipe) he is disclosing the route by which he led his victim to the hiding-place where his body was to lie. This route he describes as follows : " ' It was a difficult and dangerous journey . . . . . a hazardous and perilous journey, over abysses where a slip would be destruction. Look down, look down ! You see what lies at the bottom there ? ' " That his " fellow-traveller " made the journey with him in a conscious condition appears to follow from Jasper's memory of the actual night of the murder : " ' No struggle, no consciousness of peril, no entreaty.' " He must have decoyed Edwin along this route, perhaps by a laughing challenge to his courage, and murdered him at the end of it (" ' look what a poor mean miserable thing it is.' ").

Where, then, are we to look for this route ? Clearly it must be somewhere in the Cathedral, for the Cathedral looms large both in the book itself and in the murder-ridden dreams of Jasper. Clearly also it must be high up above the ground. The Tower or the roof, then ? But neither of these is possible, for we are expressly told that the very morning after the murder Durdles was aloft with workmen repairing the damage of the storm. But what of those " level low-arched galleries " into which Jasper and Durdles " emerged " as they climbed

* (For comments on this theory see page 231.)

"the winding staircase of the great tower"; those galleries from which they could "look down into the moon-lit nave"? Here, surely, we are on the right track! What words could better describe the walk along an unfenced clerestory gallery than "a hazardous and perilous journey, over abysses where a slip would be destruction"? So the outlines of the plot begin to emerge. By his use of a duplicate key (from a mould taken from that of Durdles?) Jasper must have explored these galleries and found in connexion with one of them a safe means of disposing of his victim's body. To conceal it within the masonry would, of course, be his wisest plan, but the labour and difficulty of such a task would have been presumably too much for him. If, however, he could find a recess or chamber large enough to receive a human body, and far enough along such a gallery to be beyond the reach of the inquisitive but drink-sodden Durdles, he would have secured a hiding-place which might escape detection for a century. He had then only to lure Edwin along the gallery to the fatal spot, strangle him there with his scarf and bury him in the quick-lime which he had procured secretly from Durdles' yard: and he might rest satisfied that no one would come upon the body till, in the absence of such outward proof as the jewellery, all evidence of its identity had disappeared.

Such are the inferences which may be drawn from the narrative as it stands. It is of interest, therefore, to note that Rochester Cathedral, the original of Cloisterham, provides to this day the exact conditions which are required. At the north-east and south-east corners of its Choir Transept there are winding staircases leading first to two rooms, called respectively the Treasury and the Indulgence Chamber, and thence to the clerestory gallery which runs completely round the Chancel. Were both these staircases in working order it would thus be possible to ascend by one of them, walk round the Chancel, and come down by the other, visiting both chambers on the way. As it happens, however, the door-way in the south-east corner was long ago blocked up, so that access to the Indulgence Chamber can only be had by making the long and hazardous journey from the other end. Indeed, as the guide-book puts it, this room "is little used now, if at all, possibly because of the rather adventurous approach to it." Such a place might not be free for long to-day from the zealous attentions of vergers or the antiquarian interest of the more youthful visitors, but in the middle of the last century it must have been thought of as more or less inaccessible and certainly not worth a dirty and perilous scramble. No one, in fact, of that generation was in the least likely to discover the body of the lost Edwin and, in discovering it, to bring his murderer to justice: it remained for Jasper to convict himself out of his own mouth, and through the drug which had made him a criminal to pay the penalty for his crime.

PICTURES IN PROSE

BY MARY L. PENDERED

I.

IT is a mere truism to say that one of the most supreme gifts a writer can possess is the power of evoking images in the mind of the reader. For the mind is a mirror upon which genius can throw a mirage of vivid reflection ; so vivid that even the unimaginative may be induced by its magic to see things invisible to the eye of flesh. Every writer of fiction strives for this end, but few succeed. It is somewhat pitiful to see how many of our moderns make futile attempts by piling on adjective to adjective, analogy to analogy, comparing everything on earth with something else. " The sun went down like a red lamp in a purple sea," " The waves lashed and roared like hungry lions," and so on. I once counted half a dozen such similes in a page of Mary Webb's, and the effect achieved was a smudge rather than a clear picture.

Dickens possessed this picture-making quality in a superlative degree. It would not be true to say that he was never guilty of over-emphasis, of using one adjective to bolster up another, for he frequently erred in this way. But at his best he achieved his effects by a distinction of word and phrase that is the hall-mark of quality, and his second-best surpasses the best of most other authors. Critics have, from time to time, accused him of having no literary art, have assumed that he worked without care or thought, flinging his ideas on paper as they surged up into his mind and thinking it of no importance how they were expressed. Nothing could be further from the truth. He may have had more regard for his matter than his manner ; he was not of the school of Flaubert or Henry James ; but he was never a slovenly writer. He had a *flair* for the right word ; he knew the proper use and value of words and rarely employed a wrong one. I am sure he loved the sound of beautiful and sonorous words as much as any poet, and if he poured them out so too copiously as he sometimes did, it was because he felt that he had so much to say and so little time to say it in. That he *did* work over his prose—correct, reject, and select his words—we have ample proof in the MSS. he left behind, as well as in the voluminous books that were printed. Any writer can see in them the signs of careful selection.

There can be no doubt that Dickens's power of creating living types and characters has over-shadowed his no less marvellous gift of picture-making. His readers have always been so fascinated by them that they have failed to note the vivid beauty of their background. It is, like the scenery at a theatre, contrived to show up the actors and their acting. But how much more it is than that ! He makes us see our own home and country, our hereditary houses, our mean streets and slums. He gives us vivid glimpses of cathedral cities and sea-side resorts ; interiors of various homes and the intimate life in them. We have unforgettable scenes in old London and old Paris ;

descriptions of crumbling buildings and streets haunted by spectres of crime and misery.

II.

Take this picture of a manufacturing town.

> "It was a town of red brick, or of brick that would have been red if the smoke and ashes had allowed it ; but as matters stood it was a town of unnatural red and black like the painted face of a savage. It was a town of machinery and tall chimneys, out of which interminable serpents of smoke trailed themselves for ever and ever, and never got uncoiled. It had a black canal in it and a river that ran purple with ill-smelling dye, and vast piles of buildings full of windows where there was a rattling and a trembling all day long, and where the piston of the steam engine worked monotonously up and down like the head of an elephant in a state of melancholy madness. It contained several large streets all very like one another, and many small streets, still more like one another, inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hour, with the same sounds on the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and tomorrow, and every year the counterpart of the last year and the next. If the members of a religious persuasion built a chapel—as the members of eighteen religious persuasions had done—they made it a pious warehouse of red brick, with sometimes a bell in a birdcage on the top of it. The solitary exception was the New Church ; a stuccoed edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs."

Note the perfect simplicity of this description ; its lack of verbal ornament, its effects achieved without over-emphasis or inflated language. Plain, limpid English such as all educated folk use every day, and yet of a certain distinction in its words and phrases. You will find few Latin words in it, few unusual ones ; but could there be a clearer picture of a certain type of industrial town ?

Here is another picture which contains a different element—that of eeriness.

> "A house centuries old, on high ground, removed from the road . . . In the lifeless quadrangle was a mouldering statue becoming visible, like its guardian ghost . . . while in the ancient rooms, many of them with their walls and ceilings falling, beams and rafters hanging dangerously down, plaster dropping, windows half walled up, half broken . . . I discovered a gallery commanding the old kitchen and looked down, between ballustrades, upon a massive old table and benches, fearing to see—I know not what dead-alive creatures come and seat themselves, and look up, with dreadful eyes—or lack of eyes—at me ! All over the house I was awed by gaps and chinks, where the sun shone sorrowfully at me, where the birds passed and the ivy rustled and the stains of winter weather blotched the rotten floors. Down at the bottom of dark pits, into which the stairs had sunk, green leaves trembled, butterflies fluttered and bees hummed in and out through the broken doorways."

Is it not full of atmosphere, this moving picture of a once happy home fallen in decay? "The sun stared sorrowfully at me." We are not surprised to know that the boy who stood there was "frightened and cried." Frightened of himself, he says, of his own emotions, at the awe and strangeness of it, as a sensitive and imaginative boy might well be.

A book might be written on Dickens's pictures of old houses—forlorn houses, malign houses, neglected, ugly houses, haunted houses and houses that have long been the secret abodes of crime. I think of two, especially, that always give me a shudder. One is that dreadful crumbling old mansion of Mrs. Clennam's in *Little Dorrit*, propped up outside and full of strange noises within; of which we read: "The debilitated (note the perfect word) old house, wrapped in its mantle of soot and leaning heavily on the crutches that had partaken of its decay and worn out with it—" "The noise of a mysterious kind, a sound of rustling and of three or four quick beats, like a rapid step." Ugh! Is it not ghostly and horrible? The other is Mr. Dombey's house, a veritable masterpiece of pure description. It is far too long to quote in full, but a few extracts will suffice to show its quality.

> "No magic dwelling place in magic story, shut up in the heart of a thick wood, was more solitary and deserted than this mansion in its grim reality, as it stood, towering on the street; always by night, when lights were shining from neighbouring windows, a blot upon its scanty brightness; always by day a frown upon its never-smiling face. There were not now dragon sentries keeping ward before the gate; but beside a glowering visage with its thin lips parted wickedly above the archway of the door, there was a monstrous fantasy of rusty iron, curling and twisting . . . over the threshold and bearing on either side two ominous extinguishers that seemed to say 'Who enter here leave light behind.'"

III.

Those of us who have a literary sense of the colour of words, the use of verbal images, will be always looking behind the story and characters in Dickens's works for evidences of this picturesque quality in his art. He describes a train running through a rural station in such a way that its commonplaceness is lost and it becomes a thing of weird beauty. "A trembling of the ground; a quick vibration in the ears; a dull light advancing, quickly changing to two red eyes and a fierce fire; an irresistible bearing on of a great, roaring, dilating mass; a high wind and a rattle—the rush of a giant as it fled past and the track of glare and smoke along the valley."

Our modern writers, who spend half their pages in description, would find this picture hard to beat.

One finds other examples scattered everywhere, like jewels. "The collapsed fire in the middle of the grate, bordered on either hand by a deep, cold, black ravine—" "As the room-ridden invalid settled for the night these shadows would gradually disappear—one magnified shadow always flitting about last until it finally glided away into the air as though it were upon a witch excursion"—a perfect picture of a sick room, with a nurse preparing for rest. And the description of Hampton Court's tenants as "Gypsies of gentility encamped in a venerable pile." What could surpass it?

Sometimes we have vignettes sketched in among the stories of men and women as in the description of the scene in a field after Lord Verisopht's duel with Sir Mulberry Hawk: "The sun came out proudly in all his majesty; the noble river ran its winding course; the leaves quivered and rustled in the air: birds poured out their cheerful songs from every tree; the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came in. And amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty, tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky."

None of your "sun like a glowing lamp" kind of thing here! Only simple words full of deep meaning and feeling. The contrast between all that spring life and joy against the icy immobility of death. What a poignant picture it is, in a few sentences!

Such a vignette, of a different colour, is the description of Betsey Trotwood's sitting-room: "The old-fashioned furniture, brightly rubbed and polished, the inviolable chair, the drugget-covered carpet, the cat, the kettle-holder, the two canaries, the old china, the punch-bowl full of dried roseleaves." What writer will not appreciate that "inviolable" as a perfectly appointed adjective to describe the chair that has come to be held sacred to the use of an old person in a house? Such words as this, and the "perplexed" pattern of a carpet, bring home to us the literary art of Dickens, as well as his acute sense of observation. He noticed everything and sought the exact word to describe it, always a distinguished word. And this is what differentiates a major from a minor author. "I have painted the thing as I saw it, for the God of things as they are," sang Kipling. That is easy enough. But not so easy to find the precise colour that will paint the thing so vividly that *others* see it.

Take this description of Canterbury.

> "Early in the morning I sauntered through the dear old tranquil streets and again mingled with the shadows of the venerable gateways and churches."
>
> "The rooks were sailing about the cathedral towers; and the towers themselves, over-looking many a long, unaltered mile of the rich community and its pleasant streams, were cutting the bright morning air as if there were no such thing as change on earth. Yet the bells, when they sounded, told me sorrowfully of change in everything—told me of the many, never old, who had lived and loved and died while the reverberations of the bells had hummed through the rusty armour of the Black Prince, hanging up within, and, motes upon the deep of Time, had lost themselves in air as circles do in water. I looked at the old house from the corner of the street. The early sun was striking edgewise on its gables and lattice windows, touching them with gold; and some beams of its old peace seemed to touch my heart."

Its old peace seems to pervade the heart of any reader who is sensitive to atmosphere in prose. One can shut the eyes and see the ancient town as it has existed since the Canterbury Pilgrims arrived, tired and hungry, to sojourn at the quaint taverns and worship at the Holy Shrine.

IV.

In his treatment of the supernatural Dickens is more thrilling than any of our detective writers to-day. His *Edwin Drood* is positively uncanny. Without setting out to deal with the occult and unknown, it has set the world speculating on its plot and mystery ever since. For he knew exactly just when, and how, to use the cunning word that suggests mystery and provokes query. Even when he tells a ghost story with his tongue in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, as in the *Pickwick* stories, he can give us a thrill. It has always struck me as odd, by the way, that, in his most comic book, Dickens introduced so much of the supernatural. But the ghostly visitants of *Pickwick* do not curdle the blood. He does not intend them to do so. It is when we come to the Christmas books, and others more or less serious in tone, that we are given that queer sense of the mysterious and supernatural that sends a shiver along our nerves. Take that chapter in *Barnaby Rudge*, for instance, when the little bell-ringer appears at the inn, after his uncanny experience in the church—" a complete picture of terror." " The perspiration stood in beads upon his face, his knees knocked together, everything trembled, the power of articulation was quite gone, and there he stood gazing on them with such livid, ashy looks that they were infected with his fear, though ignorant of its occasion; and, reflecting his dismayed and horror-stricken visage, stared back again."

And so are we readers infected, as we read on. " I have heard it said that, as we keep our birthdays alive, so the ghosts of dead people, who are not easy in their graves, keep the day they died upon. How the wind roars ! "

Dickens was not only a born writer, he was a born actor, and he saw scenes like this with an actor's eye to effect. That break off from the narrative to say " How the wind roars ! " is a masterly touch. And when we arrive at the end of the story—" at the same moment I heard a voice outside the tower—rising from among the graves—never tell me it was fancy—I heard the wind whistle through the arches of the church. I heard the rain driving against the walls. I felt the bells shake. I saw the ropes sway to and fro and I heard that voice. But that's not all." We are worked up into that state of suspense which is the essence of drama. What next ? What is to happen ? Imagine it acted and how the audience would react to it, in breathless expectation, with shivers running down its spine. Reading it one sees the jovial little company round the Maypole fire, their faces blanched with sudden fear, and can feel the thrill that runs through them.

V.

This, of course, is but a fragment of the whole. It is, however, enough to show how this powerful imagination worked and expressed itself in words; how those words are simple and without any straining for flamboyant effects. He had a picture to paint and he painted it without dipping his brush into scarlet and purple; without wasting adjectives or piling up images. Here and there we find a striking word or phrase—"ghost-beleaguered," "touched him like a spectre hand"—but no more. And you will realise, in every description that Dickens wrote, his desire to set the scene before you in plain terms. Sometimes his own fancy ran away with him; but one is never haunted by the feeling so many other authors rouse, that he is trying to "show off," to impress his readers with his own cleverness and literary skill. In short, he puts his readers first and forgets himself in the joy of creation, as genius must.

As we grow old the years take from us the full powers of memory, "and we forget because we must and not because we will." We read and forget what we read; we remember the books that have enchanted us, but recall their incidents, names, and characters but vaguely. It is only here and there a scene stands out clearly and boldly, etched on memory with a sharply-pointed style. Thus, I recall vividly in the work of Dickens, two scenes that are unforgettable. One is that in which Miss Havisham sits in her wedding attire, while her bridal cake lies in cobwebs near. The other is the description of the Chateau in *A Tale of Two Cities* when the abominable Marquis lies with a knife in his heart and, around it, a paper with the words "Drive him fast to his tomb. This from Jacques." The masterly way in which we are led up to the supreme drama, step by step, every word adding to the effect of the *dénouement* is a triumph, not only of genius but art. I would ask you to notice the atmosphere created before we reach the grisly climax. Here is a passage full of it.

> "The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, the fountain at the Château dropped unseen and unheard—both melting away like the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then the grey water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the Château were opened. Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow the water of the Château fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and, on the weather-beaten sill of the Marquis one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At this the nearest stone face seemed to stare amazed and, with open mouth and dropped under-jaw, looked awe-stricken."

The force of suggestion was, surely, never more strongly shown. But the whole chapter is a marvel. Anyone who has ever doubted that Dickens was a great artist—and a great dramatic artist—should turn to Chapter VIII of *A Tale of Two Cities.*

THE MARSHALSEA PRISON ONE HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE DICKENS

BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.

IN a recent article on the Fleet Prison I dealt with the findings of the Committee which in 1729 was appointed to enquire into the state of the gaols of the Kingdom.

I propose now to adopt the same method of procedure regarding the Marshalsea.

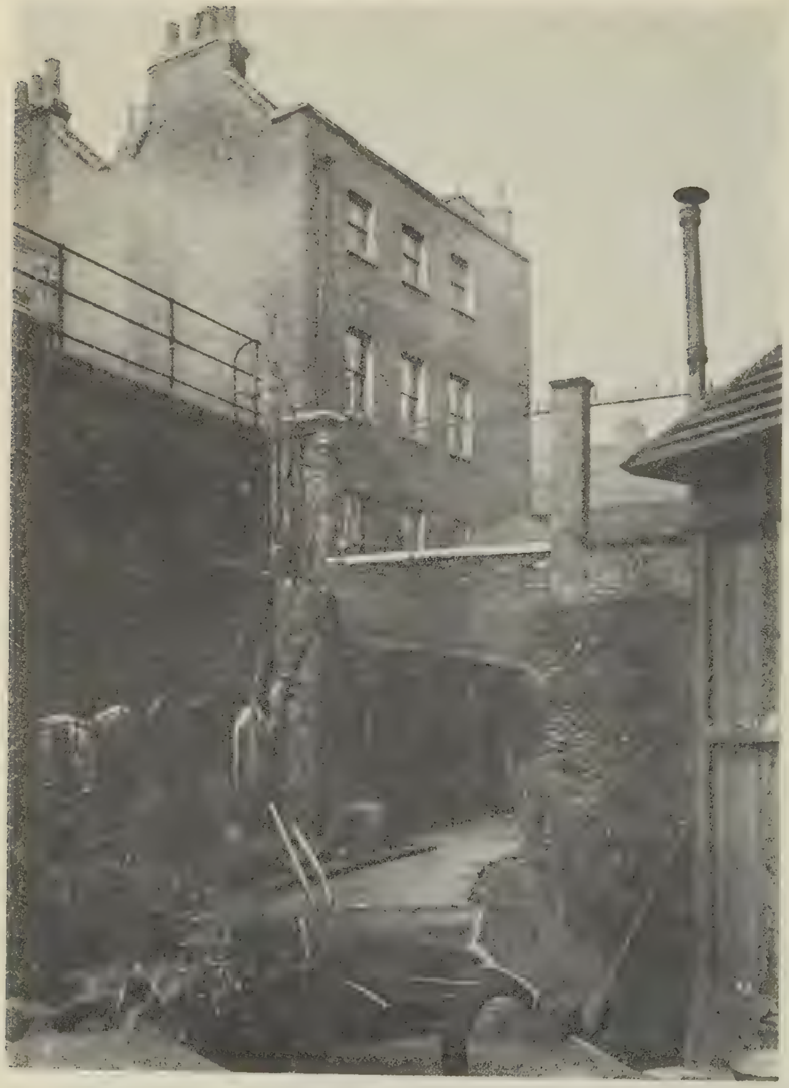
Of its very early history, that it stood opposite Maypole Alley in Borough High Street, Southwark; that it was mentioned in the fourteenth century; that in Elizabethan times it was the second of the London prisons, enough is known to render it irrelevant to the purpose of this article further to elaborate it, so we will proceed to relate certain of the findings of this Committee on the irregular control of an institution the namesake of which, nearly a century later, was to house the unfortunate John Dickens.

Happily as a direct result of the recommendations of this Committee the lot of the novelist's father was considerably alleviated by the elimination of many of the evils which were practised at the time of its survey.

In 1720, one John Darby was constituted Deputy Marshal of the prison by Sir Philip Meadows, then Knight Marshal of the King's Household, and one of the articles of agreement under which the appointment was made forbade the "said John Darby, without the Knight Marshal's Consent in Writing . . . to Farm the said Offices, or any of the Fees, Profits, Advantages, or Benefits thereof . . ." Contrary to these conditions the John Darby aforementioned had, it appears, indulged in a considerable amount of "farming," which actually included the letting "to William Acton butcher the Marshalsea Prison for 140L per Annum"! Further, the lodgings of the prisoners were let for a further £260 a year for a period of seven years.

All manner of artifice and oppression was practised, especially upon newcomers, with its unsympathetic interior: money was illegitimately exorted from them for obtaining the liberty of going to the Master's Side; in order to create a greater profit from the sale of liquors and food the servants of the Keeper obstructed the transport of necessary food and drink; the price of beer was raised to such an extent that the "necessitous Prisoner is obliged to pay Three-pence per Quart for worse Beer than he can buy out of the Prison for Two-pence Half-penny"; a further reprehensible practice was that of extorting from those newly committeed what was termed "garnish money." This levy was conducted by the prisoners themselves upon all unfortunate newcomers, and the custom became so rooted that a table of garnish fees was exhibited in various rooms. Objectors were rudely treated.

The gaol was divided, as was usual, into two parts, the Master's Side, and the Common Side. Several rooms in the better "apart-



A New View of the Marshalsea from St. George's Churchyard

From a Photograph specially taken for The Dickensian by Wm. A. Clark, F.R.P.S.

ments " were kept empty, a state of affairs no doubt due to the inability of the prisoners to pay the " high season " charges demanded by the rascally John Darby, while in the poorer quarters as many as nine men occupied three beds in one room; and as each man paid half-a-crown a week, the weekly income from this one room realised £1 2s. 6d.

A further instance of the gaoler's inhumanity was that in view of the fact that it would necessitate the occupation of another room, for which he would get no further remuneration, sick persons were not given permission to move their abode, and were obliged to lie, many of them until they died, with the other occupants of the same room.

The Common Side housed in 1729 no fewer than 330 prisoners, who were herded into wards (sixteen feet square) to the tune of thirty, forty, and even fifty to each ward. The floor space not being adequate to their all lying down, the first comers had the doubtful privilege of ascending to hammocks to make room for the others.

In being confined under such conditions from 8 (or 9 in summer) in the evening until 8 (or 5 in the summer) in the morning, it is little wonder that during a hot summer night men were stifled for the want of air, and many perished. A day seldom passed without a death from one or another cause, and it is significant that the commonest finding of the Coroner's jury was " died of want."

Certain charities existed towards the subsistence of the prisoners: these being, at this time, £10 yearly left by Sir Thomas Gresham, and £1 a year paid by each county in England, commonly called exhibition money. All these charities were received and dispensed by a steward chosen by the inmates of the Common Side. The Commission discovered, however, that certain other charities had been received by John Darby and others who had not applied them to the purpose intended. Had not this money been appropriated it was estimated that there should have been sufficient money from charities to provide every prisoner in the gaol (even though they numbered as many as 300) with a weekly allowance of bread of 2 lbs. —a mere pittance, but sufficient to have saved the lives of many, if not all, those poor wretches whose death by starvation put an end to an existence of indescribable misery and privation.

Prisoners had a right to nominate persons to go about with begging boxes and baskets, and to give them deputations under their hands and their common seal to make such collections, but since the seal had been taken away the now necessary counter-signature of the Deputy Marshal resulted in an increase both in the parlour and in the pocket of that individual.

It may not be generally known that in the Marshalsea of these early eighteenth century days were incarcerated not debtors only but pirates also: numerous sailors, boastful of their marine depredations, mingled with the cowed, spiritless debtors, and upon more than one occasion were the instigators of attempts at escape. Upon the recaptured fugitives were perpetrated a series of cruelties which will not bear relating: thumb-screws, the iron collar, coupling with a dead prisoner, the iron skull-cap—implements, one would have thought, of medieval days.

We will conclude with a few statistics. The number of prisoners lying in the Marshalsea for debt in 1729 was : Master's Side, containing thirty-three rooms, eighty. These occupied thirty-six beds and paid, most of them, half-a-crown each a week. The weekly income amounted to £10 13s. 6d., which in a year became £555 2s. 0d.

On the Common Side, where there were 118 beds or hammocks, 319 poor wretches were housed. The total weekly income came to but 16/-, which was made up of a rental of 4/- paid by the cook for the liberty of selling provisions to the prisoners, a further 7/- by seven other prisoners for the privilege of using the warrant room as a workshop, and 2/6 by two other prisoners who, possessing their own furniture, enjoyed the almost unheard of boon of sharing a room together. The total amount collected per annum therefore in both sides of the prison totalled £596 14s.

Pulled down in 1780, the Marshalsea was rebuilt in 1811 on ground adjoining St. George's Churchyard and, let it be added, *this* was the structure immortalised by Dickens in *Little Dorritt.* It remained in use until the court was abolished in 1849. Portions of the old prison still remain ; for further particulars see Mr. George F. Young's article in *The Dickensian* for 1932, page 219.

HACKNEY AND STOKE NEWINGTON BRANCH COMES OF AGE

On the 24th February the Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch kept its twenty-first birthday by holding a dinner at "Ye Olde Dr. Butler's Head." Many distinguished members of Headquarters assisted at the celebration and a real Dickensian atmosphere prevailed. Mr. W. Miller, the founder of the Branch, proposed the health of the Branch, and Mr. W. J. Saunders made an original and admirable speech on "The Immortal Memory." The musical part of the programme was of unusual excellence, the humorous recitations of Miss Mellish and the Dickens Sketches of Mr. Tom Edwards were admirable, while the singing of Miss Greatwood and the splendid voice of Mr. Eric Starling delighted everyone. Mr. W. R. Power, President, was in the Chair, and closed the evening with the beautiful blessing and wish from *The Uncommercial Traveller* : "May the blessing of God await thee ; may the sun of glory shine around thy bed ; and may the gates of plenty, honour, and happiness be ever open to thee . . . May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams ; and when the length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the Angel of God attend thy bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction." It was an evening which will not readily be forgotten.

SOME NOTES ON HATTON AND CLEAVER'S BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DICKENS

BY E. B. HAYNES

FOLLOWING the publication of Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver's Bibliography I have been able to check my own collations with something carrying the stamp of authority. It is with caution that one criticises a work of that nature, but I think one or two errors have crept in, particularly in the collation of *Bleak House.* For the rest, I should like the following notes to be regarded as interrogatory as much as critical, in the hope of (with the assistance of your readers) determinating finally on the points raised.

I had intended to include a number of remarks on *Pickwick,* and perhaps to carry our knowledge of that a shade further, but it will probably be convenient to defer the subject until the completion of the Strange and Miller series now appearing in this publication.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

In regard to the wrappers, in parts X onwards, the imprint of Bradbury and Evans varies considerably. I have noted from two to five variations. The word " London " is often missing, and in one case, only the words " Printers, Whitefriars " remain out of the whole imprint.

PART II.

In those copies examined, I find that Mechi's catalogue differs from that in part VIII, in that at the bottom of page 14 the word " durggists " appears.

PART IV.

I think the correction on page 123, line 17, " sister " for " visiter " must be regarded as a stop-press alteration, and as making the copy in which it appears a later impression of the first issue rather than a definite second issue.

PART VIII.

In Mechi's catalogue, page 14 at bottom, the word " druggists " now appears, thus distinguishing it (in my copies) from the catalogue in Part II.

Does the " Tyas " advertisement regularly appear in this part ?

PART IX.

I have noted two varieties of Ackermann's advertisement, one printed by Charles Wood and one by James Moyes.

PART XI.

One copy examined contained Ackermann's advertisement printed in black by James Moyes, as in Part IX.

PART XIII.

One copy examined had 4 pp. Ridgways' advertisement in lieu of Grattan and Gilberts'.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT

PART XIII.

In all my copies, the Eagle Life Assurance Company's advertisement differs slightly from that in Part IV, by having one thick and one thin line on page 1, under "Established by Act of Parliament, 1807." In Part IV, there is one thin line and one thick one.

DOMBEY AND SON

It may be noted that the plates in this work, as in those following, face each other, and not (both of them) the text.

PART XI.

Does the slip, Letts, Son and Steer occur regularly in this part, or are such remainders from Part X ?

Examining a score of copies, I find the error "capatın" appearing in 75 per cent. of them, which would seem to show that the error persisted a considerable time.

PART XIV.

I find the error, no "if" on page 426, line 9, much commoner than the omitted page-number 431.

BLEAK HOUSE

To the list of the six "Household Words" slips must be added one more, which I may call 3*a*. This belongs to Part XII. It is dark green, so far as noted, and may be distinguished from issue No. 3, by the reading "The First, Second and Third Volumes . . ." Issue No. 3, reads "The First and Second Volumes . . ."

PART I.

I have not noted the advertisements of Mott and Norton in this part. Where these advertisements do appear, they are so regularly found that I am wondering if an error has crept into the collation given. The reprinted text may be recognised by having the word "puite" for "quite" on p. 16, line 14 up.

PART II.

The reprinted text has, on p. 51, line 7, the "r" of "really" without foot, and on p. 49, line 24, the "a" and "d" of "had" faulty.

PART III.

The reprinted text has on p. 76, line 14, the last letter "f" without top.

The "Crochet Cotton" slip very often precedes Waterlows' advert.

PART IV.

The reprinted text has on p. 111, line 3 up, the last letter "f" without top.

In this part I find the "Household Words" slip may be either issue No. 1, or issue No. 2.

PART V.

The Allsop advertisement is not the same as that in Part VII. On p. 4, appears the reading "May be obtained in casks . . ."

Part VI.

I think issue No. 2 of " Household Words " slip may be occasionally found.

Part VII.

The Allsop advertisement has the reading on p. 4, " That the Public might form . . . "

Part IX.

The reprinted text has on p. 287, last line, " to " faulty.

Part X.

The reprinted text has on p. 311, no stop after " CHAPTER XXXII."

The " Crochet Cotton " slip is not as in Part VIII. The final line on p. 2 reads " A New and Original Design will be issued every month."

Part XII.

The " Household Words " slip must be issue 3*a* as stated above and not issue 3.

Part XVI.

I have not noted the occurrence of the 8 pp. " Grace Aguilar " slip in this part. Is it normal ?

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

It is perhaps worth noting that a number of exceptional slips appear in some of the parts, mainly issued by Chapman and Hall.

As a rule they are pasted to the first page of the Advertiser, announcing various works. Those noted are as under, but there are probably others.

Part I.	Announcing	" Harry Lorrequer " pink paper, Chapman and Hall.
Part III.	,,	"Charlie Thornhill," orange paper, Chapman and Hall.
	on verso,	" Select Library Editions of Charles Lever's Novels."
Part V.	Announcing	" The Belle of the Village," brown tinted paper, Chapman and Hall.
	or another	" Mary Seaham," Chapman and Hall.
Part VI.	Announcing	" Katherine and Her Sisters," brown tinted paper, Chapman and Hall.
	or another	" The Sorrows of Gentility," Chapman and Hall.
Part VIII.	Announcing	" Uncle Silas." cherry coloured paper, Richard Bentley.
	on verso,	" Memoirs of Henrietta Temple."
	or another	" Oswald Gray," orange surfaced paper, Adam and Charles Black.
	verso blank	

Part IX.	Announcing	“Charlie Thornhill,” as in Part 1, Chapman and Hall.
Part X.	,,	“Two Years Residence in a Levantine Family,” orange paper, Chapman and Hall.
Part XIII.	,,	“Mrs. Mathews,” green paper, Chapman and Hall.
Part XIV.	,,	“The Life and Adventures of a Clever Woman,” green paper, Chapman and Hall.
	or	“Heckington,” brown paper, Chapman and Hall.
	or	“Charles O'Malley,” green paper, Chapman and Hall.

These, although apparently part of a general design, can hardly be regarded as essential to the collation.

Part X.

The Norton advertisement in this, and in all succeeding copies where it occurs, is not the same as in Part II. In Parts II, IV, VI, and VIII, the words “SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED,” is in tall block capitals.

In Parts X, XII, XIV, XVI, and XVIII, these words are in smaller double-lined fancy capitals.

Part XIV.

The “Economic Life” advertisement is not stitched in. Doubtless this accounts for its rarity.

Part XVII.

The “Mappin and Webb” advertisement in this part is not the same as in Part XIV. In Parts XIV, XV, and XVI, the name and address at foot of page 1 is in two lines, in smaller capitals, followed by 4 lines of text. In Part XVII, XVIII, and XIX/XX, the name and address at foot of page 1 is set in 3 lines, in larger capitals and is followed by only one line of text.

Part XIX/XX.

I have noted the “Mappin and Webb” advertisement also on yellow paper.

(Continued from opposite page)

Now, like the old man in the child's story, as memories crowd upon me, all the friends I have known and loved, come back and stand around me, and though I am writing these lines alone in my study, I am not alone for they are all there and I cannot do better than close these jottings with the words of the great master.

“So he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all.”

And last of all those words of the haunted man,

“Lord keep my memory green.”

SEVENTY YEARS JOURNEY

By C. TYNDALL WULCKO
Formerly Editor "World Travel"

"THERE'S milestones on the Dover Road" was a famous expression used by Mr. F's aunt in *Little Dorrit*. She was also apt to remark about a certain person, "Drat the man, he's here again"; but having reached the period described by Dickens in *The Child's Story*, "I am always remembering," it occurred to me that a few jottings by one who has loved Dickens as long as he can remember might interest members of the world-wide Fellowship.

I remember when Dickens died, my mother, who was one of his ardent admirers, was deeply grieved and read to me some extracts from his writings, which so charmed me, though I was only seven at that time, that I soon began to read and love his books myself, and that love has never waned.

Sketches by Boz first appeared in "The Monthly Magazine" from 1833, just one hundred years ago, and fifty years after, in 1883, when I was twenty years of age I penned my first "sketch," as a humble disciple of the great master. I will not say copyist or plagiarist, because I believe everyone, if he or she has any capacity for writing at all, possesses a distinctive and personal style, and some of my good friends assure me I have that quality.

My sketch was an attempt to portray the personality of an old shoemaker or "snob," familiarly known as "Old Abby," and now, fifty years later, just before reaching the seventieth milestone, I have sent for publication my 120th contribution to a series of "milestones," or fingerposts, for readers of the works of Dickens, which the Editor of *The Dickensian* has been kind enough to dub "Cameos."

In another way I was a follower of Dickens in my love of the stage, and of acting. I became a member of an amateur dramatic society when I was twenty, and when business compelled me to give that up I have continued from time to time to assist in theatrical performances, and have presented many Dickens characters, some of the most successful being Sydney Carton, Justice Stareleigh, Sergeant Buzfuz, David Copperfield and Jarvis Lorry.

I remember many associations of Dickens "atmosphere." I spent some years in a Chancery lawyer's office, and have often been to the old Chancery Courts, now pulled down. This gave added vividness to *Bleak House*, and my intercourse with barristers, added to Martin Harvey's magnificent rendering of Sydney Carton, helped me in my personation of that character.

Later I was for a time at an old-fashioned bank, where the chief, though the public offices of the bank were lighted by electricity, refused to have either gas or electric light, and worked by the light of two tall candles on his table, and wore bushy side-whiskers and a huge moustache. Many of the older clerks were inveterate snuff-takers. Just the atmosphere for Jarvis Lorry, a name bestowed on me by my Dickens friends, and the pen-name on many of my sketches.

(*Continued on opposite page*)

WISDOM FROM JOHN WILLETT

Argeyment is a gift of Natur.

* * * * *

The proper time, sir ! the proper time's no time.

* * * * *

What would any of us have been, if our fathers hadn't drawed our faculties out of us ?

* * * * *

Do you think, sir, that I'm a born fool ; an't the evidence of *my* senses enough for you ?

* * * * *

My toughness has been proved, sir, in this room many and many a time, as I think you know ; and if you don't know, so much the better, for I an't proud and am not going to tell you.

* * * * *

When your opinion's wanted, you give it. When you're spoke to, you speak. When your opinion's not wanted and you're not spoke to, don't give an opinion and don't you speak.

* * * * *

Never you mind about the moon. Don't you trouble yourself about her. You let the moon alone, and I'll let you alone.

* * * * *

When I was your age I never talked, I never wanted to talk. I listened and improved myself, that's what *I* did !

* * * * *

How do *you* know which it is ? I'm not aware I ever told you, sir.

* * * * *

If, sir, Natur has fixed upon me the gift of argeyment, why should I not own to it, and rather glory in the same ?

* * * * *

The diversion I recommend is to go to the top of the monument and sitting there. There's no temptation there, sir—no drink—no young women—no bad characters of any sort—nothing but imagination.

* * * * *

When I want encouragement from you, sir, I'll ask you for it. You let me alone, sir. I can get on without you, I hope. Don't you tackle me, sir, if you please.

* * * * *

I can stand pretty firm of myself, sir, I believe, without being shored up by you.

* * * * *

I don't myself think that a ghost as had been a man of sense in his lifetime, would go out a-walking in such weather—I only know that *I* wouldn't, if I was one.

* * * * *

What do you mean by talking, when you see people that are more than two or three times your age sitting still and silent, and not dreaming of saying a word ?

* * * * *

If Nature has gifted a man with powers of argeyment, a man has a right to make the best of 'em, and has not a right to stand on false delicacy, and deny that he is so gifted.

LION HEARTS READY

BY
RUTH
WHITTAKER

MR. E. V. LUCAS once wrote an essay about a flower-girl, whom he asked, "When it's cold like this, is life worth living ?"

"Of course," was her splendid answer ; "aren't there the nights ?"

Dickens realised that in a world of misfits most of us live for the nights. Into them we cram all the experiences we can, tackling them with a zest and thoroughness which would astound our employers, regretfully exchanging our motley for sober grey when morning comes. For the nights are our own, our very own, though we are exiles throughout the day, and more than a hundred years ago Lamb voiced our rebellious feelings when he wrote, "For that is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself ; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his."

Mr. J. B. Priestley says of the clerks arriving at Angel Pavement each morning that they "were shedding a part of themselves, and that the most valuable part, leaving it behind, somewhere near the street door, where it would wait for them to pick it up again when the day's work was done . . . . . resenting at heart the temporary loss of their larger and brighter selves."

So, in Dickens, we have the twin Wemmicks, one fast in Newgate cobwebs, the other running up a real flag on Sundays. And, at the Nun's House, "Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Every night, at the same hour, does Miss Twinkleton resume the topics of the previous night, of which she has no knowledge whatever by day, and refer to a certain season at Tunbridge Wells (airily called by Miss Twinkleton in this state of existence, 'The Wells'), notably the season wherein a certain finished gentleman (compassionately called by Miss Twinkleton in this stage of her existence, 'Foolish Mr. Porters') revealed a homage of the heart, whereof Miss Twinkleton, in her scholastic state of existence, is as ignorant as a granite pillar."

Sim Tappertit reveals a still greater transformation : "Clear of the house he . . . laid aside his cautious manner, assuming in its stead that of a ruffling, swaggering, roving blade, who would rather kill a man than otherwise, and eat him too if needful." He had, moreover, "been seen, beyond dispute, to pull off ruffles of the finest quality at the corner of the street, on Sunday nights, and to put them carefully in his pocket before returning home; and it was quite notorious that on all great holiday occasions it was his habit to exchange his plain steel knee-buckles for a pair of glittering paste, under cover of a friendly post, planted most conveniently in that same spot."

And between the glittering paste and the plain steel, how much can be done! As Guppy so poetically puts it, "the ole garden is open to you, and your airy pinions carry you through it." Dickens, having memories, looked with kindly eyes on the pleasures of the humble, and his workers are never more interesting and alive than when they are engaged on what Chesterton calls "that rich and intricate mass of pleasures, duties, and discoveries which, for the keeping off of the profane, we disguise by the exoteric name of Nothing." In Arcadian London we find the doctor's servant now "seated on a fire-engine and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire," now romantically polking in the moonlight with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves; we see the unapproachable butler in his slippers, sitting on a rail in the sun. The Bath footmen, weary of the very vortex of society, find relaxation behind a greengrocer's shop.

These are more or less passive pleasures. When we have a man of action, say a Sim Tappertit, the nights are indeed on fire. You will remember Stevenson's joy at the remark of the Belgian boatmen: "We are employed in commerce during the day, but in the evening, voyez-vous, we are serious." Surely no one was ever more serious in the spending of his nights than Sim; he seems indeed to contain all the longings of all those "employed in commerce." He shares the common dislike of employment as such, regarding it as a disagreeable affair far beneath him: one can imagine him, had circumstances allowed him to join Mr. Potter and Mr. Smithers in manufacturing a night, strongly supporting their toast, "To the abolition of all offices whatever." Like so many of us, he realised that *he* was different, was made for higher things. "If I had been born a corsair or a pirate, a brigand, a genteel highwayman or a patriot—and they're the same thing," thought Mr. Tappertit, musing among the ninepins, "I should have been all right. But to drag out a ignoble existence unknown to mankind in general—patience! I will be famous yet! A voice within me keeps on whispering Greatness. I shall burst out one of these days, and when I do, what power can keep me down? I feel my soul getting into my head at the idea. More drink there!"

They are all so sure of themselves, these heroes of every night, so confident that they are the right leaders of forlorn—or hopeful—causes; not often a sign of fitness to lead. Sim "had a mighty notion of his order, which led him to consider what a glorious engine the prentices might yet become if they had but a master spirit at their head; and then he would darkly, and to the terror of his hearers, hint at certain reckless fellows that he knew of, and at a certain Lion

Heart ready to become their Captain, who, once afoot, would make the Lord Mayor tremble on his throne."

And the Prentices' Glory, unlike most of us, did noble things, not dreamed them all day long, and the result, if not exactly a sweet song, was at least a big noise. "Perhaps, sir, he kicked a county member, perhaps, sir, he tapped a lord—you may stare, sir, I repeat it—blood flowed from noses, and perhaps he tapped a lord. Who knows? This," he added, putting his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and taking out a large tooth, at sight of which both Miggs and Mrs. Varden screamed, "this was a bishop's. Beware, G. Varden . . . My bleeding country calls me, and I go!" Such deeds does this worthy knight accomplish that he can describe himself in all humility as "the leader of a great people, the captain of a noble band. Not a private individual, but a public character; not a mender of locks, but a healer of the wounds of his unhappy country."

A stray remark of Sim's explains with unusual frankness the attraction of the life of glory these small heroes weave for themselves: "I was there, everybody saw me there. I was conspicuous—prominent."

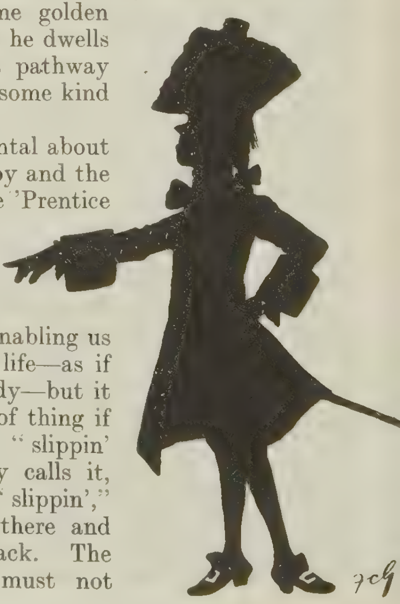
Dickens has commented more than once on "the wish of persons in the humbler classes of life to ape the manners and customs of those whom fortune has placed above them." Whilst one cannot help thinking this might be a good thing, as having some relation to an attempt at progress, it is certainly amusing to read of the nights of Horatio Sparkins, of Mr. Guppy's communications with the member of the swanlike aristocracy, and of Sim Tappertit's visits to Mr. Chester, when he apologises for "the menial office" of one "who, humble as his appearance is, has innard workings far above his station." Naturally, an attachment for his master's daughter is indispensable to a Prentice Knight; her interest in another, most bitter woe. "Something will come of this," said Mr. Tappertit, after noting Dolly's affection for Joe Willett, "something will come of this. I hope it mayn't be human gore."

Alas, we have not all Sim's glorious opportunities. Turgis, Priestley's Tappertit, when "Saturday sang in his heart," "paid his silver tribute to Aphrodite" at the cinema; Pip, in his apprenticeship, suffered an intellectual evening in the Pumblechookian parlour; Dickens worked unflaggingly at shorthand and was an assiduous student at the British Museum Reading Room, and many of us humbly devote our nights to trying to improve ourselves. But Dickens, one gathers, does not recommend such a course—for others. "The Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street is a great public benefit and a wonderful place," he says, "but we think a people formed entirely in their hours of leisure by Public Institutes would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five and twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had no personal experience, who had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cogwheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Brady; or had even gone the length of a Christmas pantomime."

Perhaps Polytechnics have changed since then; we should not recognise a crank or a cogwheel if we met one face to face—such things are far less likely to be on the syllabus than the Christmas pantomime. In fact as I write the latest poster of that same Regent Street Polytechnic is devoted to such activities as "Pantomime, Revels . . . . . And All the Fun of the Fair." The next will probably be announcing holidays abroad!

Of course, we know (or think we know) what Dickens meant; he wanted "the nights" to be a time of freedom, of escape from the drabness of the day. Certainly no one can doubt the spiritual necessity of a romantic background to illumine everyday life—but not as a substitute. Stevenson has crowned this in the term "Skeltery." "What am I? what are life, art, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped himself upon my immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor, penny world; but soon it was coloured with all romance." And in "The Lantern Bearers" he describes the bliss which he and a little band of boys shared in just walking abroad, on a black night, with a nasty-smelling bull's-eye lantern at their belts, hidden beneath their overcoats. He adds, "It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to the possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt."

It is easy to be smart or sentimental about the shoddy literature of the office-boy and the shop-girl, and the secret orgies of the 'Prentice Knights, which no doubt serve their purpose for a time—as a stepping-stone to something better. So much has been written about the "literature of romance" and its value in enabling us to escape from the dullness of real life—as if life weren't too full of interest already—but it seems to me it is a very poor sort of thing if that is all it does. The value of "slippin' round the corner" as Mr. Priestley calls it, depends partly on the mere fact of "slippin'," but more, surely, on what we see there and more still on what we bring back. The nightingale in the magic garden must not



devour our life time, but must teach us to sing ourselves; the bull's-eye lantern must make the real world more livable and more thrilling. As we climb the narrow stair with Mr. Riah, Jenny Wren, calling "Come up and be dead!" has a message of life, and larger life. And so, with Dickens for our bull's-eye lantern, we struggle to the light, in company with the 'Prentice Knights of all ages. "Up, up the hill come the people" writes Katherine Mansfield, of a Bank Holiday crowd Dickens would have loved, "with ticklers and golliwogs, roses and feathers. Up, up they thrust into the light and heat, shouting, laughing, squealing, as though they were being pushed by something, far below, and by the sun, far ahead of them . . . drawn up into the full, bright, dazzling radiance to . . . . . what?"

DICKENS'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK

THE New York Branch celebrated the 122nd anniversary of the birth of Dickens at the Hotel Brevoort. There were 135 present. Mr. William Dike Reed, the President, read a messages from various other branches of the Fellowship. The absence of Mr. Hopkins, due to illness, was regretted, and a message of sympathy was directed to be sent to him. Mr. Reed, in his introductory remarks, said that people all over the world were gathered together that evening to do homage to Dickens; that we admired his pathos and humour and reverenced him for his high ideals. Toasts to the President of the United States and the King of England were then given, followed by the singing of the national hymns. Dr. Brice gave the toast to the Immortal Memory, paying high tribute to his genius. He said that Cervantes represented the spirit of mockery, Shakespeare the mirror of life, Voltaire the critic, Milton the conscience, and Dickens the heart; that Dickens travelled from the blacking factory into a veritable fairyland, where he envisioned an innumerable host of spectres, which he brought into shape and being, creating characters that are imperishable. Other speakers were Mr. Frank Harvey Field, a former member of the Board of Education, whose subject was "The Reading of Books." He showed an appreciation of good literature and gave many enlightening thoughts on the reading of books. Dr. Harold George Campbell, Superintendent of Schools of the City of New York, followed. Among other things, he stated that there is no character in Dickens that does not live, and that he was one of the greatest reformers that ever lived. During the evening the guests were entertained by some lovely singing by Miss Baldwin, soprano, and Mr. McKenna, tenor. Thus was brought to a happy close another of those annual events in the history of the New York Branch of The Dickens Fellowship that commemorate the genius of Charles Dickens.

The March meeting of this branch was held in its new headquarters, the Women's University Club. Mr. Reed, President, referred to *The Life of Our Lord*, the publication of which showed a great revival of interest in Dickens. Miss Elsie Kissam Easton, well-known Dickensian interpreter, gave four readings with a distinct individuality to each of the characters portrayed, and brought out the humour in them in a most delightful way. In our new surroundings the brimming punch bowl and dainty cookies were not forgotten, and after the meeting we all adjourned to the adjoining room and partook generously thereof, and, as is our custom, enjoyed a half-hour of convivial discourse.

UNIQUE ITEMS IN FAMOUS DICKENS COLLECTIONS

4. THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

MANUSCRIPTS

Drafts for four of the Christmas Stories.
A Child's History of England, Chapter XII.
The Demeanour of Murderers.
Dreadful Hardships. [Dickens's rejected contribution to "Punch."]
Ecclesiastical Registries; being an attack on the gross abuses attending the various registries of wills.
Protesting against the prison laws of England.
Supposing.

CORRECTED PROOFS

Speech on Administrative Reform, June 27, 1855.
New Uncommercial Samples, 1869.

OTHER ASSOCIATION ITEMS

Reprinted Pieces, 1 Vol., with Dickens's signature.
"Love's Martyrdom" by John Saunders, 1854, corrected for the stage by Dickens.

This library also contains a collection of over 600 letters of Dickens which includes the whole of the correspondence with Maria Beadnell and W. H. Wills. Also the greater part of the correspondence with Thomas Mitton.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

For THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP and BARNABY RUDGE by "Phiz"; also instructions to "Phiz" regarding the illustrations for MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

PRESENTATION COPIES

SKETCHES BY BOZ, 1850. THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, 1854. OLIVER TWIST, 1853. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, 1854. THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, 1853. BARNABY RUDGE, 1853. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, 1855. AMERICAN NOTES, 1850. DOMBEY AND SON, 1848. DAVID COPPERFIELD, 1850. BLEAK HOUSE, 1853.

Each of these eleven items carries the following inscription:—

Charles Dickens
To Maria Winter
In remembrance of old times.

OLIVER TWIST. 1841. 3 vols. Inscribed to

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd
From his friend
Charles Dickens
Twenty-ninth December 1841.

BARNABY RUDGE. Inscribed [to T. B. Brindley]:—

From Charles Dickens
Fourteenth December 1843.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. 1843. Inscribed to

Lord Jeffrey
From his affectionate friend
Charles Dickens
Twenty-first December 1843.

THE STORY OF LITTLE DOMBEY. 1858. Inscribed to

Charles Dickens Junior
From his affectionate father
Charles Dickens
Seventh September 1858.

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH GRAMMAR. By Angelo Vergani. London. 1846. Contains the following inscription [to Harriet Hancock]:—

This is the best I can do in the Italian direction.
Servitore umilissimo.
C.D.
Saturday Fourth August 1855.

POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON. Edinburgh. 1839. Inscribed to

H.H.
From C.D.
December 1859.

In case you should need any mental ballast
for your journey, please accept this.
You will find it extremely effective in that direction.

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5. THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON

PERSONAL ITEMS

Tortoise-shell Card Case inlaid with flowers of mother-of-pearl. His wedding present to his wife.

Inkstand given to Miss Grace Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., by Georgina Hogarth.

Inkstand used most of all at Gadshill and shown on his desk in the "Empty Chair" picture. Presented at his request to his friend, Tom Beard.

Gold Mounted Cigar Case with monogram C.D. and engraved inscription:

"A Souvenir of Happy Memories
Rustling above the dusty grove of years
Come back GREEN LEAVES of yesterday."

A thought from Nicholas Nickleby, Ch. 49.

Given to Frank Beard by Georgina Hogarth.

A Lock of Dickens's Hair, given by Mamie Dickens to Charles Eliot Norton, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.

A Walking Stick.

Dinner Plate and Tureen bearing the Lion "crest."

China Ornament and Ivory Paper Knife from Dickens's desk at Gadshill.

Glass Scent Bottle; Mirror used by Dickens when travelling;

A Case of Razors; A Toddy Glass and Ladle; Cup and Saucer from Tea Service used at Gads Hill; Chain Purse; Silk Handkerchief; Kaleidoscope and Slides from Gads Hill.

Elizabethan Chair from Gads Hill.

C.D.

Ivory Field Glasses inscribed: 1842. To dear Charlie from G.H.

Rose taken off the body of Dickens, June 9th, 1870.

Reading Desk used by Dickens for all his readings. Given to his daughter, Kate, on the night of his last Reading, 16th March, 1870.

Dickens's Own Sketch for construction of above.

Two Candelabra purchased by Dickens at Genoa.

Copper Urn used by Dickens at Gads Hill.

The Writing Table from the Chalet.

Plaster Cast of Dickens by Thos. Woolner, presented to Dr. Francis Carr Beard, by the sculptor.

Dressing Table Mirror from Gads Hill.

Desk at which Dickens sat as a youth in Messrs. Ellis and Blackmore's Office, Grays Inn, from May, 1827 to November, 1828.

PICTURES

Dickens as "Sir Charles Coldstream" in play "Used Up." Painted by Augustas Egg, A.R.A., and presented to Dickens by the artist.

PRESENTATION COPIES

Three Volumes from his library, Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Walker's Dictionary. Each bearing Dickens's book-plate.

THE HAUNTED MAN OR THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. First Edition. Inscribed on title page, "C. R. Leslie from Charles Dickens, Seventeenth December, 1848."

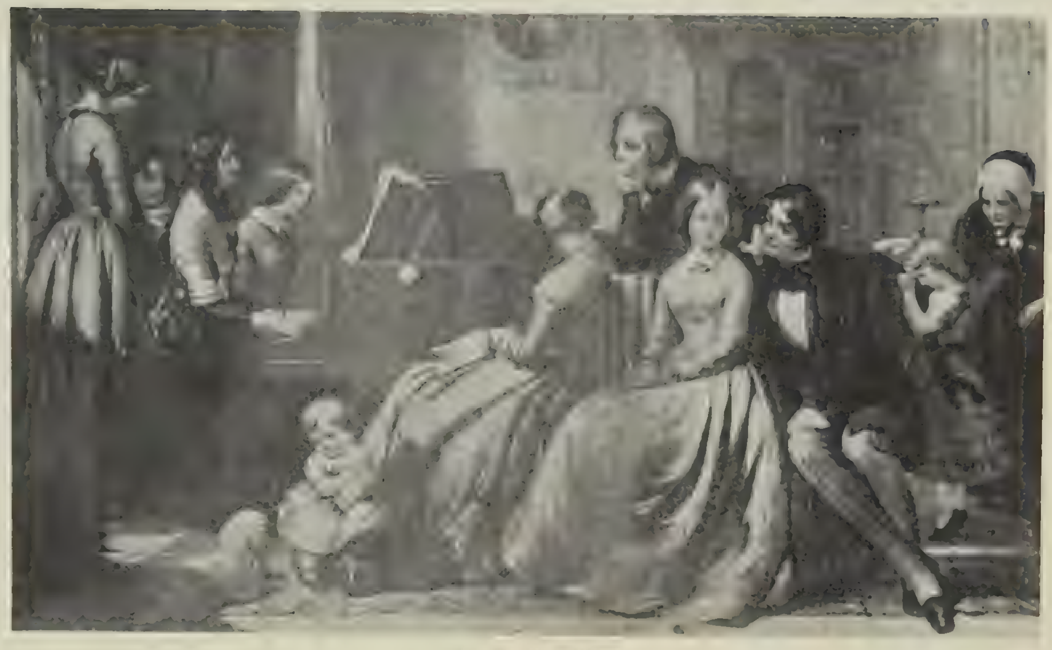
STOWES SURVEY OF LONDON, dated 1633, with inscription on fly leaf "J. A. Overs from Charles Dickens, July 1st, 1840."

Original Agreement between Edward Wilson Banks and Charles Dickens on the latter renting No. 48 Doughty Street, written on three folio pages and signed Edward Banks, 3rd April, 1837.

A FAMILY SCENE AT DEVONSHIRE TERRACE

By courtesy of the Editor of "The Sphere," we are able to reproduce a copy of a picture by Frank Stone representing Dickens in the Devonshire Terrace days. Dickens is in the foreground in conversation with a young lady whom the writer in "The Sphere" suggests might possibly be Maria Beadnell, but we think is more likely to be Georgina Hogarth, his sister-in-law. At the piano is probably his sister Fanny, and in the background, Charles junior. Leaning upon the piano is Tennyson, and in front of him, also facing the player, is Mrs. Dickens.

A Family Scene at Devonshire Terrace



By Frank Stone

RE-WRITING DICKENS

"How Dickens might be re-written," was the subject of a series of short papers read at the Hackney Branch. Mr. Rapsey wanted *Bleak House* with Skimpole and Boythorn, omitted as they were unfair portraits of Leigh Hunt and Savage Landor. Miss Trumble modernised *Our Mutual Friend* and gave a strange twist to the plot. Mr. Sutcliffe gave a new version of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.* Miss G. Eaton took *The Haunted Man* and made Redlaw a successful chemist, the inventor of a deadly poisonous gas. Seeing the terrible effect of this gas in warfare, he repents and refuses the ghost's gift. Mr. W. J. Saunders gave specimens of *Dombey and Son* as a blank verse drama, and Mr. McNulty wrote the past chapter of *A Christmas Carol* as it would have appeared if Scrooge had died before Marley. The subject is one of immense possibilities and a good answer to those who think they can improve Dickens.

MORE CHARITABLE WORK IN THE FELLOWSHIP

A report from Nottingham shows how well this branch is doing. Mr. Cooper Sands, as usual, bears the burden of the management, and considerable donations have been made to various charitable objects as a result of the past season's working.

* * * * *

We hear good accounts too of the Rugby Branch. There were 150 present at the Costume Dance in celebration of the Birthday, and the profits arising have been handed over to the hospital.

* * * * *

Manchester again celebrated the Birthday by the production of a play. This time it was *Oliver Twist,* adapted by Mr. Will F. Nicholson. Four performances were given, and 2,500 people witnessed them. As a result the handsome sum of £62 15s. resulted after paying expenses, and this has been handed over to the Northern branch of the National Library for the Blind. The first night's performance was attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Manchester and the Mayor and Mayoress of Salford.

The other meetings of the branch as per Diary have had most satisfactory attendances.

* * * * *

A delayed report from Cheltenham tells of the charitable work that has been going on there. At Christmas every blind person in the town had been well entertained, together with their guides. And the needy children were regaled to tea, with special Christmas cake, sweets and crackers. The Dickens Fellowship Cot in the local hospital is well maintained.

* * * * *

A feature of the Birthday celebration of the Pittsburgh Branch was *A Christmas Carol* played entirely by children from the Industrial Home for Crippled Children. The branch is raising a fund for the endowment of a Cot for the treatment of a crippled child in a hospital and already $660 has been subscribed out of the required sum of $1,500. In May last a splendid series of scenes from *Our Mutual Friend* was given for the benefit of this fund.

THE CLERGY IN DICKENS

BY W. A. BURTON

NO member of the Anglican Church, who is a lover of Dickens, can fail to be struck by the scanty mention of clergymen in his works. He gives, of course, inimitable sketches of humbugs, such as Stiggins and the Shepherd in *Pickwick* ; Chadband in *Bleak House* ; the brothers Gimblet and Hawkyard in *George Silverman's Explanation.* We seldom read, however, of a Church of England clergyman, and, as far as the present writer can remember, he never depicted a Dissenting Minister of the recognised denominations such as Wesleyan, Baptist, or Congregational. This is the more strange, as Dickens became famous at an exceedingly early age, and he must have come into contact with Anglican Clergy. It is true that for some time he attended a Unitarian Chapel, but there is no doubt that he would have described himself as a Churchman, and his writings, and especially his last Will and Testament, clearly show that he was a sincere and earnest Christian. As will be shown in this article, in his early books he makes only the barest mention of Clergymen, but in his last novels, he began to show more appreciation and knowledge of them.

In *Pickwick*, for instance, he merely mentions the benevolent Clergyman at Wardle's Manor Farm, who "Looked pleasantly on," . . . . . "for the happy faces made the good old man happy, too."

In a later visit of Mr. Pickwick to Manor Farm at Christmas time, we read nothing of the clergyman who officiated at the Church on the Christmas morning when "Benjamin Allen fell fast asleep, while Bob Sawyer abstracted his thoughts from worldly matters by the ingenious process of carving his name on the seat of the pew in corpulent letters of four inches long."

Again in *Oliver Twist* one only remembers the incident of the pauper's funeral, where the Clergyman, after keeping everyone waiting at the grave for over an hour, at last turned up, "putting on his surplice as he came along." And after having "read as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the Clerk, and walked away again." Certainly at the end of the book, we hear that Harry Maylie became a clergyman and was appointed to a living at apparently a very early age ; and that Mr. Grimwig used to criticise his sermons to his face.

At Paul Dombey's christening, the Clergyman was an amiable and mild looking young curate, obviously afraid of the baby. And later in *Dombey and Son* we read of "The Rev. Melchisedech Howler, who performed the marriage ceremony between Captain Bunsby and Mrs. MacStinger. Mr. Howler, we read, was one day discharged from the West India Docks on a false suspicion (got up expressly against him by the enemy) of screwing gimlets into puncheons (of rum) and applying his lips to the orifice. He seems then to have styled himself "The Rev." Melchisedech Howler, and opened a front parlour for the reception of ladies and gentlemen of the ranting persuasion to whom he announced the destruction of the world for that day two years at ten in the morning.

In *David Copperfield* there is just the mention of a Clergyman conducting the funeral of David's mother, and later in the book we hear of the Rev. Horace Crewler, who is a curate down in Devonshire with ten children, one of whom, Sophy, eventually married Traddles.

In *Sketches by Boz* under the heading of "The Egotistical Couple" we find Mr. and Mrs. Sliverstone. Mr. Sliverstone is a clerical gentleman, and apparently a very busy one, because his wife says that he had performed seventy-one christenings last week, and that what with the buryings, marryings, churchings, christenings and all together, he was so knocked up that he had to hold on the rails when going up the pulpit stairs on the Sunday evening, or he would certainly have fallen over into his own pew. Mr. Sliverstone, who had been listening and smiling, meekly says, "Not quite so bad as that," but admits on cross examination that he *was* very near falling upon the Verger, who was following him up to bolt the door, and adds that it was his duty as a Christian to fall upon him, if need be, and that he, Mr. Sliverstone (and possibly the Verger) ought to glory in it.

As far as the present writer can remember, there is no mention of any Clergy in *Nicholas Nickleby* and the sole one in *Little Dorrit* appears at the end of the story as the Clergyman who performed the marriage of the heroine to Arthur Clennam.

However, in *Our Mutual Friend*, we have a sympathetic picture of a hard-working man, the Rev. Frank Milvey. As readers will remember, he was often detained when he wanted to go out, by a certain Sally Sprodgkin, a parishioner who was in the habit of asking for information about the Amorites, or who begat whom, and had to be bought off by "a present of tea and sugar, and a loaf and butter." Mrs. Sprodgkin, however, in a discursive address "regarded tea and sugar in the light of myrrh and frankincense, and considered bread and butter identical with locusts and wild honey."

It is in *Edwin Drood* that Dickens depicts a really fine manly Clergyman, the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, the type of a muscular Christian. He uses, however, his wonderful powers of irony when he tells us of the conversation between the Dean and Mr. Crisparkle. Neville Landless, who was reading with Mr. Crisparkle, is under suspicion of having murdered Edwin Drood. The Dean deprecates Mr. Crisparkle having Neville Landless still at his house, and while Mr. Crisparkle agrees that Landless shall go elsewhere, he says:

"I am entirely satisfied of his perfect innocence, Sir, nevertheless," to which the Dean replied in a confidential tone:

"I would not say so, generally. Not generally." Mr. Crisparkle bowed.

"It does not become us," pursued the Dean, "to be partisans. We Clergy keep our hearts warm and our heads cool, and we hold a judicious middle course."

Mr. Crisparkle then said, "I hope you do not object, Sir, to my having stated in public, emphatically, that he will reappear here whenever any new suspicion may be awakened, or any new circumstance may come to light in this extraordinary matter."

"Not at all," returned the Dean, "and yet, do you know, I don't think," with a very nice and neat emphasis on these two words, "I *don't think* I would state it emphatically. State it. Ye-e-es. But emphatically. No-o-o I *think* not. In point of fact, Mr. Crisparkle, keeping our hearts warm, and our heads cool, we Clergy need do nothing emphatically."

The dignatories of the Church seem to be very much the same in 1934, as they appeared to Dickens in 1870.

In *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the Clergyman of the village where Little Nell dies is described as "a simple-hearted old gentleman of a shrinking, subdued spirit, accustomed to retirement, and very little acquainted with the world."

At the execution of the rioters in *Barnaby Rudge*, Hugh scoffs at the Ordinary as follows, "They say you are the best maker of lobster salads in London. Is it a good one this morning? Is your hand in? How does the breakfast look?"

In what a conventional way has Dickens drawn the Clergymen in *Pickwick*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. The passages quoted might have been written by anybody, and show no signs of his wonderful genius.

Possibly Dickens was unfortunate in the Clergymen whom he met, in view of the fact that the time at which he first rose to eminence was admittedly one of the most dismal in the history of the Church of England. On the other hand, he was at the height of his fame during the commencement of the Oxford Movement, but as far as one can judge it made no impression on him.

One cannot help wondering what view he would have taken of the Salvation Army had he lived another ten or twelve years. In all probability he would at first have held it up to ridicule, but would finally discovered its good points in spite of its early extravagances.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 134)

1, In pumping water out of the Peruvian Mines; 2, At Dingley Dell; 3, In Clerkenwell (Mr. Venus's); 4, With the points behind; 5, At the Micawbers' at Canterbury; 6, In Hornsey, Highgate, Brixton and Camberwell; 7, From the shape of the letters on his father's tombstone; 8, "Vhen you ain't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores"; 9, At Jarley's Wax Work; 10, By hand; 11, "When the greens is off her mind"; 12, at Peggoty's boat-house; 13, Tatty short for Harriet and Coram after the Fundling Hospital; 14, At Ipswich, when something behind the door prevented him from getting it opened quickly; 15, At Dr. Blimber's; 16, By subduing the appetite; 17, On the Day of Judgment; 18, At Garraway's Coffee House; 19, By getting up very early in the morning; 20, At the opening of *A Tale of Two Cities* in 1775; 21, In her voice, in her touch and round her figure; 22, Through the pores; 23, At the monthly meeting of the Brick Lane Branch; 24, At 2 Holborn Court, Gray's Inn; 25, By his nose coming down over his moustache, and his moustache going up under his nose; 26, When there was any wickedness going on; 27, In Minor Canon Corner; 28, By stirring his rum with a file; 29, When he signed the valentine "Your love-sick Pickwick."; 30, In the best parlour at the Pecksniffs'; 31, As the greatest forger and the greatest thief that ever cheated the gallows; 32, When she felt so dispoged; 33, At the "George and Vulture."

THE ADORABLE MENKEN

Adah Isaacs Menken was a minor poet of the 'sixties, a close friend of Swinburne, Rosetti, and Reade, and not unacquainted with Dickens, to whom, by permission, she dedicated her volume of poems entitled "Infelicia." But Menken was also an actress, who achieved notoriety through her acting in "Mazeppa" at Astley's and elsewhere. In her final scene she appeared sparsely clad, strapped to the back of a fiery steed. It is this act which has suggested to Mr. Bernard Falk the title for his sprightly biography.*

"The Menken," as she was often called, was somewhat of a mystery. Mystery always paid, and Menken was her own press agent. Mr. Falk, who knows all about such things, shows us how very clever she really was in this direction. She shocked the prudes of the period; yet there was nothing shocking (according to present-day ideas) either in her performance or in herself. Well may the modern man and woman wonder what all the fuss was about, since Menken as "Mazeppa" was clothed from head to foot not only in tights, but wore over them a loose-fitting blouse and trunks. Dickens saw her, as he saw most theatrical productions of his day, and when Menken heard of his visit, she expressed her appreciation of the honour, and invited Dickens to see her. Dickens gave an account of this to Forster in a letter printed in the first edition of the "Life," but as Mr. Falk points out, one of the many mysteries connected with this lady is that the account was omitted from subsequent editions. Mr. Falk also says that rumours were abounding of the suppression in "Infelicia" of the dedication to Dickens, and the reproduction of a letter from him to the authoress also printed in the little volume, but we have no record of any such rumours, and have not seen any copies of "Infelicia" without the letter and dedication, both extremely harmless productions.

We rather fancy Mr. Falk makes too much of Dickens and Adah Isaacs Menken. But then his knowledge of Fleet Street tells him the value of Dickens. He writes one whole chapter of 10,000 words under the heading "The Meeting with Charles Dickens," and we read page after page without finding any reference to that important personage. Then all at once we get under 2,000 words of the real subject matter! Menken was just like that; she could make much out of little, and she did. That is, no doubt, why Mr. Falk admires her and has written her biography. We are glad he has done so, as we have spent several delightful hours with it. By the way, there is a little error on page 59. Dickens was not in America in 1860.

AS DICKENS SAW THEM†

Under this title Mr. Frank Green has brought together the interesting series of articles which appeared in one of the metropolitan newspapers some months ago. Old maids hobnob with detectives, landladies with military men and schoolmistresses; in fact, the principal characters of Dickens are marshalled before us in attractive order, but the book is spoiled by its crude illustrations (in the case of the Phiz and Barnard drawings, caused by the poorness of the paper), and its amateurish binding.

Mr. Green has a peculiar idea about brokers, stating that "this business generally consists in obtaining payment for debts," and although he differentiates stockbrokers, I fear Mr. Green overlooks the even larger army of brokers in the various market products such as cotton, sugar, oil, and produce generally. Landladies, too, seem to puzzle him, as Mrs. Lupin and Miss Potterson are included in that category, but omitted from the list of Innkeepers. Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk are omitted from the list of Literary Characters for no apparent reason.

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* "The Naked Lady, or Storm over Adah," a Biography of Adah Isaacs Menken, by Bernard Falk. Illustrated. 18s. Hutchinson.

† Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd. 5s.

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICKWICK CLUB

[In connection with the "Earliest-known Pickwick Club," an advertisement of which was reproduced in *The Dickensian* of July, 1919, the following extracts from an article referring to the same institution and published in "The Town" of September 9th, 1837, provide an interesting commentary. The article was one of a series entitled, "Licensed Victuallers, their Manners and their Parlours," and not, apparently, a paid advertisement.—A.S.]

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

THE increased and daily increasing number of gin-palaces, those tawdry receptacles of solitary sottishness and selfish tippling, will, apparently, at no distant day, render it a matter of some difficulty to meet with one of those respectable hostelries of the good old times, in which friend might converse with friend over a social glass, and make the echoes vocal with the loyal and patriotic chaunts of our forefathers. Meanwhile, however, let us make the most of the goods the gods provide; let each recreate himself while he may, after the true Horatian model, searching out such cribs as the one we are about to notice, "*illic omne malum vino cantuque levato.*" Should his purse or his pocket deny him the luxury of the grape, juniper juice or the extract of malt will form a very passable substitute, especially as the virtues of the recipe consist rather in the good things that issue from the gullet, than in those which pass into, and through it.

Among the many snuggeries which the march of "blue ruin" has still left for the amusement of this song-loving generation, the Sun tavern, in Long Acre, shines with a strong and steady lustre. Here will be found congregated, every Tuesday and Friday evening, some forty or fifty gents, as merry men within the limits of becoming pleasantry as one would wish to see. They have chosen, for their style and title, the designation of the PICKWICK CLUB, in humble imitation of the immortal *coterie* of that name. The worthy host is the perpetual Mr. P., and a more appropriate selection could not have been made. In kindness of heart, and imperturbable good humour, he yields not even to his illustrious prototype.

Himself a practised singer, Mr. Pickwick has got together some congenial co-adjutors, who contribute to the evening's entertainment in a degree seldom equalled, and still more rarely surpassed.

The Club is open to visitors on the nights named. The illustrious "Boz" himself has deigned to honour it with more than one visit. We may add, that the mixtures of the landlord are excellent (a rare thing in singing-rooms) and that to the curious in cookery, a chop or a Welch rabbit from the *cuisine* of the Sun will afford a rich treat.—*Valeat semper.*

THE LAMPLIGHTER IN LONDON

The Dramatic Section introduced the Fellowship (London) at the April meeting to Dickens's farce, *The Lamplighter*. It is probably well known to Dickensians that this was one of his few attempts at writing for the stage, and that with the presumption of youth he had his eye on Macready for the principal part when writing it. In his later years Dickens was by no means proud of his dramatic work, and it must be frankly admitted that by any modern standard it is a poor piece, worthy of presentation now-a-days only as a museum piece. These remarks, however, are not intended as a discouragement to Miss Jolly and her band of players who are doing a service to the Fellowship in reviving these old-time plays by—or contemporary with—Dickens, thereby affording us a glimpse of the habits and customs of a period which in this mechanised age seems remote indeed, as well as stimulating an interest in the dramatic conceptions which offer so startling a contrast to the modern equivalent on the stage or screen. Whether this service enhances the reputation of the great novelist is another matter.

The result, however, was effective; the chief contributors to the success of the farce were Miss Jolly, the producer, and Messrs. Reed and Smith in the title role and Mooney, the astrologer, respectively.

The other item in the programme was a three-scene adaptation of "Sentiment," out of the *Sketches by Boz*. The most notable features of which were the delightful gowns, suitably trousered (a never failing source of amusement), worn by the ladies, and the attention paid to deportment at the Finishing Academy. I think the ladies scored in respect of the acting on this occasion.

A. E. B. C.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY AGAIN

I have been reading "Thackeray," by G. U. Ellis, in Messrs. Duckworth's "Great Lives" series. There are, of course, several references to Dickens. Most of them are in the tone that one had thought not to find in a book of this period, the tone that was so commonly adopted in the middle of last century by admirers of Thackeray, though not by Thackeray himself—the tone of Thackerayan superiority. That does not matter, but surely the author of a book in such a series might be expected to have verified his facts. Writing of the lectures on the English Humorists, Mr. Ellis says, "Dickens was regularly giving public readings of his works and had made a fortune by lecturing in America. It was an example worth following, and Thackeray followed it." This is all wrong. Thackeray died on Christmas Eve, 1863. Dickens never gave a reading (not lecture) in America until December 2nd, 1867. Nay, Thackeray went to America for the first time in 1852; Dickens's first public reading was given in 1853. So that if there was any following of example it was the other way round.

J. W. T. L.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

COMPILED BY LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

BULWER

". . . novels of metropolitan manners persisted in their elegance until, first Bulwer and Ainsworth with their 'Newgate novels,' and then Dickens with his proletarian comedy, breached the defences of refinement and opened the way to the gradual supremacy of the novel of middle-class life, which was the typical entertainment of the mid-Victorian age."—"Bulwer and his Wife," by Michael Sadleir. (Constable.)

* * * * *

AMERICA, 1843

"Book reading seems in a great measure to be superseded here by newspapers [1843]. All the popular new works are published in this form and distributed all over the country at a very cheap rate. The two volumes of Dickens Notes, for example, were published here in pamphlet form and sold for 12 cts. a copy (about sixpence sterling !).

"Outside of official circles, in England, there were some rather puzzling instances of sympathy with the South [during the American Civil War]. Charles Dickens presenting the most surprising of the cases, surprising, however, not because he was the author of *American Notes*, in which he depicted the essential barbarity of slavery, but because he was himself, in reality, a social reformer."—"A Sidelight on Anglo-American relations, 1839-1858: the correspondence of L. Tappan, ed. by A. H. Abel." (Assoc. for the Study of Negro Life, Lancaster, Pa.).

* * * * *

DICKENS AND UNITARIANISM

"The religious opinions of Charles Dickens . . . have naturally been frequently canvassed, but no complete statement on the subject has been published. John Forster, whilst admitting that Dickens had sittings for a time in Little Portland Street Chapel, and 'had a friendly regard for its minister, Mr. Edward Tagart' . . . continues: 'That he did so cease [to be a member of his congregation], after two or three years, I can distinctly state' . . . Mr. J. T. Ley, in a recent edition of Forster's Life . . . says: 'Dickens' temporary interest in Unitarians was probably due to the fact that Forster was a member of that sect.' Unfortunately for that conjecture, Forster . . . never was connected with Unitarians, though he came of a Unitarian family. . . . Forster himself attributes Dickens' connection with Unitarians to his differences with the clergymen of the Established Church on the question of requiring children to learn 'the Church Catechism and other formularies and subtleties.' Such a difference . . . would more naturally have led the novelist to throw in his lot with one or other of the larger and more influential bodies of Nonconformists, to whom on ecclesiastical grounds alone such instruction was offensive. That Dickens joined the Unitarians . . . raises at least a presumption that he objected to the content not less the form of teaching, and found what he could accept in the Church of his adoption. His actual membership of that Church appears to have been five years, 1842-47."

"Sir Adolphus Ward, writing in 1882, is more judicial on this point . . ."

"Forster is more to the point in suggesting, with regard to Dickens, solemn aspirations, that 'it was depth of sentiment rather than clearness of faith which kept safe the belief on which they rested against all doubt or question of its sacredness.' There is no reason to believe that he went deeply into any speculative questions of theology, and it is very improbable that a man of his character and pursuits ever did, but of his sympathy with Unitarianism there is considerable evidence, apart from the harmony with a rational and liberal Christianity of the tone and current of thought in his writings."

"On his first visit to America in 1842 he attended the services of eminent Unitarian ministers, and rarely visited other places of worship. He met and expressed his appreciation of Unitarians like Channing, Longfellow, Jared Sparks, Bancroft, and Adams. After his return to England he worshipped for a few Sundays in Essex Street Chapel under Thomas Madge . . . When in 1844 the Little Portland Street Congregation acknowledged the value of their minister's services by a handsome present of plate, Dickens was one of the subscribers, and wrote the inscription graven on the chief piece."

"That Dickens continued to detest ecclesiasticism is illustrated, without reserve, in his *Child's History of England* . . .

"A doctrine of Atonement . . . was common to Arians and Socinians, and many, whilst rejecting the Trinity, believed in the Atonement as the essential doctrine of Christianity. Nothing Dickens wrote on religion could not have been said by his old friend and one-time minister, Edward Tagart, or even by Tagart's guides in philosophy and theology, Locke, Priestley, and Belsham."—"The Unitarian Movement in the Religious Life of England," by H. McLachlan, Vol. I. (Allen and Unwin.)

* * * * *

"The History of the Novel in England," by R. M. Lovett and H. S. Hughes (Harrap), contains a chapter of thirty-five pages entitled "Dickens and his School."

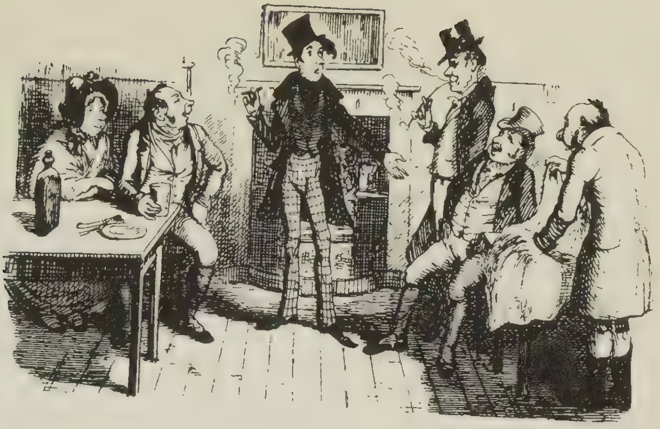
* * * * *

VICTORIAN ALDERSHOT

"Among the most charming and popular of the young ladies who used to honour us by accepting our invitations to dances, etc., at that time, was Miss Dickens, a daughter of the famous Charles Dickens, who was then at Gadshill . . . We often enjoyed the company of Charles Dickens at our mess, and that of the ladies of his family at our dances and other functions; and I remember them well, and also their kind hospitality at Gadshill."—"Four Score Years and Ten," by General Sir Binden Blood. (Bell.)

* * * * *

When Queen Victoria came to the throne "Pickwick was appearing in monthly parts . . . No other English novelist who was then writing survives now, except Disraeli and Bulwer, as different from Dickens, to say nothing of their inferiority, as chalk from cheese. . . . It is the language of compliment and not of detraction to call him the Cockney's Shakespeare. In Shakespeare he was steeped. His favourite novelist was Smollett. But his art was all his own. He was the Hogarth of literature, painting with a broad brush, never ashamed of caricature, but always an artist and not a dauber. There is little or no resemblance between Falstaff and Sam Weller. But they are the two comic figures which have most thoroughly seized upon the English mind."—"The Victorian Novel," by Herbert Paul in "Men and Letters."



NICOTINE IN DICKENSLAND

BY ULYSSES WALSH

ACCORDING to Stephen Leacock, although many people have called attention to the amount of eating and drinking perpetually going on in Dickens Land, no one, apparently, has seen fit to direct our notice to the fact that the novelist's characters are more sparing in the use of tobacco than they are lavish with food and drink. It is to give some slight and superficial consideration to this hitherto neglected subject that this paper has been prepared.

Dickens' attitude towards tobacco, in so far as his own use of it was concerned, we already know. It is no secret that he occasionally smoked a cigar, although the nicotine habit would seem to have had no particular grip upon his nervous system and he was by no means an habitual user of " the weed." Even so, if one were to judge solely by his stories, it would be hard to resist the conviction that his feeling about its use was a somewhat odd compound of indifference and dislike. More often than not, addiction to the tobacco habit was used by Dickens to accentuate the worst traits of his less lovable people. Few of his " sympathetic " characters indulge, and those who do are mainly eccentrics whose benevolence and warm-heartedness atone for their lack of refinement.

Let us, first of all, bestow just a passing glance upon feminine devotee of My Lady Nicotine. The Dickens heroines certainly do not fall within this classification. The novelist, as his letters show, was half repelled, half amused by women smokers, whom he regarded as being abnormal deviations from type, and he no doubt would have been thunderstruck had any one seriously suggested that he represent Esther Summerson or Little Dorrit as connoisseurs of " fine Havana." Of course, the cigarette was little known during most of his lifetime, but even if it had been popular in 1840 his attitude would hardly have been changed. Some " modern " novelists would take pleasure in having Little Nell " cadge fags " from people whom she met along the road, but thank heaven ! Dickens spares us that.

As a matter of fact, in describing his first trip to America, Dickens differentiates between the men and women's cabins by explaining that everybody smokes in the first and nobody in the second ; and, as far as memory recalls, there are only two references in all of his published works to smoking by women. " Good Mrs. Brown," the wicked hag who robs little Florence Dombey, enjoyed " a short black pipe " ; and in one of the *Uncommercial Traveller* papers the author tells of giving a cigarette to a woman servant at an Italian inn. No Dickens female (again thank heaven !) chews tobacco ; and the only snuff-taker recalled at the moment is Miss Sally Brass—and charming Sally, it goes without saying, was nothing more than a man in woman's clothes.

No, Dickens's women certainly did not use tobacco ; but before leaving them let us pause a moment to imagine the soaring indignation of that paragon of young ladyhood, Kate Nickleby, if Sir Mulberry Hawk had dared offer her a cigar ! Dickens would never have done as Thackeray did ; have a male friend tempt Becky Sharp with a cigar and, what is more, have the immortal Becky descend to take a " taste " of it ! References to feminine smokers are much more common in Thackeray than in Dickens, owing probably to the former's usually having been peculiarly concerned with the frivolities of " society."

Having done with the ladies, let us now take up the subject of tobacco in its relation to Dickens's menfolk. Perhaps as good a point of departure as any would be stopping to recollect the energy with which the writer pilloried the nasty custom of tobacco chewing, so popular in the United States of the forties. (The writer of these lines is an American, and he can testify that, although there is still more tobacco chewing in Uncle Sam's territory than there ought to be, it certainly is not now so common as it was in Dickens's day). Judging by internal evidence, " chewing " has never been well known in England. Dickens, in fact, pays about as little attention to masculine tobacco spitters as he does to feminine smokers. Mr. Quilp, the engaging dwarf of *Old Curiosity Shop* fame, it is true, not only smoked his smuggled cigars " under the very nose of the customhouse," but also chewed tobacco and watercress simultaneously during meals—but then, Daniel wasn't exactly human, anyway ! And Bella Wilfer's wedding was witnessed by " Old Gruff and Glum," a Greenwich pensioner, who was seldom without his quid. Almost all the Americans met by Martin Chuzzlewit, you will remember, were expert chewers and spitters. (One recalls with particular pleasure the talented Hannibal Chollop, who spat a circle around Martin as the ill-starred young man lay ill with fever, and complacently assured him that " I can cal'late my distance to an inch.") But, apart from these examples, it is hard to recall any other Dickens characters who " chew."

Snuff taking is archaic now, but at the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth centuries it may have been more common than smoking among Englishmen. It is noteworthy that the earlier Dickens books contain many more references to this custom than do the later ones. Mr. Perker, the little attorney and political agent of *Pickwick*, was an inveterate user of the powder; and even jolly old Wardle, the proprietor of Manor Farm, indulged on ceremonial occasions. Mr. Vincent Crummles, the provincial theatrical manager with whom Nicholas Nickleby threw in his lot, was constantly spilling the stuff down his shirt front; and the delectable, if idiotic, Mr. Toots, and his friend, "Mr. Feeder, B.A.," of *Dombey and Son*, were forever making valiant attempts to master its technique, but succeeding only in making themselves sneeze very much. Then there was Sairey Gamp who solaced herself with a sniff and was not above dropping some of it into her patients' gruel.

Two well-contrasted devotees of snuff are Sir John Chester, the gracious villain of *Barnaby Rudge*, and poor Frederick Dorrit, brother of "The Father of the Marshalsea." In the nobleman's case, snuff-taking seems to indicate an attitude of pretentious elegance, while old Mr. Dorrit's constant preoccupation with his precious whitey-brown papers containing the powder vividly exemplifies the futility of his entire life. There are numerous other references to snuff addiction among the, usually, minor and picturesque people of the Dickens world; but no hero demeans his nostrils by the usage. Mr. Pickwick could find plenty of other uses for his nose, and cultured young Mr. Nicholas Nickleby by no stretch of the imagination can be visualized as a snuff sniffer.

This indifference to snuff only confirms what has already been hinted, that the "leading men" of the Dickens world were notable for their lack of nicotine enslavement. Mr. Pickwick not only didn't "snuff," he also informed the company gathered in an Eatanswill Inn that though he didn't object to the aroma of burning tobacco, "I am no smoker myself." And nowhere within that book does he smoke, although it is mentioned in the final chapter that he built a smoking room in his new cottage at Dulwich. Just what he expected to do with a smoking room is something of a mystery, but probably he meant it for the convenience of Sam and Tony Weller, both of whom puffed pipes. Or, perhaps, he expected to be visited frequently by those specialists in cigar smoking, Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer!

None of the juveniles who existed only as convenient figure heads around whom the business of the books centered, habitually indulged in pipes or cigars. Reference has already been made to the unblemished character of Nicholas Nickleby, and young Martin Chuzzlewit, though selfish, was, like Mr. Pickwick, "no smoker." Charles Darnay, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, was guiltless, and so was the unfortunate Richard Carstone of *Bleak House*. Even half-witted Barnaby Rudge didn't acquire the bad habit from association with Hugh, the hostler; and although Mrs. Gabriel Varden, in quitting a room occupied by her husband and young Joe Willett, excuses herself by saying her charms cannot compete with those of "tobacco and spirits," there is no direct evidence to show that Dolly Varden's husband-to-be ever put smoking materials to his lips. Gabriel Varden smoked and so did old John Willett and his cronies of the Maypole Inn, but not Joe. Even Pip, the rather graceless hero of *Great Expectations*, who was for a while such a worthless young snob, didn't smoke. He remained untouched by the bad example of his friend and protector, Joe Gargery; and probably he was never tempted to take up the habit after his convict friend, Abel Magwitch, returned from Australia and kept their apartment constantly odoriferous with "nigger head."

Young John Chivery worked in a tobacco shop and would often present Little Dorrit's father with cigars, as a gesture of homage, but it does not appear that he found solace for a hopeless passion in nicotine. David Copperfield's record, you will recall, is hardly so blameless. Who can forget that delightful chapter, in which Steerforth and some other young fellows not only make David drunk but also enjoy his inept attempts to smoke:

"Somebody was smoking. We were all smoking. *I* was smoking, and trying to suppress a rising tendency to shudder . . . Somebody was leaning out of my bedroom window . . . It was myself. I was addressing myself as 'Copperfield,' and saying, 'Why did you try to smoke? You might have known you couldn't do it!'"

This one disconcerting experience seems to have had a salutary effect upon David, for he is at pains to mention later that Steerforth "lit his cigar, but I didn't light mine, having had enough of that for one while,"; and still later he assures the venerable undertaker, Mr. Omer, that he doesn't smoke. The old man highly approves, saying smoking is a bad habit for a young man and that he uses his pipe only for medicinal reasons!

Smoking by young people obviously was strongly disapproved in Victorian days, and that may be the chief reason why Dickens, ever alert to the public taste, kept his juveniles free from the habit. He certainly does have the pupils at Fagin's academy both smoke pipes and drink spirits, but this is obviously introduced as an example of Fagin's villainy; and we are left reassuringly positive that long suffering little Oliver Twist will never become contaminated.

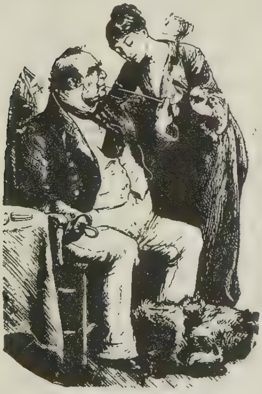
Generally speaking, those Dickens characters who smoke are either middle-aged or old. I believe that none of the heroes of his book prior to *Little Dorrit* smoke; but I have a dim recollection, or think I have, that forty-year-old Arthur Clennam is mentioned as enjoying a pipe upon occasion. The villain, Blandois, is about the only example of a Dickens character who smokes cigarettes. Eugene Wrayburn, who might perhaps be considered one of the heroes of *Our Mutual Friend*, is a cigar user, but the nominal central character, John Harmon, is not, nor is the baleful schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone; and although Lieutenant Tartar, who seems fated to become the husband of sweet Rosa Bud in *Edwin Drood* is referred to as "smoking in the streets," young Edwin Drood himself appears to be above such things.

Wooden-legged Silas Wegg and sneaking Rogue Riderhood, with his black stump of a pipe, are examples of a type of Dickens character which might well receive extended mention if space permitted: the type which is wholly bad, and which smokes mainly as a way of expressing ingrained villainy. It contrasts well with eccentrics of the

Cap'n Cuttle and Dick Swiveller sort who smoke, apparently, because the act is a kind of set-off to their picturesque natures. Mr. Swiveller, by the way, taught Sally Brass's forlorn little maid of all work, The Marchioness, to like flip, but he does not seem to have done what most present day young men would have done; inculcate a taste for tobacco.

A peculiarity of Dickens is that he not infrequently introduces characters to smoke, but seem to do it as a social rite, deriving no enjoyment from it. There is, for example, Sally Brass's white-livered brother, Sampson, who is compelled by Mr. Quilp to puff a pipe day in and day out. This he does, to his great but well-hidden annoyance, because "tobacco smoke always causes him grave internal discomposure." Then there is Mr. Venus, the half-hearted accomplice of Wegg in *Our Mutual Friend*, who accompanies Wegg "with a whiff at intervals," although he is "but an indifferent performer."

And who can forget happily married Mr. Toots, holding forth upon the merits of Mrs. Toots, *nee* Susan Nipper, and using his pipe, "for he is no smoker," as an aid to gesticulation! And Mr. Kenwigs, happy in his family's reunion with the water-rate collector, Mr. Lillyvick, and using *his* pipe as Mr. Wardle did snuff—as something to be pressed into use only upon historic occasions!



It is impracticable to attempt an elaborate analysis of Dickens's literary uses of nicotine in so restricted a space as this; but it is hoped that enough has been said to show that the Dickens ladies didn't use tobacco in any form, and that the more important sympathetic masculine characters rarely did. We may set it down as an axiom that when Dickens put pipe or cigar between the lips of any one of his people, he did it either to emphasize that character's unusual personality or to indicate that he was of low moral development.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN BRISBANE

The Brisbane Branch reports itself in flourishing condition. Miss Woodard has returned home from her visit to England, and has given the members of her branch a very bright account of the several meetings of the Fellowship she was able to attend. We are pleased to receive a syllabus from this branch. Unfortunately, syllabuses from "down under" branches seldom seem to reach London. Will secretaries of Australasian branches kindly see this is remedied? The Brisbane programme is extremely varied and attractive. There is to be a debate on July 6th; the subject is not disclosed, but we hope they will forward us an account of it. Lectures on "The Eccentricities of Dickens" by Dr. Hamlyn Harris in July and by Mrs. A. J. P. Green on "Some Minor Characters" in August are sure to prove most interesting. Interspersed with these lectures are social and dramatic evenings, which must add greatly to the attractions of the Dickens Fellowship in Brisbane.

THE DAVID COPPERFIELD FILM

The film of *David Copperfield* had a wonderful send-off on Tuesday, May 15th, when the Editor of the "News Chronicle" presided over a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel to the board of judges in their recent casting competition. The Fellowship was represented by its President, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Sir John Martin-Harvey, Mr. Hugh Walpole, Mr. J. B. Priestley, Miss Jolly, Mr. A. W. Edwards, Mr. Walter Dexter, and Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross.

Mr. George Cukor and Mr. Howard Easterbrook, the producer-director and scenarist respectively, had just arrived from Hollywood, and were also among the guests. It is hoped the film will be made in England, but the point has not yet been definitely settled.

At all events we are assured of an all English cast, and the Copperfield country is being diligently explored for the best scenic effects. From all we have heard no stone will be left unturned to give a faithful representation of the salient events in the history of Dickens's favourite child.

TORONTO BRANCH

Despite a slight decrease in membership, the Toronto Branch had a most successful season. They hope next season to have a largely augmented membership due to the revival in interest in Dickens's works occasioned by the publication in the daily papers of "Life of our Lord," and certain of his correspondence. A Play adapted from *Barnaby Rudge*, under the direction of Mr. Horatio Purdy, was produced at Margaret Eaton Hall from February 20th to 24th. This was considered to be one of the best of the plays produced by this branch. Owing to reduced revenue, donations to charities were not as large as usual. The total sum disbursed was $236.27. We are very sorry to report the serious illness of their past President, Mr. J. Hunt Stanford. Mr. Stanford has always been such a hard worker that he is missed very much, and all are looking forward to his speedy recovery.

BRIEF NOTES ON BRANCH WORK

From the Southampton Branch we have received the annual report which shows a prosperous state of affairs. All the Meetings detailed in the Diary have been held and well attended, and the season's activities will be extended to June when an outing to Arundel and Bognor will take place. The special charitable work of the year has been directed towards the Waifs and Strays Society.

* * * * *

Eastbourne also sends a detailed account of the year's work, showing a very satisfactory state of affairs.

Regret will be felt at the resignation of Mrs. Greaves as Hon. Secretary after many years of most successful work, including the Conference of 1931.

* * * * *

The Melbourne Branch celebrated the Birthday in the Banquet Hall of the Victoria Palace. Proceedings were opened by a spirited speech from the President, Mr. W. G. Southwell. The Rev. E. J. B. White, of Malvern, spoke of the wonderful ideas developed by Dickens in his writings. In modern fiction there was nothing to equal them. No one tackled present day problems as Charles Dickens did. He showed how wrong things should be put right. He has been called old fashioned, but his humour is still fresh to-day.

A NEW CONTRIBUTION TO "THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE" AND AN EARLY DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN "THE MORNING CHRONICLE"

DICKENS always suffered at the hands of the "pirates" who wrote trashy pamphlets under titles similar to those of his own popular works; but he was particularly annoyed with the people of the minor theatres who adapted his stories for the stage without his authority and in several instances presented plays purporting to be dramatisations of his stories long before those stories had been completed.

Other writers have gone into detail regarding these productions and Dickens's references thereto. They were, of course, mostly done at the time when the great popularity of *The Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* had made his name and work real household words. But not one of these commentators has discovered that even from his very first days of authorship Dickens was assailed in a similar manner.

His first stories appeared in "The Monthly Magazine" from the end of 1833 until the beginning of 1835. It was not until the publication of Part 2 of the fifth of these sketches that the name "Boz" was appended to them, and the general public did not know that the stories that had preceded them were also from the same pen. In "The Monthly Magazine" for April, 1834, appeared, unsigned, the humorous story of *The Bloomsbury Christening*, and on October 13th of the same year Buckstone presented at the Adelphi Theatre a dramatic version of it entitled "The Christening" without making any acknowledgment of the source.

In the course of his duties as a reporter on the staff of "The Morning Chronicle" Dickens was sent to give a notice of the play, an afterpiece to "The Black Hand, or the Dervish and the Peris." In the newspaper advertisements of October 13th, 1834, announcing this play, an adaptation from "Le Juif Errant," we find it stated ," To which will be added a new burletta entitled 'The Christening.'"

The following day this criticism of the play appeared in "The Morning Chronicle"; that it was written by Dickens himself there is no shadow of doubt; nobody else could have done so. It is the earliest piece of theatrical criticism so far identified as by Dickens.

ADELPHI.

A new trifle, in one act, by Mr. Buckstone, was produced here last night, and met with complete success. It would be hardly fair to detail the plot of an amusing interlude, which is principally made up of unlooked-for situations, and humorous *equivoques*. We will, therefore, only say that the principal features of the peace (*sic*) are the distresses of *Grum* (Mr. Wilkinson), a surly misanthrope, who is entrapped into becoming sponsor for the first child of *Mr. Hopkins Twiddie* (Mr. Buckstone), and the confusion arising from certain

> mistakes occasioned by a changing of children, and confounding of people, which frequently take place on the stage, and never occur elsewhere. The acting of Mrs. Keeley in the part of a busy, meddling godmother, who entices the unfortunate godfather to make presents he never meant, and concessions he never intended, was extremely good. Wilkinson himself was excellent in *Grum*; we had no idea he could act so well, or so differently from his usual style. Buckstone's portraiture of the happy, bustling father, and subsequently of the angry, jealous husband, was admirable; and the remainder of the *dramatis personae* acquitted themselves with great spirit. We hailed one or two of the characters with great satisfaction—they are old and very particular friends of ours. We met with them, and several of the jokes we heard last night, at a certain "Bloomsbury Christening" described in "The Monthly Magazine" some little time since. We make this remark in no spirit of ill-nature to Mr. Buckstone, who has added excellent materials of his own, and produced a very sprightly and amusing interlude, which we hope and believe will have a long run. He obtained permission to attempt the christening of his bantling every evening until further notice, without a dissentient voice, and amidst great applause. He is an old, and a very successful caterer for the amusement of the public, and deserves their approbations as much as any author who has appealed to their favour for years past.

This was not the end of it. A letter of protest was forthwith sent to the Editor of "The Monthly Magazine," who printed it in full in the next number with a few necessary comments.

It was the least the editor could do, seeing that he was not paying Dickens anything for his work.

> THE EDITOR'S LETTER BOX.
>
> The following has been sent by our much injured friend, Boz; a learned gentleman with whom most of our readers have been tolerably intimate these last twelve months. We know that he has already prepared a farce on the subject, which Mr. Buckstone has so unceremoniously appropriated; and, as we have said elsewhere, we think such literary larceny most unwarrantable. Mr. Buckstone has certainly been studying Macfarlane's "Lives of the Pirates" to some purpose; no doubt he has picked up many valuable hints: but let our correspondent speak.
>
> > My Dear Editor,
> >
> > I celebrated a christening a few months ago in the Monthly, and I find that Mr. Buckstone has officiated as self-elected godfather, and carried off my child to the Adelphi, for the purpose, probably, of fulfilling one of its sponsorial duties, viz, of teaching it the vulgar tongue.
> >
> > Now, as I claim an entire right to do "what I like with my own" and as I contemplated a dramatic destination for my off-spring, I must enter my protest against the kidnapping process.
> >
> > It is very little consolation to me to know, when my handkerchief is gone, that I may see it flaunting with renovated beauty in Field Lane; and if Mr. Buckstone has too many irons in the

fire to permit him to get up his own "things," I don't think he ought to be permitted to apply to my chest of drawers.

Just give him a good "blow up" in your "magazine"—will you?

I remain
Yours,
"Boz."

To the Editor of the "Monthly."

Later in the same number of the magazine, a further comment on the action of Mr. Buckstone was given, under the heading "Things Theatrical," in the following words:

> "The Adelphi has opened, without any great *eclat.* Mr. Buckstone has availed himself of a comic paper which appeared in our magazine a few months since, called the 'Bloomsbury Christening' to build a farce upon, which he likewise calls 'The Christening.' Our pages seem to be pigeons which every dramatist thinks he is at liberty to pluck without let or hindrance. The *Monthly* has furnished no fewer than seven dramas, performed at various parts of the town during the past year, without our having received, from any one of the talented concocters a single note of acknowledgment. We are not aware that there is any law to prevent such appropriation, neither do we consider it necessary that there should be; but we do think that those who condescend to appropriate the ideas of others to their own gain ought in common courtesy to ask permission of the author."

We wonder if Dickens protested to Buckstone, or ever referred to it in later years when they became fairly well known to each other? W. D.

DICKENS'S UNIVERSAL APPEAL

The members of the Winnipeg Branch held a most interesting meeting in March last in Theatre "A" of the University of Manitoba, when the Past President, Dr. E. A. W. Gill was the speaker. He took as his subject the universal appeal of Dickens, and spoke of the impressions that the author had made upon him in the different parts of his life. He considered that the mystery stories of Dickens were vastly superior to the thrillers of to-day. In the Dickens books the author was always pointing out that the way of the transgressor is hard. He considered that Dickens as a descriptive writer is second to none.

Canon Gill illustrated his points by reference to many of Dickens's works, and showed how the novelist appeals to readers of all ages. He contrasted the permanency of Dickens's appeal through a reader's lifetime, with that of books which appeal only at various stages of a lifetime. While some of Dickens's books appeal to the boy, and others to the grown man, the Dickens lover finds great satisfaction in moving successively forward to Dickens as he grows older.

Mr. H. Gerald Wade also addressed the meeting on the subject of the newly published *Life of Our Lord.*

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating), and Rates				77	8	1			
,, Printing and Stationery				36	5	3			
,, Salaries	293	15	0						
Less Contributed by The Dickens House	118	17	6						
	174	17	6						
General Expenses and Postage	119	7	3						
	294	4	9						
Less amount charged to *The Dickensian*	77	2	1	217	2	8			
							330	16	0
The Dickensian supplied to Headquarters' Members				87	13	6			
Ditto Branch Secretaries				11	8	0			
							99	1	6
,, Meetings				47	18	6			
Less Excess of Receipts over Payments in respect of Special Functions				12	19	8			
				34	18	10			
,, Essay Competition Prizes				6	7	0			
							41	5	10
,, Charitable and Philanthropic Expenditure—									
Donation to Cot Fund				15	15	0			
Donation to the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children (Birthday Recital Collection)				15	12	6			
Sundry Donations, Toys, Christmas Entertainments Account				26	6	6			
				57	14	0			
The Dickens House—									
Donation in reduction of Loan				100	0	0			
Donation for providing glazed doors for the Library				100	0	0			
Net Proceeds of Dramatic Performance, etc.—*per contra*				21	5	5			
							278	19	5
Repairs to Furniture				1	10	6			
Depreciation—Library, Pictures and Furniture				6	16	3			
							8	6	9
,, *Loss on The Dickensian for the year to 30th November*, 1933				52	14	3			
Less Income Tax refunded				2	5	0			
							50	9	3
,, Balance being excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet							124	14	3
							£933	13	0

BALANCE SHEET

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sundry Creditors				6	16	0
Amount due to *The Dickensian* Account				94	13	7
Life Membership Fund—						
As at 31st March, 1933	215	5	0			
Subscriptions received during the year	10	10	0			
				225	15	0
Badges Account —						
As at 31st March, 1933	11	16	6			
Excess of Receipts over Payments during the year	7	10	8			
				19	7	2
Income and Expenditure Account—						
Balance as at 1st April, 1933	507	10	9			
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year ended 31st March, 1934	124	14	3			
				632	5	0
				£978	16	9

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books and Vouchers of the verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2. *7th May*, 1934.

FELLOWSHIP

FOR THE YEAR ENDED, 31st MARCH, 1934. Cr.

INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Subscriptions—						
Headquarters' Members	300	2	3			
Branches	124	15	4			
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund (less tax)	7	2	8	432	0	3
,, Receipts for Charity—						
Sundry Donations, etc.	21	4	0			
Collection at Birthday Recital on behalf of The National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children ..	15	12	6			
Interest on 4 per cent. Consols (*Less* tax)	3	10	10	40	7	4
,, Legacy from the late Arthur E. E. King (applied to Dickens House Library *per contra*)				100	0	0
,, Amounts raised on behalf of The Dickens House—						
Miss Lambert's Lecture	6	2	6			
Performance: "The Frozen Deep"	13	10	5			
Visit to Victoria and Albert Museum	1	12	6	21	5	5
,, Publication of the Beadnell Letters				340	0	0
				£933	13	0

NOTE.—Subscriptions due from Branches but remaining unpaid have not been brought into account.

AS AT 31st MARCH, 1934.

ASSETS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—						
As at 31st March, 1933 £237 11 8 4% Consols				215	5	0
(Market Value at 31st March, 1934, £264 18s. 1d.)						
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—						
As at 31st March, 1933, £118 5s. 10d. 4% Consols				105	0	0
(Market Value at 31st March, 1934, £131 17s. 11d.)						
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library):—						
As at 31st March, 1933	62	17	10			
Purchased during year	5	5	0			
	68	2	10			
Less Depreciation at 10%	6	16	3	61	6	7
Loan to Dickens House—						
As at 31st March, 1933	150	0	0			
Less Donation applied in reduction of Loan ..	100	0	0	50	0	0
Balance at Bank				533	9	0
Cash in hands of Honorary Secretary				12	6	2
Payment in advance				1	10	0
				£978	16	9

Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith. We have also
(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY, Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

REFRESHMENT IN THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

Man wants little here below, nor wants that little long. How true that is !—after dinner.

* * * * *

A stew of tripe, and bacon, and steak, and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes and sparrow-grass, all working up together in one delicious gravy.

* * * * *

A small pewter pyramid, curiously constructed of platters and covers, whereof the boiled-beef plates formed the base, and a foaming quart pot, the apex.

* * * * *

Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen ! *Her* cup was a fiction, but this is reality (Barclay and Co.).

* * * * *

Soda-water, though a good thing in the abstract, was apt to lie cold upon the stomach unless qualified with ginger or a small infusion of brandy.

* * * * *

The newest loaves and the freshest butter and the largest oysters ever seen.

* * * * *

Is it good ? Is it strong and fiery ? Does it make you wink and choke and your eyes water, and your breath come short, does it ?

* * * * *

Pieces of orange-peel to put into cold water and make believe it was wine. Did you ever taste orange-peel and water ? If you make believe very much, it's quite nice ; but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it could bear a little more seasoning.

* * * * *

Hot rolls, butter, sugar, Yarmouth bloaters . . . in a few minutes a savoury meal was smoking on the board.

* * * * *

Jamaica rum, though unquestionably an agreeable spirit of great richness and flavour, had the drawback of remaining constantly present to the taste next day.

* * * * *

Drink that ! Toss it off, don't leave any heel-taps ; scorch your throat and be happy.

* * * * *

A little slab of plum cake extremely indigestible iu appearance and bordered with a paste of white sugar an inch-and-a-half deep.

* * * * *

Did you ever taste beer ? I had a sip of it once ! Here's a state of things ! She *never* tasted it—it can't be tasted in a sip !

* * * * *

Have a drop yourself—a nice drop—a good, warm, fiery drop.

* * * * *

A mighty hamper disgorged such treasures of tea and coffee, and wine, and rusks, and oranges, and grapes, and fowls ready trussed for boiling, and calves-foot jelly, and arrowroot, and sago, and other delicate restoratives.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

HATTON AND CLEAVER'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

Sir.—In the above book published this spring, Mrs. Cleaver, the late John F. Dexter's daughter, has written " no person other than the late H. G. Child . . . has, with my knowledge and consent, had access to any part of the Dexter collection." In our first article on the " Original Pickwick Papers, the collation of a Perfect First Edition," in the autumn, 1933, number of *The Dickensian*, we wrote " One of us had the privilege of being associated with John F. Dexter for many years and sharing in his increasing knowledge of the subject. John F. Dexter's final choice of a first-class *Pickwick* was in this way open for his inspection years before Mr. Dexter's death, since when one of his working copies of first-issue text with notes, and a working copy of Variations of plates have been in our possession."

This statement was no figure of the imagination but an actual fact. I had known Mr. Dexter since 1900 and often visited him at his house at Montholme Road, S.W., besides meeting him almost every Thursday evening at a rendezvous in the West End, together with the late H. E. Child, for some sixteen years until shortly before his death.

During my visits to Montholme Road he afforded me every opportunity of seeing his collection of Dickensiana and to make what notes I pleased and was considered one of his intimate Dickensian friends, often exchanging items of Dickensiana.

Mrs. Cleaver, in writing what I have quoted, did not know that her father gave Mr. Child copies of his notes and trial copies of *Pickwick* which, after Mr. Child's death, were acquired by me and are now in my possession.

William Miller.

Sir.—Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver's " Bibliography of the Periodical Works of Charles Dickens," is by far the best work that has ever been written on the subject. It seems therefore very satisfactory and fitting that such a book should have been reviewed for *The Dickensian* by one of the foremost historians of Victorian literature, who is himself the author of a great bibliography. With Mr. Sadleir's very favourable opinion of the work I am certain that all collectors and students of Dickensian bibliography will agree, and also will echo the reviewer's appeal to the authors to " round off their job and deal with the book-issues " as well !

Mr. Sadleir disagrees with the compilers of the Bibliography on one small point. According to Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver the inset advertisements for each part " were planned by the publishers and put together by the binder " ; they should therefore be present in all copies of the first issue, if these copies are to be considered complete.

Mr. Sadleir suggests that some of the rarer *insets*, known to exist in only a few copies, may have been "tipped in" by a dealer or a collector, and that no proof is adduced that these insets formed part of any publisher's *plan*. There is no doubt however that the principle laid down by the bibliographers is correct. It is founded not only on "common-sense" arguments but on the collation of hundreds of copies of the same part. Moreover, the inset advertisements listed as belonging to first-issue copies should be, in nearly every case, stitched in with the wrapper and *advertiser*, not tipped in.

There is another point which Mr. Sadleir has not discussed but which nevertheless appears to constitute one of Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver's very rare mistakes: it concerns the plate of "The Dying Clown."

In their valuable contribution to *The Dickensian* (vol. XXX, page 32) entitled "The Original Pickwick Papers," Messrs. Miller and Strange were the first to point out that the earliest published state of "The Dying Clown" plate was without the signature of Seymour. In the Introductory chapter of their Bibliography, Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver disagree with this statement and declare that "until one of the 500 excessively rare copies of Part II, in untouched condition, containing a plate without Seymour's signature, comes to light, the authors decline to endorse the suggestion." It so happens that the present writer owns just such an undoubtedly genuine copy of Part II as Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver have summoned before their tribunal. The text, plates, address and wrapper are of the earliest issue. In this copy, which belongs to the "prime" Pickwick in parts formed by the late E. R. Cox, "The Dying Clown" plate is without the signature !

A. de Suzannet.

SEYMOUR'S "DYING CLOWN"

Sir.—It may assist in determining the status of the unsigned "Dying Clown" plate, in which (so I infer from their excellent Bibliography), Messrs. Hatton and Cleaver have little confidence, if I record that I have such a copy. It appears in a bound volume, which is of early first issue throughout. A similar plate appeared in a copy at a London sale-room some three years ago. I actually bought this but as it was otherwise not up to its description and imperfect, I did not retain the book.

I am sure this plate, unsigned, should be regarded as comparable with the plates of Part VI, with reversed pagination, that is to say, the omission of the signature was an error which was very soon corrected. It is not very important who made the correction, but it could not have been "Phiz."

Now that attention is drawn to it, other copies may be recorded, but so far I have found this the rarest point in the whole of *Pickwick*, rarer than the erroneous Part VI plates, and than the N2 signature.

F. B. Haynes.

DENNIS THE HANGMAN

Sir.—It would not appear that either of the writers of the interesting articles on *Barnaby Rudge*, in the last number, has read the chapter on Dennis in Horace Bleackley's "The Hangmen of England."

Dennis held office for fifteen years and hanged the Mary Jones, referred to in Chapter 37, but in 1771, not 1777 as stated by Dickens. He also executed "Sixteen-string Jack"—so called from his habit of wearing breeches with eight strings at each knee, Rev. James Hackman, who was accompanied in the mourning coach by James Boswell, and the Rev. William Dodd. The latter was the author of "The Beauties of Shakespeare" and his offence was forging a bond for £4,200 in the name of Lord Chesterfield. Dr. Johnson's noble efforts to secure a reprieve are well known.

It appears that Dennis, at his trial for complicity in the riots, pleaded that he was forced by threats from the mob to join in the pillage. Notwithstanding, he was sentenced to death, but reprieved two days later. Owing to the bungling of a substitute, he was soon reinstated in office and continued to serve until 1786, three years after the place of execution had been changed from Tyburn to the Old Bailey. He died in that year, having recommended his son as his successor, "declaring on his death-bed that the young man was 'fit for that or any other office in which His Majesty might employ him.'" He was buried in the graveyard of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

Mr. Bleackley does not consider that Dickens's Dennis bears any resemblance to the original.

W. Kent.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES AND HIS "REAL DAVID COPPERFIELD"

Sir.—A paragraph referring to my "Real David Copperfield" appears in your spring issue. It suggests that I have been indulging in the "gay adventure" of at once "imitating," "diluting," and "adulterating" the work of Charles Dickens. This is not the case. My book is critical, not imitatory, and unlike the original is consistently readable from beginning to end: it removes the adulterations and dilutions with which Dickens spoilt his best story, and its publication may be regarded as a sincerer tribute to Dickens (as worth taking some trouble over) than the most extravagant praises of his countless non-readers. "The Real David Copperfield" has now been followed by Dickens's *Life of Our Lord*. What do the people who professed to be shocked by my careful cleaning-up of Dickens's messy writing have to say about Dickens's careless messing-up of the clean writing of the Evangelists—for example about his confusion of Herodias with Salome, and his total disconnection of Jesus from the Jewish race and religion? That it was only written for his little ones? Then what about the millstone-and-sea text?

Deya, Mallorca. Robert Graves.

A CANON SHOT

Sir.—Droodists will extend a welcome to Canon Phythian-Adam's suggestion for a solution of the mystery which you print in this issue. To me, the novelty of the Canon's shot seems to be his suggestion of a new place of sepulture for the body. The Indulgence Chamber of Rochester Cathedral, approached only by the hazardous and perilous route of the Cathedral clerestory, does strike the imagination as a burial place not likely to be sounded by Durdles nor forecast by the reader.

Nevertheless, I cannot convince myself that this was the solution Dickens intended.

The Canon shares with many eminent Droodists an opinion that I find so repellent as to be almost ludicrous. They hold that on the night of the murder Jasper persuaded his nephew to accompany him on a long and (to the nephew) unaccountable expedition after midnight —perhaps to the Weir, perhaps to the Tower, perhaps to the Indulgence Chamber. That uncle and nephew did go on a journey together after Edwin had left Neville at Minor Canon Corner is indisputable. But this journey was not to the river, not up the tower, not to the Indulgence Chamber. The journey they made in company was an habitual one to both travellers. " To think how often fellow-traveller and yet not know it. To think how many times he went the journey and never saw the road ! " The journey, as it was finally made, was so short as to be almost no length at all. " When it came to be real at last, it was so short that it seemed unreal for the first time." (I am quoting from the MS. not from the text as it was printed.) " Hark ! Time and Place are both at hand." He is on his feet speaking in a whisper and as if in the dark. " Time, Place and Fellow-traveller," she suggests. " The Time could not be at hand, unless he was. Hush ! The journey's made. Its over." " So soon ? " " That's what I said to you. So soon."

Dickens was well aware that his mystery story would be judged by the twin tests of probability and fairness. Though his clues might be cryptic, yet on a backward glance they must be seen to exist and to have been real clues leading to the correct solution. I have never been able to see that the circumstance that a week before the crime Jasper went a rambling expedition over the Cathedral by night with Durdles forecasts in any fair way that he was also to engage in a similar freak journey with Edwin before murdering him. Nor that a journey which lasted from the fall of darkness till 2 o'clock in the morning was any forecast at all of a journey which was to be so short that it was no sooner made than it was over.

Yet how simply can we fit into the known facts of the fatal night of the dinner of reconciliation an habitual journey which when finally made was almost instantly over.

Edwin told Neville that he was going straight back from Minor Canon Corner to the Gate House. To do so there was only one way that he could take and that was the way across the churchyard—a way by which he habitually went every time that he returned home from Cloisterham Cathedral with his uncle the choirmaster. Some thirty paces or so from the Cathedral door on this homeward way lay the sarcophagus of the poor lad's father, in which, as I believe, Edwin was to end his earthly journey.

My excuse for reiterating my own opinion in opposition to the suggested solution of Canon Phythian-Adams is that if I am right the suggested solution must be wrong, and *vice versa*. There cannot have been two burial places so far apart as the Drood sarcophagus and the Indulgence Chamber.

On one small point, not vital to his theory, the Canon is demonstrably mistaken. He suggests that the original title of the First Chapter, afterwards changed to " The Dawn," agreeably to a note made by Dickens, may have been " Unintelligible." But the MS. proves the original title to have been " The Prologue." The chapter title gained a new and notable dramatic value by the change to " The Dawn."

PERCY T. CARDEN.

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BOOKS.

As Dickens Saw Them, by Frank Green. Illustrated. 5s. Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.

A Review and other Writings by Charles Dickens, edited by Moses Tyson, M.A., Ph.D. (Illustrated.) The John Rylands Library, Manchester. 1s. 6d.

The Naked Lady, or Storm over Adah ; a biography of Adah Isaacs Menken, by Bernard Falk (illustrated). 18s. Hutchinson.

PERIODICALS.

"A Great Man's Affirmation." *The Freethinker*, 25th February.

"Six Million Copies." *The Independent*, 24th February.

"How Dickens wrote The Life of Our Lord," by Cecil Hunt. *Daily Mail*, February.

"The Secret of a Best Seller." *Huddersfield Daily Examiner*, 10th February.

"What Women owe to Dickens," by Bertha Milne. *Scotsman*, 9th February.

"Dickens nearly became an Actor," by Geoffrey Harmsworth. *Everybody's Weekly*, 3rd March.

"Dickens in Bristol." *Evening World*, 3rd March.

"Impossibilities in Dickens," by W. C. B. *Birmingham Post*, 6th March.

"School Life in Yorkshire a Century Ago," by Christopher Yorke. *Yorkshire Evening Post*, 1st March.

"The Letters of Dickens," by Walter Dexter. *The Sphere*, 24th February.

"The Desecration of Dickens," by W. W. Crotch. *Sunday Referee*, 18th March.

"Dickens's Sojourns in Brighton." *Sussex Daily News*, 16th March.

"A Review and other writings by C. Dickens from original manuscripts in the Rylands Library." *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, January.

"The Realism of Dickens," by Quo. *G.K's Weekly*, 22nd March.

"Dickens's Honeymoon," by Thomas Wright. *Daily Express*, 3rd April.

"Was Dickens a Stylist." *Winnipeg Free Press*, 5th April. (Illustrated.)

"The Letters of Dickens to Forster." *The Sphere*, 17th March.

"Dickens and his Wife—New Letters." *The Times*, 14th, 15th, 16th May.

"Dickens as a Public Speaker," by J. W. T. Ley. *The Public Speaker*, April-June.

WHITSTABLE BRANCH

Unfortunately the Whitstable Branch did not send their syllabus for inclusion in the Diary but the new Hon. Secretary advises us that the March and April meetings at which scenes from *David Copperfield* were presented were very successful and well attended. This branch continues on through the summer. On June 13th, there is to be a Debate, and a Reading on the 25th. In July there is a Barge trip, by kind invitation of the President, on the 11th, and a Reading on the 30th. A Reading will also be given on August 27th. On August 15th, there will be a picnic-outing.

THIRTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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THE DICKENSIAN

A QUARTERLY
DICKENS
MAGAZINE FOR
LOVERS

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* * *

AND OTHER ARTICLES

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CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—S. D. Wilson, 92 Mackworth Street, Woolston.

WELLINGTON (No. 121).—Mrs. Cruttenden, Dickensian Rendezvous, Druid's Chambers.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (No. 100).—Fred. Val. Carey, 11 Gariepy Block, Jasper Avenue.

HAMILTON (No. 47).—Miss Mary Ward, 101 Wellington Street, South.

MONTREAL (No. 52).—Mrs. D. A. Martin, 4335 Walkley Avenue.

TORONTO (No. 32).—Miss Cora Lee Hunt, 347 Ossington Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—Victor Ackroyd, 627 21st Avenue, E.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—Miss C. G. Fox, 1054 Southgate Street.

WINNIPEG (No. 25).—G. H. Henderson, 950 Merriam Blvd., Fort Garry.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BETHLEHEM (Pa.) (No. 51).—Miss Mary A. Transue, 60 East Broad Street.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No 73).—Mrs. A. Lincoln Bowles, 17 Hilton Street, Hyde Park, Mass.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Harry R. C. Robinson, 511 East Broad Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Edward F. Rines, 1232 Albion Avenue, Apt. 1-B.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—Mrs. Naas, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Mrs. L. B. Hunt, 1422 Rucker Avenue.

HAWAII (No. 115).—Robert Anderson, P.O. Box 3140, Honolulu.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No 89).—Miss Ida M. Moore, 6106 Del Valle Drive.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. L. W. Claude, 851 E. Gorham Street

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. H. A. Somerville, 1839 Liberty Street.

NAZARETH (Pa.) (No. 70).—Miss Josephine Kreider, 325 West Centre Street.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—Arthur W. Glasner, 105 St. John's Place, Brooklyn.

OLD TOWN-ORONO (Me.) (No. 85).—Mrs. C. B. Porter, 231 Center Street, Old Town, Maine.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—Mrs. Wm. A. Cochrane, 1325 Morada Place.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—J. K. Thompson, 333 Saunders Avenue.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97).—Mrs. T. C. Clifford, Georgian Apts. 5437 Ellsworth Av.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. Tarr, 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—R. C. Guest, Princeton, Mass.

ARGENTINA.

BUENOS AIRES (No. 104).—Mrs. Leslie Mead, Charcas 556.

DENMARK.

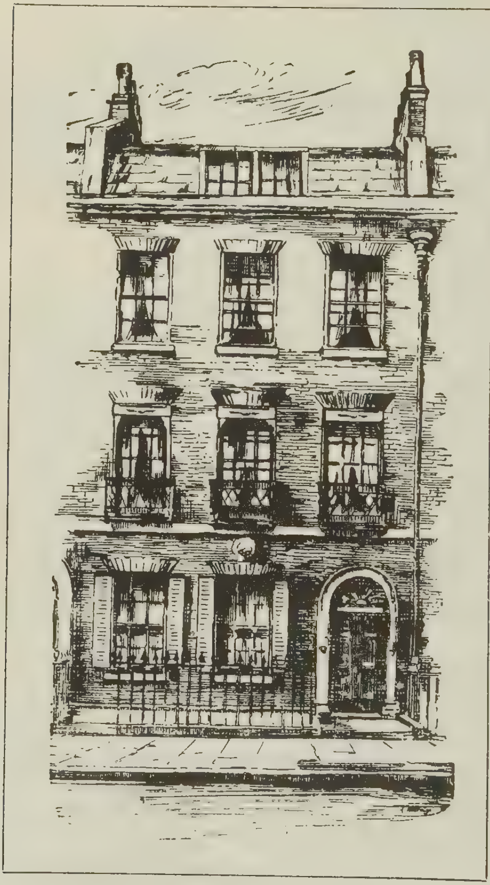
COPENHAGEN (No. 105).—Svend Aggerholm Pennehavehus, Rungsted.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries.

WHEN IN LONDON DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT
THE HEADQUARTERS OF

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

AT



THE DICKENS HOUSE,
48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

Here Dickens lived 1837-1839, finished *Pickwick*, wrote *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, etc.

Library and Museum open 10 to 5 daily (Sundays excepted).

HULL AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BROWN AND SONS, LIMITED

AUTUMN
VOL. XXX. 1934 No. 232

WHEN FOUND

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

The Lord Mayor of London. Once again the Lord Mayor-elect is a member of The Dickens Fellowship, and we offer Sir Stephen Killick our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a happy and successful year of office. He will prove a worthy successor to a line of Dickensian Lord Mayors; Sir William Treloar, Bt. (the crippled children's friend), Sir James Roll, Bt. (the President of the City Pickwick Club), Sir Edward Cooper, Bt., all of whom have passed away; and Lord Wakefield, a Past-President of the Fellowship, who, happily, is still with us. We hope to have a very close connection with Sir Stephen during his year of office.

* * * * *

An Unrecorded Speech at Manchester. The occasion of His Majesty's visit to Manchester to open the new Public Library, has been the opportunity of the press of that city to look up its columns for an account of the opening of the first public library there on September 2nd, 1852. Dickens was among those present on that occasion, although the fact has not been recorded elsewhere. We are indebted to "The Daily Despatch" of July 17th for a most interesting article on the subject, including the speech Dickens made on that occasion. Other speakers were Lytton and Thackeray, who so the report goes, was so overcome with emotion at the sight of the large number of books, that more than half of his speech was left unsaid. The previous night Dickens and his friends had appeared at the Free Trade Hall in "Used Up" in aid of the Guild of Literature and Art.

* * * * *

Count de Suzannet. It is with special pleasure that we record the election of Count de Suzannet as a Vice-President of The Dickens Fellowship. Readers of *The Dickensian* need no introduction to him, and are under a deep debt of gratitude for the many unique and priceless items of Dickensiana which he places at their disposal. His knowledge of Dickens's life and work is of a most extensive nature, and has always been of great service to the Editor of this magazine.

In accepting the office the Count writes the Hon. Secretary in a typically modest letter :—

> "I feel that the Council in proposing my nomination, and the members at the Southend Conference in conferring such an honour on a French member of the Fellowship, have had in view the millions of Dickens lovers throughout the world who are not included in the great English-speaking communities, and to whom, in my modest person they have extended the hand of sympathy and friendship. As for myself, my interest in all that concerns the Dickens Fellowship and the Dickens House is so heartfelt that I rejoice in any tie which binds me more closely to their welfare and to their present and future activities."

A portrait of our new Vice-President appeared in *The Dickensian*, 1933, page 88.

* * * * *

Frith's Portrait of Dickens. At last The Dickens House possesses an original and contemporary portrait of Dickens. The generous donor is Count de Suzannet, to mark the occasion of his election as a Vice-President of the Dickens Fellowship as recorded above.

The portrait is by W. P. Frith, R.A. It was for many years in the possession of Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

This painting, a reduced replica of the original portrait now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and executed in the same year (1859), was commissioned by the late F. W. Cosens, one of Dickens's earliest admirers and an enthusiastic collector of Dickensiana.

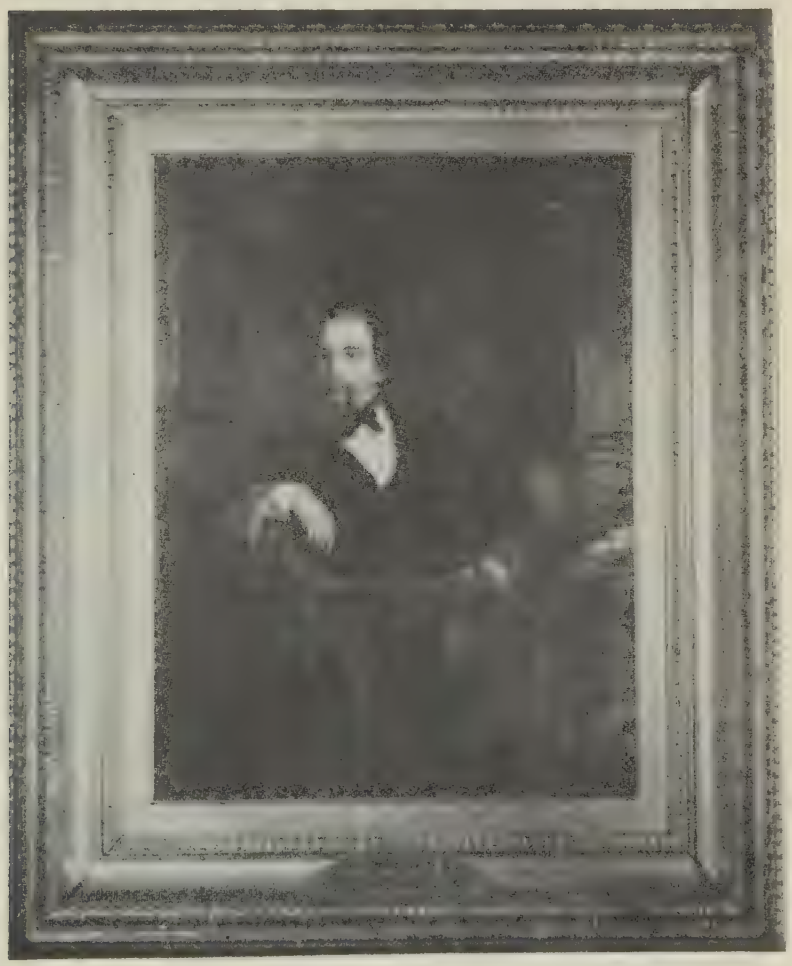
It was exhibited at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition in 1887, and has since figured at various other exhibitions in England and America.

Both Mrs. Perugini and Sir Henry Dickens expressed the opinion that the Cosens portrait was an even better likeness than the original painting.

Many years later, when his hand and eyes were failing, Frith painted three other replicas of the same picture. As was to be expected, these copies are of inferior execution and not comparable in any way to the portraits 1859. *Vide The Dickensian*, 1919, pages 37-39 and 95.

* * * * *

Eatanswill Again. The controversy as to the original of Eatanswill, which waxed strongly in *The Dickensian* for 1907-8, and in which Sudbury won hands down, has been revived by an interesting letter from Dickens to his wife, before marriage, addressed from the White Hart, Kettering, and recording some such election scenes as he later penned in *The Pickwick Papers.* The local Kettering press seized the opportunity to claim Eatanswill for their own, which brought a spirited response from the Suffolk press that they were "unimpressed" by the audacious claims of Kettering; and so the game went on à la Pott and Slurk. Eatanswill was, of course, a composite picture. Sudbury fits in quite well in respect of its distance from Bury St. Edmunds. Prior to writing *Pickwick*, Dickens had visited both towns for the elections, and one town was just about the same as another at election times. The Kettering press certainly scores a point when it reminds that Dickens clearly stated he desired to conceal the identity of Eatanswill, and in placing it near Bury St. Edmunds was simply trying to put his readers off the scent.



Dickens in 1859
By W. P. Frith, R.A.

It is remarkable how a desire to be enshrined in Dickens over-rides the fact that Eatanswill is a synonym for a hot-bed of bribery and corruption.

* * * * *

Misplaced Enthusiasm. On page 84 of the Spring Number we referred to the proposed memorial in Lynesack Churchyard to one Edward Smith as the original of Smike. Unfortunately, the protests of The Dickens Fellowship to the vicar and in the press have been of no avail, and a stone on his grave declares him the original of the famous character, and incidentally becomes a monument of misplaced enthusiasm.

* * * * *

Dickens's Letters to his Wife. The selection published by "The Times" in May last was meagre and far from satisfactory: some letters already well known through earlier publication were even included. Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd., will be publishing the whole of the letters in one volume this autumn. We are confident our readers will look forward to the appearance of this book with more than usual interest.

* * * * *

The Life of Our Lord. There is a section of the public which expresses dissatisfaction with this work. It was not written as a piece of "literature" *per se*. It is precisely what its original title, "The Children's New Testament," suggested, nothing more nor less. We cannot help thinking the change in the title has been responsible for this misunderstanding.

* * * * *

White Lead. Mr. Young's article in the last number has been favourably commented on in many directions; one correspondent writes us that a journalist of a later date, Mr. R. H. Sherard, who by the way is a reader of the *The Dickensian*, was primarily responsible for the reform Dickens had in mind. "The White Lead Workers of Newcastle," in his book "The White Slaves of England," provoked such a public out-cry thirty-five years ago that an order in Council was passed forbidding the employment of women in white lead factories.

* * * * *

The Pageant of Parliament. Dickens was twice represented in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall, London, in July. First, the scene of an election for the Reform Bill of 1832 was taken from *The Pickwick Papers*, and then later Dickens, as a young reporter, rushes into the office of his paper with news that the Factory Act has been passed; then appear ragged and uncared-for factory children on one side, and on the other, youngsters in neat and clean attire going to school. Altogether a fitting tribute to Dickens, the reporter and reformer.

* * * * *

Sketches by Boz. A Folkestone reader of "The Daily Telegraph" has commented on the fact that although this book was published before Queen Victoria came to the throne, an edition of 1850 contains many references to Her Majesty. An examination of the first edition shows that these references originally appeared as applicable to the King, and that the alterations were made in the first octavo edition in 1839, thus bringing the *Sketches* up to date !

* * * * *

The Pirates. In the last number of *The Dickensian* we showed how Dickens had early suffered at the hands of the " pirates." Thanks to the Librarian of The London Library, induced by some investigations of Mr. F. J. Harvey Darton in his book " Dickens : Positively the First Appearance," it has now been definitely established that Dickens's first story which appeared in " The Monthly Magazine " on December 1st, 1833, was, a week later, copied into " The London Weekly Magazine." This now makes clear the reference in one of the letters to Kolle, to whom Dickens had already written advising him that his first story had appeared (see facsimile letter in the Winter *Dickensian* this year). The letter (undated) must have followed a few days later. In it Dickens wrote : " They have done me the honour of selecting my article for insertion in ' The Thief,' where you will see it for the small charge of threepence, if you have not yet paid two-and-six." " The Thief " was first issued early in 1832. In March, 1833, its name was changed to " The London Weekly Magazine," but its old title still clung to it. The London Library possesses a copy of the volume containing this issue of December 7th, 1833. Unfortunately, the copy at the British Museum stops short with the issue of November 2nd in that year.

* * * * *

Sales. At a recent sale at Sothebys the manuscript of *Our Commission*, which appeared in *Household Words* in August, 1855, fetched £400, and for a series of letters to Sir John Easthope, the editor of " The Morning Chronicle," £690 was paid. A presentation copy of *David Copperfield*, inscribed to Clarkson Stanfield, was sold for £185.

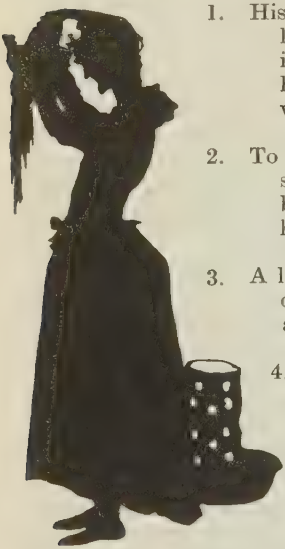
* * * * *

An Example to Follow. We should much like to see more branches interest themselves in freeing their Dickens House from debt. St. Pancras and Nottingham Branches have already set a good example. The Bromley Branch has raised £14 10s. 4d. from a garden party at the house of Mr. T. W. Hill, and the Rochester Branch has sent a donation of Two guineas.

* * * * *

Jorrocks Again. " The Times Literary Supplement " has been printing some correspondence on the influence of Surtees on Dickens, one writer claiming that Jingle's staccato speech was suggested by a character in " Jorrocks Jaunts." Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, however, went a step further and pointed out how some years earlier Holcroft in " The Road to Ruin " made Goldfinch speak in a similar manner, and suggests that the " style of lingo reverberated into cockney speech and became a popular jocosity, which may have remained long enough to be heard and recorded independently by Dickens, Hook and Surtees alike." WALTER DEXTER.

SOME PICKWICKIAN CHARACTERS



1. His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him at his birth, had given it an angry tweak, which it had never recovered.

* * * *

2. To the wisdom and experience of maturer years, superadded the enthusiasm and ardour of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love.

* * * *

3. A little old widow, whose rich dress and profusion of ornament bespoke her a most desirable addition to a limited income.

* * * *

4. A young fellow in a mulberry-coloured livery, who was sitting on a bench in the yard, reading what appeared to be a hymn-book with an air of deep abstraction.

* * * *

5. A tall thin man, with a sandy coloured head, inclined to baldness, and a face in which solemn importance was blended with a look of unfathomable profundity.

* * * * *

6. As grand a personage as the fastest walker would find out, between sunrise and sunset on the twenty-first of June.

* * * * *

7. His face had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition remarkable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them.

* * * * *

8. An elderly, pimply-faced man, vegetable diet sort of man, in a black coat, dark mixture trousers, and small black gaiters; a kind of being who seemed to be an essential part of the desk at which he was writing, and to have as much thought or sentiment.

* * * * *

9. A prim-faced, red-nosed man, with a long, thin countenance and a semi rattlesnake sort of eye—rather sharp, but decidedly bad.

* * * * *

10. A coarse, stout, thick-set young man, with black hair cut rather short, and a white face cut rather long. He was embellished with spectacles and wore a white neckerchief.

* * * * *

11. A little high-dried man, with a dark squeezed-up face, and small restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature.

* * * * *

12. An ill-conditioned, cross-grained, surly fellow—a morose and lonely man, who consorted with nobody but himself, and an old wicker bottle which fitted into his large deep waistcoat pocket.

THE CONFERENCE AT SOUTHEND

IN referring to reports of past conferences, we find that all the superlatives have been applied to them that we would wish to use in these opening remarks; so that to say it was the best attended Conference we have ever had, the best organised, and the best everything, weather included, is but to repeat past eulogies, and may not sound as sincere as we would wish.

The headquarters were at the Palace Hotel, and here the greater part of the delegates stayed. From the afternoon of the Friday until the evening of the following Tuesday, the Southend people, headed by Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, and Mr. and Mrs. Slaney, showed every sign of true Fellowship, and no stone was left unturned to make every visitor one of a great happy band of friends. Mr. Walter R. Frith, the President, received the delegates on Friday evening, and from eight until midnight there were many happy reunions with friends not seen since last year, interspersed with music, and recitals by our old friend, Mr. William Miles.

On Saturday the Conference was formally opened by the Mayor of Southend, Councillor H. E. Frith, brother of the President, who extended a hearty welcome on behalf of the Corporation.

Mr. S. J. RUST (Chairman of the Council) presided at the Business Meeting which followed, and the roll call showed the following Branches represented :—Headquarters, 50; Balham, 8; Hackney, 8; Leyton, 8; St. Pancras, 19; Bath, 4; Birmingham, 9; Blackburn, 3; Blackpool, 2; Brighton, 1; Bromley, 8; Cheltenham, 2; Eastbourne, 9; Edgware, 5; Edinburgh, 4; Gloucester, 2; Hatfield, 3; Hull, 2; Liverpool, 6; Manchester, 23; Nottingham, 15; Rochester, 15; Southend, 18; Wellingborough, 2; Whitstable, 1; Toronto, 1; Vancouver, 1; Winnipeg, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Copenhagen, 2.

Much regret was expressed at the absence of Mr. A. W. Edwards, the Hon. Secretary, owing to the sudden decease of his son-in-law, with whom he was living, and a telegram of condolence was ordered to be sent him.

Mr. Rust's address is printed on page 283.

Miss MINARDS (Assistant Secretary) read the Annual Report (see page 260), and Mr. T. W. HILL presented the Accounts, both of which were duly carried. All the officers were re-elected, and Count de Suzannet was elected a Vice-President.

The Pickwick Papers was selected as the special book for the season 1935-6.

Mr. WALTER DEXTER gave a short report of the excellent work done by the Trustees of The Dickens House, and after the usual votes of thanks had been passed, the meeting was closed, and the delegates went their various ways to enjoy the beauties of Southend and Westcliff, until the Conference Dinner in the evening claimed their attention.

Mr. ALFRED NOYES, the President of the Fellowship, presided over the Conference Dinner. He was accompanied by Mrs. Noyes.

The toast of "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by

Mr. Roland Burrows, K.C. Speaking of the death of Sir Henry Dickens, he said that Sir Henry was a member of his own College, a barrister on his circuit, and for many years was Recorder of his native town, Maidstone. He had died and they mourned his loss. Through his death a certain amount of knowledge and information of Charles Dickens had become available. He (the speaker) was always one of those who believed that a great writer owed a duty to his public, to give the public the best that was in him, although, being a writer, he could not avoid a great amount of public opinion, yet he had a number of rights of his own; and one of these was to have a decent amount of privacy.

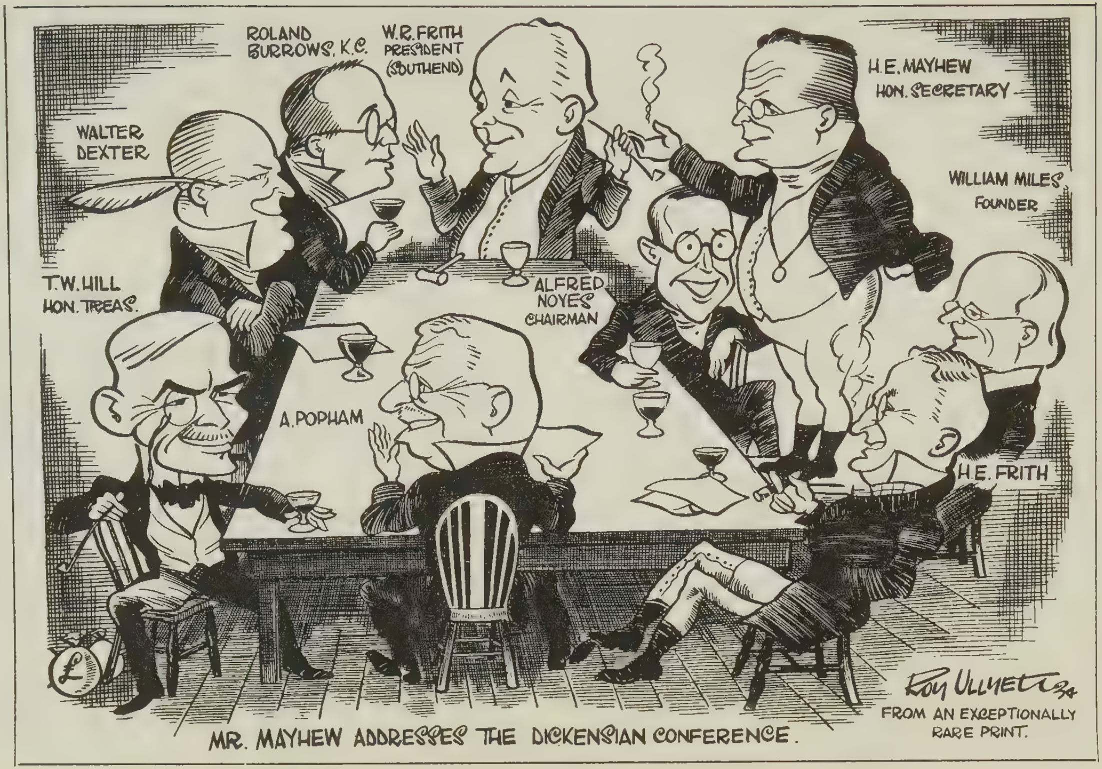
In speaking on such a subject as The Immortal Memory of Dickens, continued Mr. Burrows, one felt two things—one's entire inefficiency to deal with it at all adequately; and the immensity of the subject, which prevented the matter from being adequately dealt with even if it were possible. Charles Dickens was a man whose life and works had been of supreme importance to the whole nation and, through the nation, to the whole world. He had been aptly described as the greatest descriptive writer since Shakespeare.

Had Dickens not been of the first rank of writers, he would possibly have created Pickwick, and laboured on with Pickwick, finally going on with Pickwick until he went down to the following generations as a man who had created something and had followed that one line until he had petered out. A great creative genius of the first rank does not fall to that temptation, although it can be seen that Dickens had been tempted. He saw the temptation and realised that it was one to be resisted. He put it behind him, realising that once he had achieved success, it was due to him and his own genius that he should achieve success in another direction. So he progressed until he had accomplished the whole of his life's work.

It has been said that there is a sameness about Dickens, but there is not. It has been said that some of his works are stagey, but, from the point of view of a man of his imagination, writing what he saw and heard and felt, he was writing about living people, who lived, breathed and talked.

No writer was more beloved by the Bar than Dickens, and no man more beloved by the solicitors. He understood the legal position, and if one wanted to see an ordinary trial described in the best possible way, one could find that trial in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. It was an authority that was quoted in the courts of justice and, when it was quoted, counsel expected the judge and his opponent to understand precisely to what he was referring.

How many writers were there who had succeeded in creating one hundredth part of the living persons that Dickens had during his short literary life? There were no fewer than 1,200 distinct characters in Dickens's works. Another characteristic of Dickens was his clear perception of things as they were. He was essentially a clean, moral writer. It would be a good thing for the novelists of to-day if, before they wrote another novel, they were to read Dickens and


ROLAND BURROWS, K.C.
W.R. FRITH PRESIDENT (SOUTHEND)
H.E. MAYHEW HON. SECRETARY
WALTER DEXTER
WILLIAM MILES FOUNDER
T.W. HILL HON. TREAS.
ALFRED NOYES CHAIRMAN
A. POPHAM
H.E. FRITH
£
Roy Ullyett 34

MR. MAYHEW ADDRESSES THE DICKENSIAN CONFERENCE.

FROM AN EXCEPTIONALLY RARE PRINT.

Reproduced by kind permission of "The Southend Times" see how unpleasant subjects should be treated faithfully and without offence.

Dickens's greatest achievement during his lifetime was that he was a man who was beloved by his fellow men. It was not given to many to be remembered for a hundred years after their death. That day he (Mr. Burrows) saw that large assembly met together for the purpose of doing homage to Dickens, and that was a sign that he had overcome for ever the oblivion which all too often awaited the popular writer. As he had survived so far, they could look forward with confidence to his fame and message going down for many years to come; so that, as long as the English language was spoken, the name of Charles Dickens would be held in reverence by those who spoke that tongue. (Applause.)

Mr. William Miles, who proposed the toast of the Fellowship, said that no writer had exercised so far-reaching an influence for good on life or mankind as Dickens. It would be remembered of him always that he assisted to set right what was wrong, that he held no abuse to be unimprobable, that he left none of the evils exactly as he found them and to the influence of his writings were due many of the statutory changes while he lived. The aims of the Dickens Fellowship were not merely to bind together the lovers of the master of humour and pathos, but to foster the spirit of love of humanity which was contained in all his works. To strike a blow for the poor, that was his heart's desire.

The social reforms for which he battled were those which every right-minded man accepted as just and necessary. Dickens's early life was hard and, had he not had such a hard early life, the righting of these wrongs might not have come about.

As the founder of the Southend Branch of the Fellowship, which was inaugurated in 1910, he (the speaker) felt that he would like to pay a tribute to those men, many of whom had since passed away, who so willingly gave their whole-hearted assistance, for it was their personality and their encouragement and their intense sympathy which was so helpful in forming that branch twenty-four years ago. They saw what an influence a society like that would be in the town, and its upkeep of two cots—Tiny Tim and Little Nell—at the General Hospital, and their assistance in every good cause showed that a true Dickensian spirit was moving amongst the members to-day.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, replying, said there was no society in the world which was capable of doing more good at the present time than one of that kind. A society which was spread throughout the world could do more at the present moment to solve all our troubles than all the politicians and statesmen put together. The world was not in a happy condition, and the causes of this unhappiness were just those causes about which Charles Dickens knew most.

We have ceased to believe in real values, he said, or at least a great part of the world has. Dickens knew, as no other man knew, what the real values of life were. He knew what was wrong, and placed his finger every time on what was wrong. At the present time we have lost the sense of what is right and wrong. Look at literature to-day.

They are standing every real value on its head in every department and branch of art, and it is the same in every part and department of life. We are worshipping the ugly in morals and the ugly in form.

Evil at the present day is used as a box office boost and a publisher's boost. Look at the publishers' advertisements in our principal papers. Look at the list of qualities which are to attract readers and you will see that they are base qualities, written to the degradation of the human race.

Look again at the way you are invited to read books by the suggestion that somebody's private secretary can tell the truth about them. Our leading newspapers publish it. There it is, "honour and glory," although there was a time when a man would be driven out of public life for that sort of thing. There is a danger that something of that sort might be attempted with regard to Dickens and I am glad we have had a warning at this stage.

Dickens, as no other man, understood human affections—not as the modern novelist, from an analytical point of view. Analysis has gone so far that we have lost sight of things in their integrity. The scientist has done it to a certain extent, and he had done it perfectly rightly, for his own purpose, along his own lines.

The scientist will tell you that matter is all composed of electrons and atoms. Look at a human face from a scientist's point of view and it is a collection of electrons and protons. As somebody has suggested, there is another point of view, and the young man who knows that his girl's lips are a collection of electrons and protons nevertheless finds a certain—what shall I say ?—(laughter)—in pressing his collection of electrons and protons against her collection of electrons and protons. Dickens would say that there was something he valued immensely in the face. Where has it vanished ? I once asked a group of scientists where the human expression went to when a face was regarded analytically—and they could not tell me.

Modern analysis along these lines has been doing just that to the world in which we live. Analysis of human affections can prove that they are probably bestial in their origin and that they are worthless. It will explain that the love of a child for its mother is just the beast in it, which one day we shall probably eradicate by Soviet crèche-ism.

The method employed by Dickens is exactly the opposite. His was the method of the poet. The method of the poet, poets such as Shakespeare—I don't mean modern poets—(laughter)—is one of synthesis. They see things as a whole and do not analyse. The lyrical poets, such as Swinburne and Tennyson, have always worshipped Dickens—just this side of idolatry.

Some people of high intelligence to-day can find no merit, or very little, in Dickens. With him, the poet does not analyse, but sees. It is a kind of vision in which he sees things as a whole rather than in disintegrated parts. The modern analyst gives you a disintegrated post mortem and claims that his disintegration is truth, although he is getting very far away from truth.

It had often been said that Dickens was a man without religion, but if ever a man was a true Christian, that man was Dickens. To-day people would not listen to the padres and would not go to the churches, but when they got a humorist, people were bound to listen, because they were afraid that he might laugh at them some day. People did listen to Charles Dickens.

Mr. Frank Johnson proposed the toast of "The Mayor and Corporation of Southend," and the Mayor, replying, said that was the first occasion when the Dickens Fellowship had held its Conference in Southend. It was gratifying to him that it should happen during his year of office, as he was himself a member of the Fellowship, whilst his brother occupied the position of President of the Southend Branch.

Mr. J. H. McNulty proposed the toast of "The Chairman," and Mr. Noyes replied.

On Sunday the members attended Divine Service at St. Mary's Church, Prittlewell, and Monday was devoted to a motor coach tour through Essex. Starting *via* Chelmsford, a halt was made to inspect the ancient Saxon Church at Greenstead, and lunch was served at Chigwell. In the afternoon Epping Forest was visited, the return to Southend concluding a pleasant day.

On Monday the Mayor held a reception for the delegates at the Palace Hotel. His Worship and the Mayoress received their guests. Dancing took place in the ballroom, where towards midnight "The Modern Follies," by kind permission of Mr. Fred Beck, gave a cabaret entertainment.

THE PASSING OF SIR GEORGE SUTTON, Bt.

The death of the late Sir George Sutton, Bt., in April last, robs the Fellowship of an esteemed Vice-President, an ardent Dickensian, a staunch supporter of all our philanthropic work and one whose interest in the Fellowship and all it stands for was most keen and practical. We recall that when the scheme for establishing the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors at St. Leonards-on-Sea was launched, he headed the subscription list with the handsome donation of £5,000. He was one of the first subscribers to the Dickens House Fund, and in 1927 emphasised his interest by presenting to the House, First Editions of all the works written by Dickens during his residence there. He was a familiar figure at the Annual Birthday Dinner and his charming personality made contact with him a delightful experience.

Space will not permit to sketch his public career and his many benefactions, but one incident linking him with the Fellowship may be mentioned. In 1909 the firm W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works Ltd. (with which he had been associated since he was a young man, holding the position of President at the time of his death) presented him with a full length portrait of himself painted by Sir Luke Fildes. He was a great lover of children and one of his outstanding benefactions to the town of Beckenham, where he lived for over fifty years, was the gift of a children's ward to the Beckenham Hospital, the whole cost of building, equipment, etc., being generously borne by him. The Fellowship deeply mourns the loss of a good friend.

A. W. E.

THE GRADGRIND PHILOSOPHY

To gain a true perspective of the dull, drab picture painted in *Hard Times* it is important to remember the date it was written and to have in mind the conditions ruling at that time.

The early fifties showed that the transfer of work-people from home work to factory conditions was still in progress, though certainly far advanced. In Lancashire this period of transition had existed for some forty years when Charles Dickens wrote *Hard Times* and we may safely assume that a stage had been reached when the evils that arise through most big changes had become evident. Any great industrial development might produce this atmosphere of desolation particularly if helped by the dull, cold climatic conditions of the North. Dickens commences his book in a depressed state of mind and whilst he does not protest, as Ruskin does, against the despoiling of the landscape by ugly factories and chimneys, does, as a humanist, rail against the despoiling of the people. There I venture to say, we can, with our knowledge of subsequent events, see a result which was in every way worth the sacrifices of our forbears. Dickens saw the ploughed fields of springtime, and regretted the passing of the meadowland of yesteryears. To-day despite all our complaining, we can see the glory of the golden harvest, of a people better fed, better housed and better educated than they who lived before *Hard Times*. So much for atmosphere drawn from the physical conditions obtaining at the time, for Dickens's drab picture of Coketown was a true one and one which was confirmed by contemporary writers, with less claim to literary ability, but who had probably more certain evidence on this point. Appreciating then this depressing atmosphere and also Dickens's zeal for reformation we can understand his savage attack on the Gradgrind method of education. Hard times and hard conditions produced hard men who nevertheless glimpsed the necessity of education for the masses, and is it surprising that these men could not see beyond Hard Facts ? Yet these same Gradgrinds in our cities in the North almost canonised Gladstone when the Education Act was passed in the year of Dickens's death. Let us deal kindly with the Gradgrinds and remember that they were the rough hewn pioneers in a new world built for emergency service without any effort at artistic design or embellishment. Gradgrind was not a long way out in his calculations. Education must start with a groundwork of *Facts*. To-day we realise that a collection of information within the human skull is not education. Gradgrind thought it was and so did everybody else. It was not until the beginning of the present century that anyone took the trouble to kill that mistaken belief. To-day our educational system seeks to build on a smaller foundation of facts than did Gradgrind. Yet someone had to start Education for the people.

Gradgrind started it in Coketown. Furthermore there was no educational snobbishness about him. It was sufficient for him to know, for instance, that Sissy Jupe was anxious to learn. It followed quite naturally that this circus child was given the same educational advantages as his own children.

It is interesting to trace the reactions of the Gradgrind Philosophy on the lives of the people concerned. Over-education and isolation from the natural joys and pastimes of childhood had the effect of suppressing all womanly instincts in Louisa Gradgrind except, of course, those fostered by personal contact, as, for instance, her love for her brother. Her acquiescence in her marriage to Bounderly was certainly evidence of such suppression, though this marriage may not have been so much the *positive* effect of her education, as the *negative* effect of an entirely ineffectual mother. Tom Gradgrind is merely a common example of the weak son of a worthy father. It would be idle to assume that Dickens suggests this effect from an entirely educational cause. Rather was it the nature of the whelp and again the maternal ineffectuality. In Sissy Jupe we are interested in the progressive ideas for his child of a strolling player. Also we see the negative effect of the earlier stages of her education on a mind already progressed beyond that stage. The mutual love of the father and daughter, her life with the kindly circus people, has made Sissy a personality which was strong enough to resist the Gradgrind system and the cold unloving influence of the Gradgrind home. In Bitzer we have the one shining result of the system. He shows more clearly than the others the effect of an education of hard facts, utterly devoid of the humanities. His refusal to keep Tom and his reply to Gradgrind himself are illuminating evidence of the success of his education. " The whole social system " says Bitzer, "is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to is a person's self-interest. I was brought up in that catechism when I was very young."

Gradgrind saw his cherished ideas go awry, yet as an honest thinker on seeing the results, he still genuinely doubted. In answer to Louisa he says " I have proved my system to myself, I have rigidly administered it and I must bear the responsibility of its failures. Some persons hold that there is a wisdom of the *head* and also a wisdom of the *heart*. I have not supposed so. I have supposed the head to be all sufficient. How can I now venture to say it is " ? Here Dickens seems to shew the general rightness of the conception but condemns its application.

Gradgrind was an honest, if mistaken, reformer upon whose failures we have, by better methods, built up great results.

In his glimpse into futurity, he saw " the bending of his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances, and his Facts and Figures being made subservient to Faith, Hope and Charity." Dickens does not permit him that broader vision vouchsafed to Sydney Carton " of a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss."

The vision of the future Coketown of a happier people was denied him. Had it not been so the book might have ended on a happier note.

MABEL EVANS.

THE ORIGINAL PICKWICK PAPERS

THE COLLATION OF A PERFECT FIRST EDITION

BY W. MILLER AND E. H. STRANGE

(*Continued from page* 180)

PART X.

IN a previous article we have noted the remark that the test of a perfect Pickwick is the condition of Part II. It is, however, our considered opinion that the real test of a fine Pickwick is the state of Part X. This Part is unique in the variety and elusiveness of the points of first issue it introduces. The following collation will show this in detail :—

COVER.

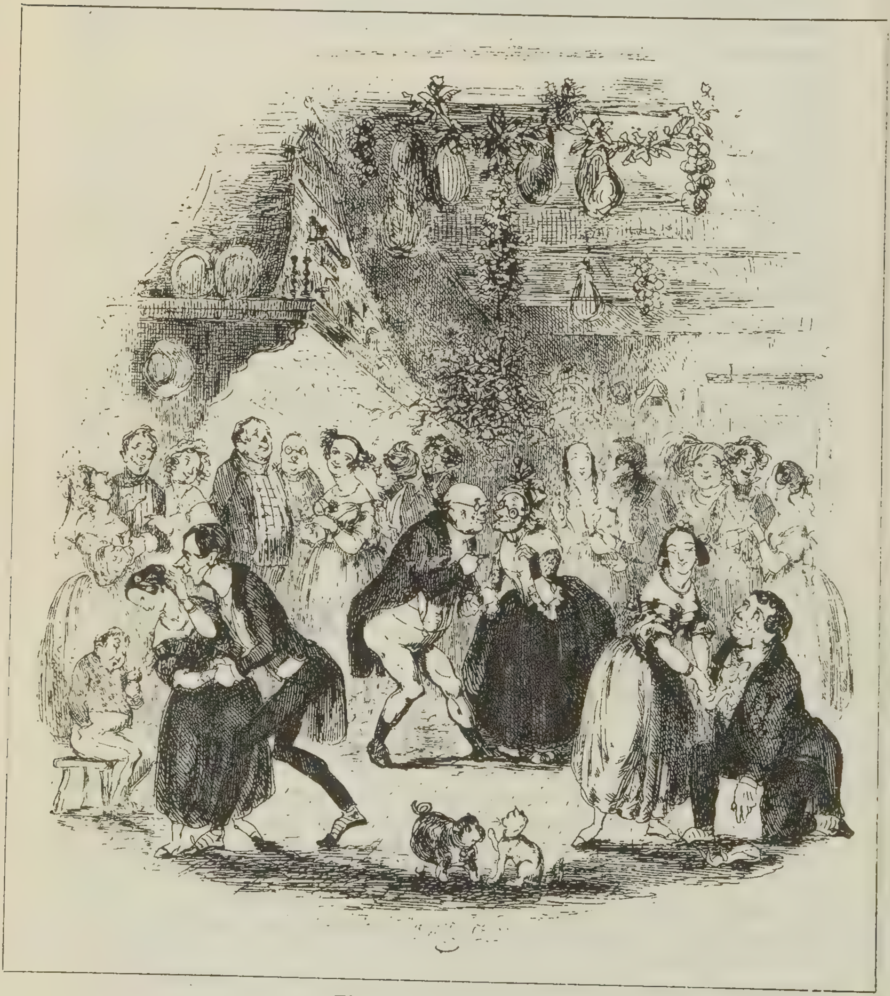
Outer front cover bears the distinctive serial number X. Inside front cover advertises " Popular Works Just Published " by Charles Tilt, with a list of eight titles. Inside back cover is headed " Splendid New Year's Gift," and advertises " The Pictorial Album " and below, No. 10 of the " Library of Fiction." The outer back cover announces " Splendidly Illustrated Works," seven in number, published by Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of an " Advertiser " of 16 pages, unnumbered, and two leaves of back advertisements. Page 1 of the Advertiser gives " Eight New Works printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Longman." Page 3 advertises six new works of Macrone, with another work just published, the first of a list continued overleaf. Page 5 advertises " Bentley's Miscellany, Edited by Boz, and Illustrated by George Cruikshank." Page 7, Vol. XXVIII of " The Mirror of Literature," page 9 is headed by " This day is published—Hood's Comic Annual," page 11 " Corporation of the London Assurance," page 13 " Balsam of Spemmacetti " and " Woodhouse's Aetherial Essence " in half measure abreast, page 15 " Important New Invention ! The Andrometer, ! " the last word in very large type occupying the whole breadth of the page. Page 10 of the Advertiser is of importance, because the very earliest copies advertise at the foot of the page, No. 1 of " The Lions of London." In later impressions " The Poetic Wreath " was substituted for this advertisement. The first of the two back advertisements consisted of three stanzas of comic verse, headed " Literary Announcement." " Omitted Stanzas of Don Juan (Hitherto Unpublished) " advertising Rowland's " Macassar Oil," " Kalydor " and " Odonto." In first impressions of this advertisement the heading " Literary Announcement " is in skeleton type, shaded below and to the right, in later impressions it is in solid black type. The exclamation after the last word is in italics in first impressions but not so in later impressions. In early impressions, though the type is bold and clear, the advertisement is not well displayed to fill the page properly. In later impressions the type shows evidence of wear, but the whole advertisement is better spaced to a total depth of about 7⅛ inches against just over 6¾ of first impressions, the difference being due to difference of spacing between the verses and the explanatory matter above them. The second back advertisement is of two pages, unnumbered, advertising on page 1 " Ryall's Portraits " and page 2 " Frazer's Magazine for 1837 " and three other items.

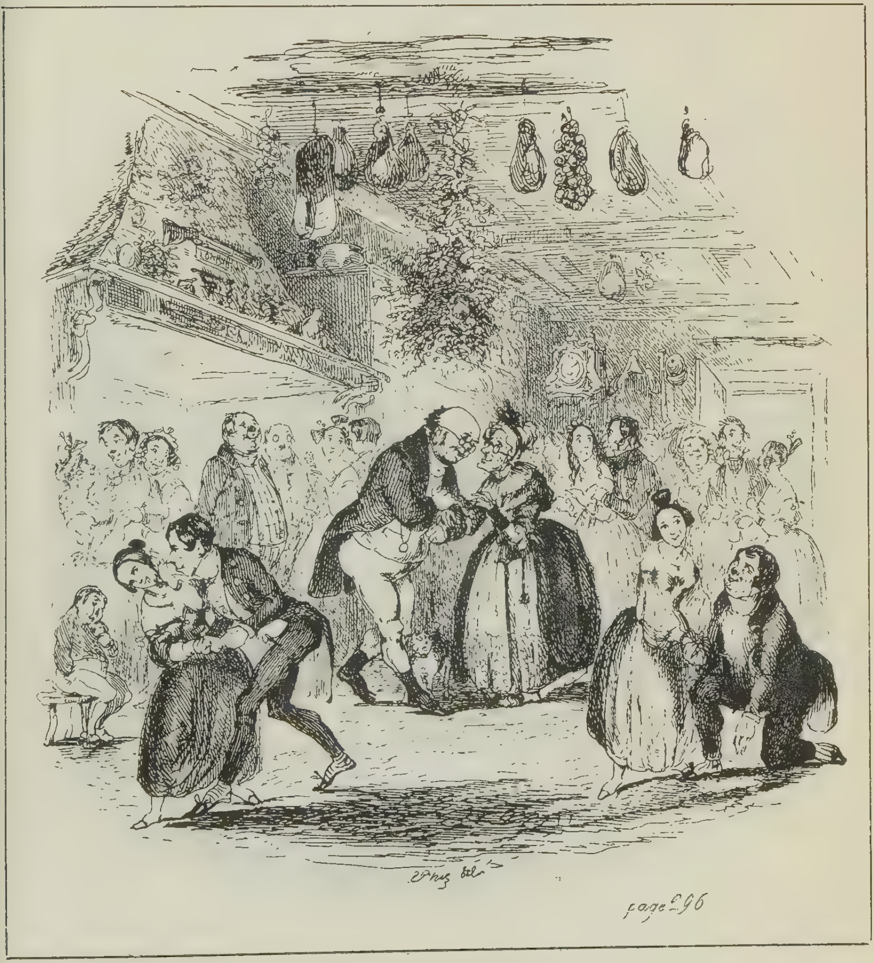
PLATES.

From now onwards Phiz gave up attempting to re-touch the steel plates to meet the stress of printing and etched duplicate plates for



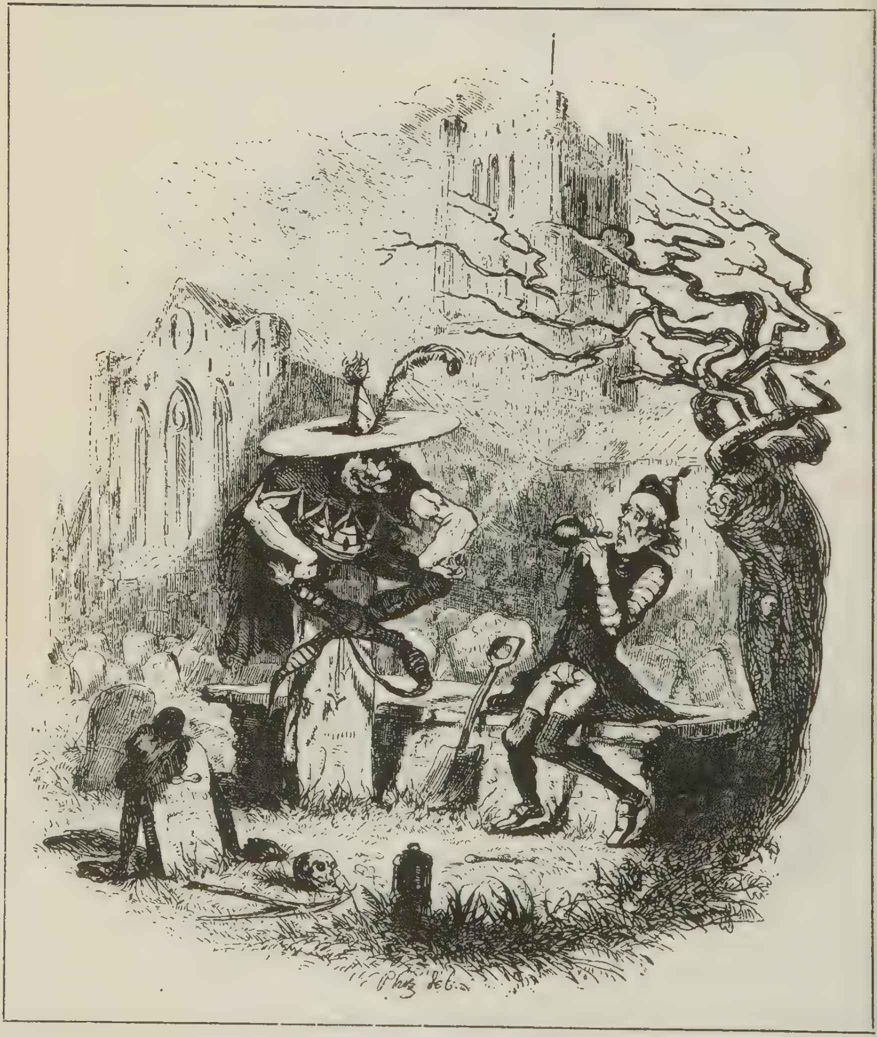
First State of Plate.

every monthly number up to Part XVIII. In the last part three numerically different plates were etched for each of the last two illustrations. First and second impressions, therefore, differ in innumerable points throughout the picture. No doubt Phiz had his two plates etched before printing of the current number began. Which "state" is prior to the other has been determined by noting which in general accompanied the first issue of the text, wrappers and advertisements. In our description of impressions from these duplicate plates we use the designation "first plate" for the one which is prior, and usually accompanies first issue of the text. CHRISTMAS IN MR. WARDLE'S KITCHEN. In the first plate there are two cats



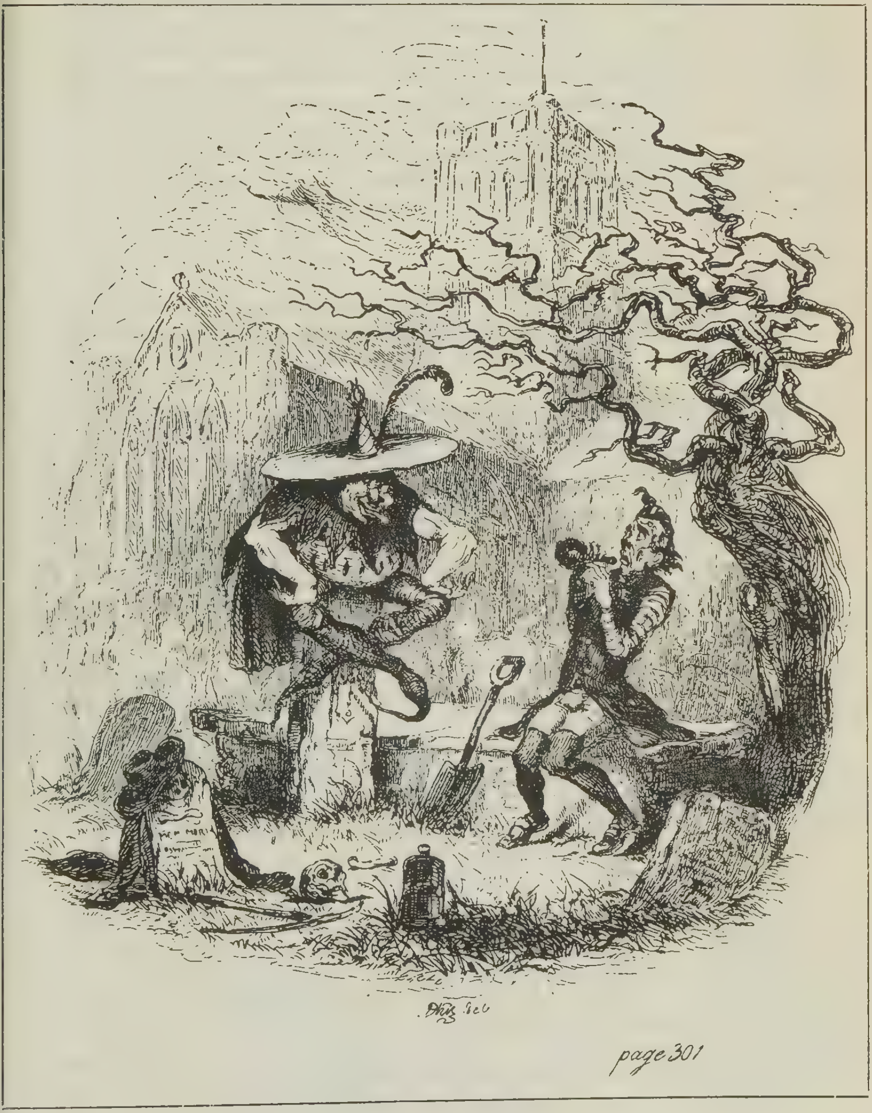
Second State of Plate.

in the foreground, in the second one cat is seen between Mr. Pickwick and old Mrs. Wardle. The side of the fireplace, on which two plates rest, is visible in the first plate. In the second plate the fire-place has no side to be seen. Mr. Pickwick's legs are bent ready for the dance in the first plate, they are crossed in the second. Mrs. Wardle's dress is entirely black in the first plate, white in front in the second. In the earliest impressions of both of the plates the pagination was omitted. THE GOBLIN AND THE SEXTON. In the first plate there is only one gravestone in the foreground of the picture and that



First State of Plate

to the left, in the second there is a gravestone both right and left. In the first plate a face appears in the tree in the foreground and the tree is less branched than in the second plate. The bone on the ground almost touches the skull in the second plate, but is the other side the lantern in the first. Earliest impressions of both first and second plates have no pagination, later ones have the pagination 301.



Second State of Plate

ADDRESS.

This is a single leaf, unnumbered, by the author, verso blank. This follows immediately after the illustrations. Here again we can distinguish first from later second and stereotyped issue. First issue is marked by the absence of any punctuation mark at the end of the fourth paragraph. The fullstop at the end of the last paragraph is also rather imperfect. In the stereotyped second issue there is a round dot before the " p " of " perhaps " in the third line, after the " i " of " increasing " in line 8, before the " f " of " firstly " in line 11, under the " m " of " months " in line 1 of third paragraph, in the first " n " of " consideration " in the same paragraph, and after the " y " of the first " you " in line 2 of last paragraph. The " e " of " Stage-," first line of paragraph 4, and the " h " of " the," last word in line 3 of last paragraph, are imperfect in the stereotyped second issue, perfect in the first.

TEXT.

Distinguishing marks of first issue are as follows :—

Page 275.—The 5 of the page number is broken in first issue. In the second issue the numeral 7 is set higher than 2 and 5 higher than the 7.

Page 295.—Line 20 from bottom, in first issue " old gen'l'm'n," in second stereotyped issue " old gen'lm'n."

Page 297.—Line 15, there is a quad mark between the inverted commas and the " a " of " a song."

Page 303.—The second 3 is missing in earliest impressions of the first issue, but very early the error was corrected.

PART XI.

COVER.

Front cover bears simply the distinctive serial number XI. Inside the front cover advertises " New Engravings recently Published by Ackermann & Co., 96, Strand." Inside back cover advertises " Weeds of Witchery, in a series of Poems, by Thomas Haynes Bayly," and other works published by Ackermann. Outside back cover announces the publication " this day " of the February number (XX) of " The Magazine of Domestic Economy," and of four other works.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

These consist of an eight page, unnumbered, Advertiser only. Page 1 advertises " Sketches by 'Boz,' The First Series, In Two Volumes, Third Edition," and " The Second Series, Complete in One Volume, Second Edition." Page 3 announces " Frazer's Magazine For 1837. Second Edition of the January Number ; " page 5 " Lodge's Portraits. A New and Cheap Edition " ; page 8 is headed " Cold Blights The Fairest Flowers, and Blossoms Fade Before It," and advertises " Rowland's Kalydor," " Odonto " and other toilet preparations.

PLATES.

MR. PICKWICK SLIDES. In the first plate four stakes project from the ice, in the second five. The dog is black in the first plate, white in the second. In the first plate there appears a church steeple in the far distance and one bird flying, in the second no steeple appears, but four birds. The pagination is on the right of the picture in first plate, more centrally placed in the second, just below part of the signature. Mr. Winkle's skates appear in the second plate only. The second plate exists also without pagination, presumably prior to impressions with pagination. THE INTERVIEW WITH SERGEANT SNUBBIN. The cornice over the cupboard has much more ornamentation in the second than in the first plate, and there are more papers grouped around the wig-stand. In first plate the quill pens on the table can scarcely be seen, in the second three pens are very clearly drawn, as well as the two pegs from one of which the gown hangs.

TEXT.

The text of Part XI has been almost totally neglected by bibliographers. This is the more remarkable in that the first issue text was revised and differences of wording as well as of typography introduced. These differences are as follows :—

Page 310.—Line 21, in the first issue "happy, I'm" is wrongly spaced, a space appearing between the letters "py" and no space between the comma and "I." This was corrected in the stereotyped second issue.

Page 312.—Line 8 from bottom, no comma after "please" in first issue, as there is in second.

Page 313.—Line 10 from bottom, in the first issue a comma after "hearing," absent in second issue.

Page 315.—Line 15 from bottom, in first issue "Thursday week," in second "Thursday fortnight." In first issue paragraph is of two lines, in second "night," the last word, runs into another line.

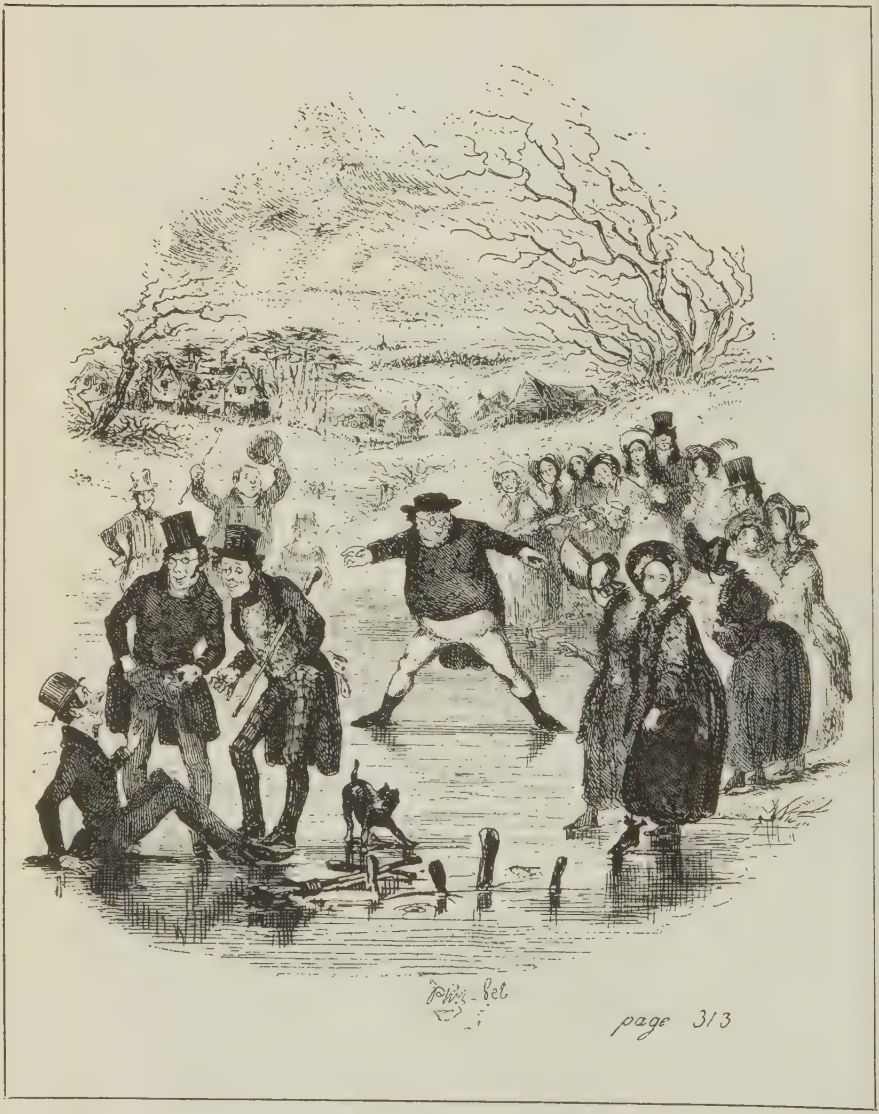
Page 321.—Line 15, "sideof" in first issue, "side of" in second.

Page 322,—Line 3, first issue has a comma after "fire," second has not. Line 21, a rare instance, there is a quad mark stereotyped into the second issue between the words "every case." This quad mark must have come up late in the printing and have escaped notice in preparing the stereo.

Page 329.—Line 19 from bottom, no space in the first issue between the words "BeforeMr.," corrected in the second issue. Line 6 from bottom no comma at the end of the line in the first issue, as there is in the stereotyped second.

Page 331.—Line 10, no full stop at the end of line in first issue, omission rectified in the second. Last two words of the page ““‘ I'mrather ’”” in the first issue, correctly spaced in the second.

Page 338.—Line 5, there is a quad mark between the word "the" and the next word in the first issue. Line 7 the letter "G" of "Going" is perfect in the first issue, broken in the second. Line 17, "sensible" in the first issue was altered to "eligible" in the second issue. Line 8 from the bottom "doorof" in the first issue, "door of" in the stereotyped second.



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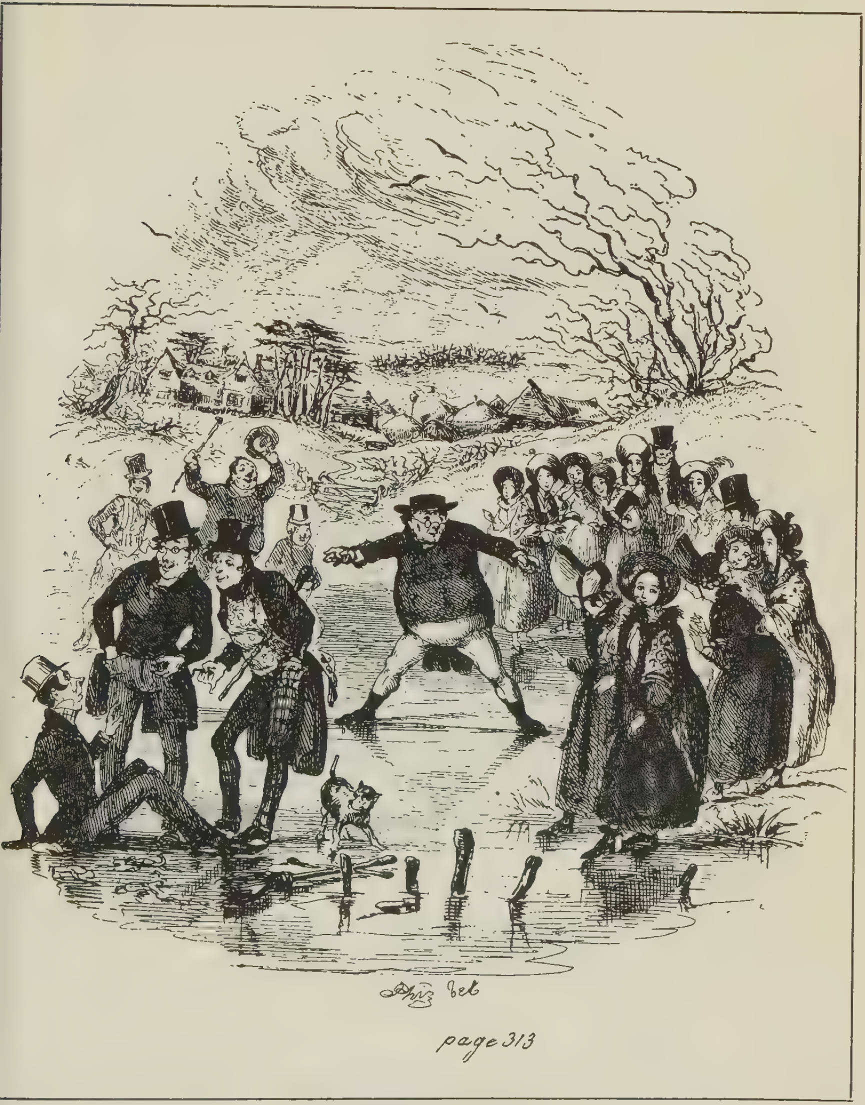
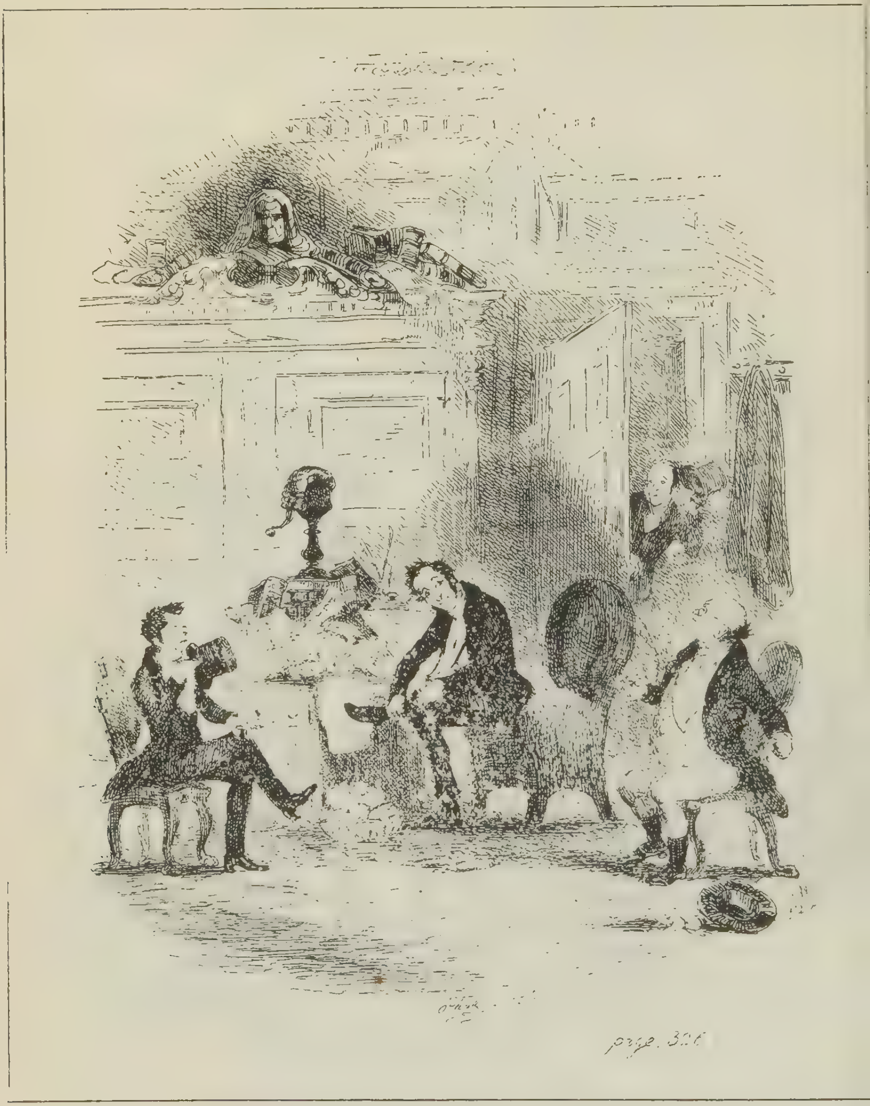


page 313

Second State of Plate



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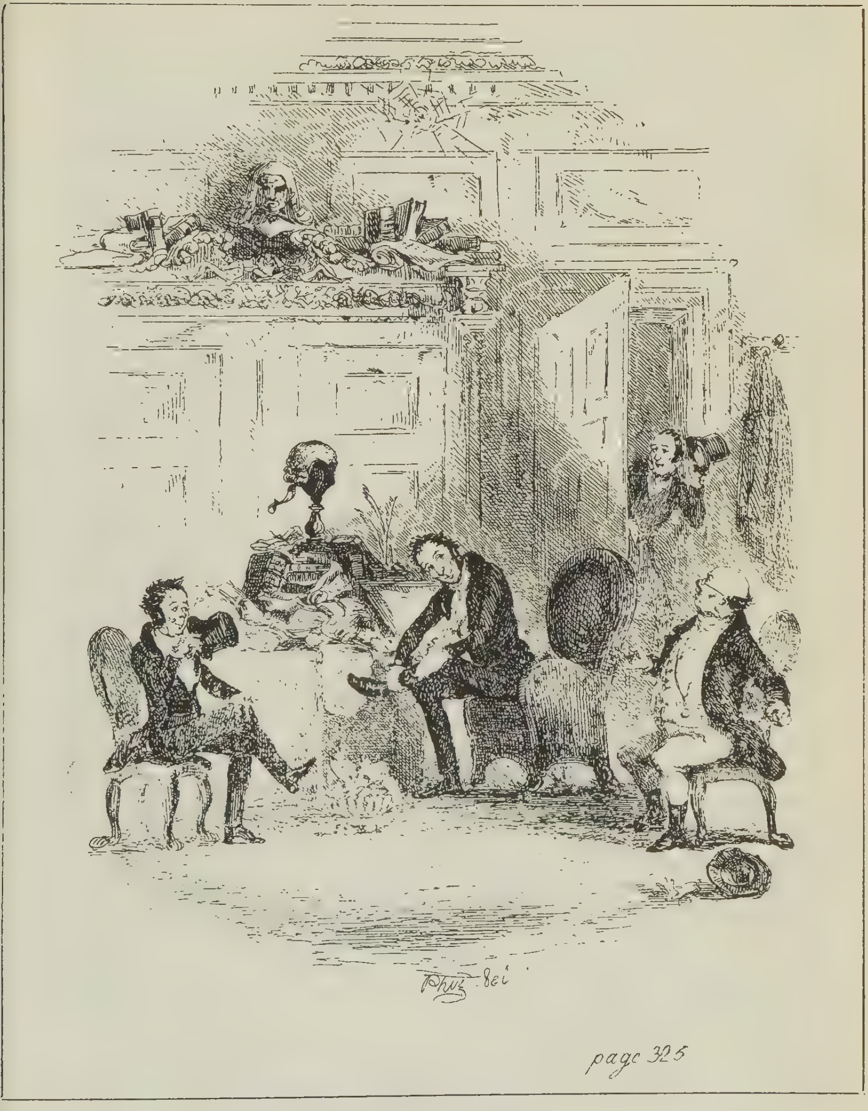
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Second State of Plate

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

ANNUAL REPORT, 1933-34.

THE Council has pleasure in presenting the Annual Report and audited accounts for the year now closing. The year through which we have passed has been remarkable for the boom in Dickens, consequent upon the publication of many hitherto unpublished, or only privately printed, letters ; the release of the letters in the British Museum of Dickens to his wife, and further by the publication of *The Life of Our Lord*, all of which have created interest in and enquiries about the Fellowship, resulting in some additions to membership at headquarters.

In reviewing the work of the Fellowship as a whole, the continued economic depression has had the effect of diminishing the number of members in some of our branches, but while this is, of course, to be regretted, it is cheering to note that the activities and spirit of the branches have suffered no diminution. On the contrary, from reports to hand the general interest and activities seem to be intensified, particularly on the Charitable side of our work. It is hoped that, with the brightening economic outlook now prevailing, the lost ground in respect of membership may soon be recovered.

It is regretted that two small overseas branches, Seattle and Racine, Wisconsin, have ceased to function ; they have been deleted from the list. Against this loss, which is more apparent than real as these branches were in a moribund state for several years, we are happy to record that two new branches, Preston and Littlebourne, have been added to the list so that the total number of branches remains the same as last year, 42 home and 33 overseas. Intimation has been received from Regional Group, No. 1, of the possibility of new branches being formed at Stockport and Lancaster.

The Council has met three times during the year, and the attendances have been gratifying. Twenty-one branches have been represented at one or more meetings ; of the total attendance of 68, 42 have been representatives from Bath, Bedford, Birmingham, Bromley, Cheltenham, Eastbourne, Edgware, Hatfield, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham, Rugby, Southend, Wellingborough, Whitstable, St. Pancras, Leyton, Tabard Players, Balham, Toronto, and Auckland, N.Z.

These meetings are greatly valued by those who attend as affording opportunity not only for a free exchange of views on matters affecting the policy and conduct of the affairs of the Fellowship, but for social intercourse and personal contact between headquarters and the branches. The " Roundabouts " which follow the Council meetings prove an added attraction, as some phase of Dickens's life or works is dealt with in a more intensive manner than is possible under the ordinary conditions of lecture or paper.

Your Council notes with much satisfaction that during the year three branches, viz. Cheltenham, Hackney and Hatfield, have celebrated their coming-of-age and some of the Executive Officers had the pleasure of attending the functions in connection with the celebrations and conveying the congratulations of the Council on the event. In the cases of Hatfield and Cheltenham, it was noticed that excellent summaries of the history of these branches were given during the proceedings. It is very desirable that such summaries should find a place in the archives at headquarters. It will be remembered that when the Fellowship celebrated its 25th Anniversary, an appeal was made to branches to furnish headquarters with a brief history of their existence, such records to be regarded as private for the time being, with the idea in mind of having important facts and incidents from which a complete and authorative history of the Fellowship could be compiled —say at its Jubilee—for publication. Only a few branches have so far responded to this request and the Council would again urge this matter upon the attention of the branches for their compliance.

Another matter of some importance is the supply of syllabuses to headquarters. There are still a few branches who fail to do this and the diary of meetings in *The Dickensian* suffers in consequence. The Editor is anxious to make this diary a complete record of the activities of the Fellowship from quarter to quarter, and it is hoped that in the forthcoming session all branch secretaries will see to it that a syllabus of their meetings is so forwarded.

The Conference at Blackpool last year furnished further proof of the ever-growing interest in Fellowship affairs. It was an amazing and surprising success, breaking all records in point of attendance, no fewer than 283 delegates and members answering the roll call. It is not necessary to itemise the many varied and delightful functions arranged for the pleasure of the delegates—suffice it to say that they were well attended, highly appreciated and fully reported in the pages of our magazine. Many of the delegates found Blackpool so attractive that they extended their stay for several days after the conference period.

The election of Mr. Alfred Noyes to the Presidency in succession to Mr. H. A. Vachell, is proving a very happy appointment. Mr. Noyes is taking a keen interest in his office and identifying himself closely with the work of the Fellowship and we feel sure the Conference will be gratified by his attendance at the Conference Dinner.

The Council has pleasure in stating that the Costume Department instituted at headquarters last year, under Miss Minards and Mrs. Bacon, is making consistent progress towards popularity and success. There are now seventy costumes completed and the steady demand from all parts of the country promises well for the future of this venture. At the Christmas Party in London, thirty-five costumes were supplied by the department, four of which secured prizes. Prizes have also been won at Rugby, Gloucester and Nottingham.

The 122nd Anniversary of the Birth of Dickens was celebrated by dinners and parties in many branches at home and abroad, to which greetings were sent from headquarters. The celebrations in London comprised the usual Dinner and an excellent recital by the Rev.

Faulkner Jefferies, at which the sum of £15 12s. 6d. was raised for the N.S.P.C. to C. A special service at Westminster Abbey, when the Dean of York was the preacher, brought the Birthday celebrations to a close. Your Council looks forward to the time when every branch will participate in celebrating this event and thus bring about complete unity of sentiment on the occasion.

During the year the Fellowship has suffered heavily in the loss by death of a number of its prominent officials and supporters and we deeply regret to record the passing of our Life President, Sir Henry F. Dickens, K.C.; Mr. J. Cuming Walters, Past President; Viscount Burnham, Sir George Sutton, Bt., Vice Presidents; Mrs. Muggeridge, Life President of Eastbourne Branch; Miss Patterson of Edinburgh; Mrs. A. Van Gelder, prominent member of Liverpool Branch; Mr. Arthur Humphreys, founder of Manchester Branch; Mr. J. K. O. Sherwood, New York, a generous supporter of the Dickens House; Mr. A. W. Wickens, a valued member of Headquarters and the St. Pancras Branch; Mr. A. E. Johnson, Sheffield Council; Mr. F. C. Ray, a valued helper at the Dickens House; Mr. W. B. Warren, member of London Executive Committee, and Chairman of Council; and many others of the rank and file of the Fellowship. We pay tribute to the memory of these excellent Dickensians whose passing leaves the Fellowship so much the poorer, but whilst we mourn their loss, we are not discouraged, but close up our ranks and march steadily forward. Although here and there may be weak spots in our organisation, we are convinced that the spirit of Fellowship was never stronger than it is to-day, and we look forward hopefully to making the " bonds of that Empire wider yet " in which all true lovers of Dickens shall be gathered within its borders.

On behalf of the Council,

A. W. EDWARDS.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP ON THE SCREEN

The Old Curiosity Shop will be the first British Dickens-talking-picture and we may expect to see it before the end of the year. British International Pictures Ltd. is sparing no pains to ensure its success. It is being directed by Mr. Thomas Bentley, who during the past seven years has made several important and successful pictures for them. But to us Mr. Bentley has a much greater claim. He is an old member of the Fellowship, and in 1912 while on a professional tour in Australia, founded the Sydney Branch. On his return he made a series of very successful " silent " Dickens films, as reference to the pages of *The Dickensian* will show. For this production, Miss Margaret Kennedy, the author of " The Constant Nymph " and " Escape me Never," has written a very clever scenario, and Mr. Walter Dexter has been called in consultation so as to ensure accuracy.

We regret that " A New Presentation of the Carol," referred to on page 128 of the Spring Number, was erroneously credited to the Boston Branch instead of to the Branch in Chicago.

THE MACBETH MOTIF IN "EDWIN DROOD"

BY HOWARD DUFFIELD

DICKENS wrote too much himself to be an extensive reader of other men's writings, but for one author he cherished an extraordinary interest. Drawn perhaps by a magnetic sense of kindred power, he made of Shakespeare a lifelong companion. The copy of the "Plays" which Forster gave him as he took ship at Liverpool in 1842 toured America with him in the pocket of his greatcoat. The 23rd of April was, in his calendar, a sort of saint's day. One of the fascinations of Gad's Hill, was its being haunted by Falstaff and his roistering crew. That theatrical adventure of which he was the head and front and which became known as the "splendid strolling" was undertaken primarily for the endowment of Shakespeare's birthplace. In his letters he mentions Shakespeare with the same familiar frequency with which he refers to himself. Throughout his writings, Shakespearean allusions are as abundant as plums in a pudding, and of all the plays the references to "Macbeth" are, as a keen-eyed critic has remarked, "superabundant." One of the earliest of *Sketches by Boz* contains a detailed description of a comical performance of that tragedy. Miss Snevellicci, the star of the Vincent Crummles troupe, is advertised as able to do anything "from a medley dance to Lady Macbeth." In Princess's Place, where Miss Tox had lodgings, "the most domestic and confidential garments hung like Macbeth's banners on the outward walls." At the wedding of Florence Dombey, "the amens of the dusty clerk appear, like Macbeth's, to stick in his throat a little." "Good Mrs. Brown," as she accosts Mr. Carker, "munches"—"like that sailor's wife of yore." Steerforth is represented as shaking off a gloomy mood with the cry, "Why that being gone, I am a man again, like Macbeth. And now for dinner! If I have not Macbeth-like broken up the feast with most admired disorder." The shadowy recollection of the butcher boy whom David Copperfield fought at Canterbury rises in his memory "like the apparition of an armed head in Macbeth." In the address at the Birmingham Institute, preparation for which interrupted his work on *Edwin Drood*, Dickens alluded to "the apparition of the externally armed head in Macbeth."

This lifelong hold of "Macbeth" upon his imagination and its fertilizing influence upon his creative energy, was like that of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Arabian Nights," and for the same reason. "Macbeth" was one of the seed plots of his childhood's fancy. "At the very tenderest age," when only six years old, to quote his own dating of the memorable event, he was taken to the theatre in Rochester, and was given the thrill of a lifetime, by the weird power of that drama of witch's spells and midnight murders and spectral visions. At eight years old, this initial impression was driven home and intensified. The clown Joseph Grimaldi, whom he was afterwards to immortalize by editing his memoirs, was convulsing London with his compelling art. "I was brought up from the country in the dark ages of 1819 and 1820," so the record runs, "to behold the splendour of Christmas pantomimes and the humour of Joe, in whose honour I am informed I clapped my hands with great precocity." Grimaldi was far more than a mere buffoon, and the speciality which he then featured was an interpretation, in clown's dress, of the dagger scene in "Macbeth," which was so done to the life that "a dead silence pervaded the whole house, and young and old seemed to vibrate with the effect upon the imagination." The heart of Dickens never lost the rhythm of those vibrations. This interweaving of the play with the very fibre of his imagination was mightily fostered by his friendship with Macready, the leading actor of the time, famous for his interpretation of "Macbeth." Few friends came so close to Dickens as Macready. While absent on his first American tour, the Dickens children were housed in the Macready home. In *Lying Awake*, Dickens writes of a night when slumber "seeming to be a thousand miles further off than Niagara," he had made up his mind to think a little about sleep, but was instantly whirled off to Drury Lane where he "saw a great actor and a dear friend of his playing 'Macbeth' and heard his apostrophising the death of each day's life." This instinctive swing of his thought to that play, as the magnet swings to the pole, occurred at the outset of his career. The same trend of association asserted itself to the end of his days. At the very time when *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* was in the making, Macready declared to Dickens that his reading of Nancy's murder by Bill Sikes was "equal to two Macbeths."

When Dickens concocted the plot of *Edwin Drood* this lifelong habit of thought seems to have impelled him to use the same ink with which Shakespeare had written "Macbeth." The story he was creating was one of murder and treachery and mystery. At the time of its composition, he was reliving the days and doings of the time when he had rambled about the old cathedral town as a "queer small boy." The imagery of the narrative was interwoven in his mind with the environment of his childhood. An hour's walk would take him from his desk to the little old theatre where he had first felt the thrill of Shakespeare's power. The building had grown shabby and worn with the years. But the vision of life with which the lift of its curtain had thrilled his boyish soul had been inwrought with deeper meaning as the days went by. The drama had smitten him with its splendour, "in those plastic first times, when" as Carlyle has said, "the whole soul is yet infantile, soft, and the invisible seed-grain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree." The play, daguerreotyped upon his childhood's fancy in that long ago time, came out in sharper definition when again exposed to the associations of that earlier day, and his last story seems to have been cradled in his consciousness under the spell which "Macbeth" had cast upon him in his boyhood.

In the six numbers which contain all that remains of the story, "Macbeth" is quoted three times. No one of these quotations is flung casually into the flow of the narrative, but each is linked with a nerve centre of the novel. The pivot of the plot is the Christmas Eve dinner party when Edwin and Neville met with Jasper at the Gate House, and after which Edwin mysteriously disappeared. As a title for this episode Dickens quotes the first line of "Macbeth," "When shall these three meet again ?" An incident which is vitally essential to the unravelling of the mystery is the entrusting of an ancestral betrothal ring to Edwin, by Mr. Grewgious. This occurred on the evening when they took supper together in Staple Inn. One of the waiters dragged his foot after him in a fashion that Dickens described as resembling "Macbeth's leg when it accompanied him off stage to the assassination of Duncan." That leg play was a bit of stage business, invented by Macready, as dagger in hand he sets out to murder the King. Dickens, preoccupied with the connection between the gift of the ring to Edwin and the murderous attack upon him by Jasper, who, like the murderer in the play was both "host and kinsman" to his victim, instinctively associates it with that identical situation in "Macbeth," as so vividly interpreted by one of his dearest friends. In the Crisparkle residence on Minor Canon Row, there was a closet on the stairs which in his notes Dickens declares he "remembered as a child." Within this closet the good Canon is standing at the precise moment when about to set in motion a train of circumstances which will ultimately and irresistibly carry him to Cloisterham Weir where the air seemed burdened with weird whisperings of murder. As he places Mr. Crisparkle on the first step of that road Dickens mentally travelled the path to the end, and wrote that the Canon "was as confident of the sweetening powers of Cloisterham Weir as Lady Macbeth was hopeless of all those of the seas that roll." That old play that Dickens had known so long and loved so well would not lie down, but haunted him, and elbowed him and whispered to him, and drove his pen all the while his fancy was evoking the strange story of that very Cloisterham where for him the curtain had first risen upon its tragic scenes, where he had felt the first impact of its magic power.

The play was a drama of witches and incantations and midnight murder and battlemented castles and strange seizures and hallucinations. The story which he was writing was of a witchlike crone and evil doings, and murderous schemes, and Gothic towers, and weird dreams and strange seizures. The same breath of creative thought called each into being. The mystic impulse which led him back to Rochester, for the setting of his story, led him back to Rochester's little theatre, for the pattern of his plot.

A distinctive note of "Macbeth" is the uncanny influence of witches. It was written about the time when James the First ascended the English throne, and if that merry monarch was as devoted a believer in the Bible, for the translation of which he has won such lasting renown, as he was in witch lore, he should be canonized. The inevitable response of the theatre to his coronation was this drama, in which the skein of destiny was woven by witchcraft, and if Sairey Gamp was first cousin to Mrs. Quickly, the Woman of the Opium Den was sister to the warlocks of "Macbeth." Seldom seen, their weird presence is always felt. Their influence permeates the play, and the plot is woven by their evil enchantments. At every pivotal moment they appear. Their arrival on the scene is always marked by the turning of a new leaf in the book of fate. The Witch Wife of the Opium Den was a perfect understudy for just such a rôle. Whenever she is present the sky darkens and the stars are hid. Whenever, like a stormy petrel, she flutters into view, the fate clouds lower and the tempests moan. Akin to the weird sisterhood of "Macbeth" she radiates evil energy, and is the herald of destiny. Four times she appears, and each time she erects a milestone on the road to the *dénouement*. At the rise of the curtain, she is dimly seen by the grey light of the dawn amid the smoke clouds of her foul den, just as the witches, when the play opens, were huddled in the "foul and filthy air" on the "blasted heath." When Edwin is approaching the Gate-house where death is waiting to welcome him, the Witch Wife crouches beside him and heralds his doom, just as the witches in the play faced Banquo and Macbeth upon the high road and mapped the pathway of their fates. When Jasper, unsure of the actualities of the past and the possibilities of the future, hurries to her lair, just as Macbeth dashed in desperation to the witches' cavern, to drag forth the truth from amid the shadows of uncertainty, the Witch Wife conjures up by her black art visions of what had been or was to be as spectral as that procession of ghosts which arose from the witches' cauldron and passed before the gaze of the Scottish King. When Datchery was almost at a pause in the solving of his problem, the Witch Wife arrives on the scene and apparently puts into his hand a major clue to the mystery, the working out of which was never to be written. Upon this quartette of episodes, the story of *Edwin Drood* stands four-square.

The spinning of the first thread in the web of destiny both by the witches in the play and by the Witch Wife in the story, occurs in the "Prologue" when by their agency the initial impulse is given to the whole train of circumstances which is to follow.

In the opening lines of the play, Shakespeare "touches the keynote" as explicitly as Dickens does in the earliest paragraphs of *Drood*. The first scene of "Macbeth" consists of but a dozen lines. The curtain rises upon a forbidding picture of "a desert place," the only tenants of which are a trio of unearthly beings. A little later their portraiture is etched in detail. Gruesome and uncanny, they gibber and mutter incantations that girdle the earth. They travel, as by post, from land to land. Sailors and their wives are the targets of their ire. A pilot's thumb is among the ingredients of their unholy spells. The range of their operations is from Scotland to the Orient, from the "blasted heath" besides Forres, to Aleppo, the starting point for the caravans that traffic in the Far East.

The story begins with a brief three page "Prologue" which pictures Jasper awakening from drug dreams of Oriental life. The sight which confronts him as his opium-dimmed vision clears, is like a reflection in a mirror of the opening scene in the play. He is in a place of abominable desolation, tenanted by a goblin crew of three repulsive creatures, a drug-dealing hag, a sailor and a Chinaman, opium-smoked into a horrid kinship. They whined and drooled and snarled. The den neighboured the docks. The shipping of the world passed beneath its windows. It was at a point where the commerce of the seven seas was focussed. Its illicit opium traffic put it in touch with the Far East. The foreword of Shakespeare and the prologue of Dickens are in identical rhythm.

The spinning of the second thread in the web of destiny both by the witches in the play and the Witch Wife in the story, occurs when they confront their victim as he is hastening to his doom and announce to him the decrees of fate. In the play the weird sisterhood encountered Macbeth and Banquo as they are wending their way across "the blasted heath" to their rendezvous with death. With startling suddenness, they flash into sight like visitants from another realm. They "look not like the inhabitants o' the earth." They are "withered and wild in their attire." They lay their "choppy fingers" upon their "skinny lips." They uttered names and bits of confidential fact which betrayed strange knowledge of the most intimate experiences of those to whom they spoke. They croaked out mysterious warnings of direful happenings. Macbeth and Banquo went on their way, haunted with a sense of having listened to unholy whisperings from the spirit world.

In the story, the Witch Wife bars the pathway of Edwin Drood when his feet are almost upon the threshold of the trysting place with his would-be murderer. Like the tolling of a requiem bell the solemn language of the play rings out the burden of the story. "He comes here to-night." "And when goes hence?" "To-morrow as he purposes." "O never shall sun that morrow see!" Edwin stands at dusk before a wicket gate at the entrance to a densely wooded park. Suddenly he becomes aware that, like a ghost in the gloaming, an unearthly creature is crouching at his side. How long she has been there he cannot tell. She is "of a haggard appearance." She has a "weazened chin." "Her eyes are staring with an unwinking, blind sort of steadfastness—" into the deepening night, as though she could spell out secrets that lie hidden in the darkness. She "croaks," she "whimpers." She "shakes her fore-finger before his eyes." She "leans forward to whisper her revelations of fate into his ears." Intimate names, used by none but two who shared his heart, were sent on a startled flight through his fluttered breast. Obscure warnings of a nameless woe, which shod with wool was stealing up to him through the thickening night, curdled his blood, and with a shiver he hastened to the lighted streets. But, like a wraith born of the evening mists, the baleful presence of that forecaster of evil could not be cast off. The Witch Wife haunts him, and as he wends his way towards Jasper's gatehouse, her words of woe kept grating upon his ears like the "hoarse call of the raven," that croaked the fatal entrance of Duncan under the battlements of Macbeth's castle. It is written in the play, that when a flower of evil is about to bloom,

"Light thickens and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse."

It is written in the story that when murder was knocking at the door all nature was alert and on the watch for some event of horror, as though a dreadful knowledge had gone abroad that evil had slipped its leash. "A strange dead weight was in the air. The clouds were copperous. The winds were rising. The sky was angry. The water was troubled." The sentences of Dickens are in the same key as those of Shakespeare. The pulse beat of that crisis moment as enunciated by the dramatist throbs through its interpretation by the novelist. The encounter with witch-like beings who stood like sentinels at the threshold of doom, as related by Shakespeare and reiterated by Dickens, is in identical rhythm.

The spinning of the third thread in the web of destiny, both by the witches in the play and the Witch Wife in the story, occurs when with their black art they second the criminal in his desperate endeavour to discover the real nature and consequences of his guilt.

Every crime springs a network of unlooked-for circumstances in which the criminal finds himself suddenly and dangerously immeshed, and from which, with an intensity of desperation, he struggles to release himself. This psychology of guilt is an elemental factor in both the play and the story. Macbeth and Jasper, harried by the unforeseen and portentous consequences of their evil-doing instinctively and urgently resort to the abhorrent creatures by whose subtle agency their murderous designs had been nursed into execution, to invoke from them a further exercise of their unholy art. The language employed by Macbeth expresses with a nice accuracy the resolve which drove them both back, the one to the Witches' Cave, the other to the Opium Den.

"I will to-morrow
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters;
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst."

Macbeth finds the Witches lurking in the dark recesses of a lonely cavern. The gloom is accentuated by flickering firelight. A cauldron filled with hell broth simmers above the faggots. Through the fumes which rose like the smoke of the pit, there passed before the bewildered gaze of the royal murderer a ghostly procession of the things that had been, and the things that were yet to be.

Jasper, under the cover of night, retraces his steps to the obscene den of the opium vendor. The Witch Wife is crouched in her kennel, alone in the dark. By the glimmer of a match she recognises the familiar figure, clothed in unwonted black. The foul reek of the slum, the sombre raiment of her visitor, the crone crouching as for a spring and palpitating with cruel satisfaction at having once more in her toils the man for whose destruction she was so avidly bloodthirsty are wrought into a Rembrandt-like picture. The method which was pursued by the warlocks in the play for endowing the vision of Macbeth with an insight into the essence of things, prefigures with singular exactness the technique of the beldame of the opium den. A "vaporous drop"—"distilled by magic sleights" provided for them by "the mistress of charms" was blended by them with the repellent ingredients of their noisome brew, and converted it into a talisman of sufficient potency to

> "raise such artificial sprites
> As by the strength of their illusion
> Shall draw him on to his confusion."

The Witch Wife's stock-in-trade was just such a bait of disaster, which by expanding the horizons of the imagination and peopling it with spectral shapes, drew the observer on "to his confusion." Instead of a cauldron, the Witch Wife compounded her "vaporous drug" in the bowl of a little pipe. Carefully she mixed the Satanic charm, which magically expanded the horizon of vision. By its potency, as by an incantation, she threw Jasper into a sleep which was not all a sleep, but a trance-like state in which sense was sealed, but thought and memory were exalted, and illusion was clothed with garb of reality, and things buried in the depths of secrecy came out of their sepulchres.

Dickens's tense portrayal of Jasper's experience in his opium dream is a companion picture to that appalling scene in which Lady Macbeth, while asleep, rehearses the direful incidents of her night of fate. She performed a pantomime of horror, eloquent with terrible significance. She uttered sinister words, broken sentences incoherent and lurid exclamations, like flashes of lightning at midnight. Awe-stricken watchers noted that while "fast asleep, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut." The clock strikes her dark hour again and she wails, "One. Two. Why then 'tis time to do it. Hell is murky." The terror of the night returns and washing her hands she cries, "Here's the smell of blood still." The past becomes present and she moans, "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?" Drunk with opium Jasper performs "over again in his fancy" deeds deep hidden from the light. He re-enacts a revolting adventure in crime. He gives vent to ejaculations as blood-curdling as those that rang through the hall of the old Scottish castle. He rises to his feet. He bends over. He points down, as though leaning upon the edge of an abyss. He flings out exclamations aglow with sinister significance. "Look down! Look down! See what lies at the bottom there." "Look at it. That must be real. It's over." As with Lady Macbeth, this had become "an accustomed action." Jasper did it "over and over again," "uncounted times," "millions of times." The very words spoken by the murderous Queen fall from the lips of Jasper. She said,

> "Nor time nor place did then adhere,
> Yet you would make both—
> They've made themselves—"

He said, " Time and place are both at hand." The torture chamber of a criminal's mind as presented by Shakespeare and re-presented by Dickens are in identical rhythm.

The kinship in mood in outline and in structure between " Macbeth " and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is too circumstantial to be wholly accidental, and too complete not to be accorded careful consideration when seeking to unravel the riddle which Dickens left as his final bequest to the world of letters. An author no less eminent than Hall Caine thought so, and no one is better qualified than he to speak ex-cathedrâ concerning such a subject. An opinion from him is the verdict of an expert and cannot be brushed aside with a Podsnap-like wave of the hand. Referring to the heading of Chapter XIV, " When shall these three meet again ? " he wrote, " Depend upon it the mind of Dickens was consciously revolving around the same complication of plot as that of Shakespeare in Macbeth, hence the quotation." He further asserts that " if Jasper be substituted for Macbeth, Edwin for Duncan, and instead of the crown, Rosa Bud is made the coveted prize, the unwritten conclusion of the story becomes perfectly obvious." If so vital a relationship between the tragedy of Shakespeare and the mystery of Dickens actually exists, if Dickens's mind when calling the Drood story into being was either consciously or unwittingly keeping step with the mind of Shakespeare, a strong basis is unquestionably furnished for inferring the outcome. The importance and significance of such an inference would be almost clarified into certainty, if it should appear that there was some one special feature of the Play, which exerted so regnant and so persistent a grip upon the imagination of Dickens, that it dominated his thinking whenever he thought of Macbeth. Dickens has declared that this was the case. In explicit terms he has recorded the fact that there was a very curious and grotesque idea which from his first sight of the play had throughout his entire life enthralled his fancy in connection with " Macbeth." In the mind of the multitude, the Drama is mainly associated with the witches, their cauldrons and incantations, the spectral dagger of Macbeth, the foul and treacherous murder of a guest by his kinsman host and the apparition of Banquo at the royal feast. None of these things is referred to by Dickens as being the peculiar feature of the tragedy which had taken hold of him. The overtopping idea which the play evoked in his thought, like all the fancies with which his mind was tenanted, was quaint, original, humorous and out of the ordinary. It gripped him as a boy. It clung to him as a man. On a visit to Rochester only a few years before commencing the Drood story he writes* that it rose before him as clear cut as when the first sight of his first play had branded it upon his imagination. The performance of Macbeth which marked such an epoch in his boyhood was given by so meagre a company of *dramatis personæ* that several of the players were compelled to double their parts. As a result of this complication, the climax of interest to the keen-eyed and excited

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* *Uncommercial Traveller*, chapter xii.

Dickens boy was, to quote his own words, " that the good King Duncan would not rest in his grave but was constantly coming out and calling himself somebody else." In the mind of Dickens the play of " Macbeth " instantly and inevitably evoked the picture of a murdered man coming back, and appearing to be a different person. From the desk at which he wrote *Edwin Drood* he could almost see across the fields the roof of the old playhouse within whose walls this freakish fancy had been knitted into the fibre of his sensitive and boyish imagination. In his everyday walks he not infrequently passed those very doors through which his childish feet had trodden this road to wonderland. A picture of the beloved old theatre is etched upon one of the pages of his story. Lines from the play are embedded in its structure. The spirit of the play saturates the story. If, therefore, among the disclosures of its unpenned pages it should have been revealed that the author had conceived of his hero, as one who, having been presumably done to death, " came out of his grave, and called himself someone else " he would simply be obeying the irresistible impulse of a lifetime. In the light of Dickens's own testimony as to his instinctive reaction to the old Shakespearean tragedy which he has so threaded into the warp and woof of *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Hall Caine's dictum, that " the conclusion of the tale is perfectly obvious " becomes impressively true. " Obvious " is the word. Nothing could be more " obvious " than that the hero of any novel which Dickens concocted under the spell of " Macbeth," however much he may have seemed to be murdered, " couldn't rest in his grave " but " would be constantly coming out " and probably " calling himself someone else."

TWO BOOKS

" Companion into Kent " does not belie its title. Although we Dickensians want no better companion into Kent than Dickens, it is always well to remember that there are some other things worth thinking about in that delightful county. Mrs. Dorothy Gardiner's book tells us just those things about Kent that many Dickens lovers ought to know, but do not. There are, of course, many excellent pages devoted to our author, and is in itself quite a sufficient guide to Dickens's Kent ; but what strikes us as particularly happy about the book is that it is full of pleasant reading such as Dickens himself might have provided, and we welcome it accordingly. The illustrations are numerous and very well done.

From R. H. Macy and Co. Inc., New York, we have received what appears to be a privately-printed pamphlet. It is by Paul Hollister, and entitled " The Author's Wallet." It is the advocate of free trade in bookselling, and gathers together for the first time some most interesting minutes of a meeting convened by John Chapman in 1852 to combat the activities of the Booksellers' Association. Dickens was in the chair, and many important publishers and authors were present. Lord Campbell later acted as arbitrator between the parties, and gave his award in favour of Mr. Chapman's party, so that the Booksellers' Association was ultimately dissolved. A very interesting sidelight on one of the many activities of Dickens.

WHO WAS——

1. Perpetually round the corner.
2. Not coming on Christmas Day.
3. [Asked to] count five and twenty.
4. Eating nuts, and throwing the shells out of the window as he cracked them.
5. Out with a little basket to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppence ha'penny.
6. A being erect on two legs and bearing the outward semblance of a man and not of a monster.
7. A broken man, crushed and borne down less by weight of years than by the hand of sorrow.
8. Lodged at a bird-fancier's, next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cat's-meat warehouse.
9. A mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish dear fellow—a sort of hercules in strength, and also in weakness.
10. Of an ungainly make. Too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many angles of him angle-wise.
11. A tall man of middle age with two goggle eyes [fond of] cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions.
12. In the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, [and] might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages.
13. A more entirely selfish person at heart—or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with the latter organ than with the former.
14. Seen sitting among the scarlet-beans in his little arbour, or working at his little hot-beds . . . and . . . began to throw his cucumbers over our wall.
15. Calls upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honoured with his love [and] toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature whose Christian name, he said, began with a D.
16. Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances.
17. One of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves to youth.

(The Answers will be given in the Winter Number)

THE LETTERS OF DICKENS TO F. D. FINLAY

WITH NOTES BY A. DE SUZANNET

FRANCIS DALZELL FINLAY was born at Belfast in 1832. While still a young man, he succeeded his father as proprietor and editor of the Belfast "Northern Whig," a leading Irish newspaper, noted for its strong Unionist policy.

When Dickens, in August 1858, paid his first visit to Ireland, Finlay was one of the prominent citizens of Belfast who welcomed the great novelist to their city and helped to make his readings there a success. From that time a cordial friendship was established between the two men and for the next eleven years Finlay was a frequent guest at Gad's Hill.

In 1865, F. D. Finlay married Janet, daughter of Alexander Russel, the Editor of "The Scotsman." Of this marriage were born a daughter and two sons, both of whom had distinguished careers in the army.

In the middle seventies, Finlay sold the "Northern Whig" and settled in London, where he became a well-known figure in literary and artistic circles. He numbered among his friends: W. P. Frith, Marcus Stone, Luke Fildes, Edward Southern, Henry Irving, John Toole, the Kendals, the Bancrofts, Archibald Forbes and Edward Lawson (Lord Burnham).

Notwithstanding his keen interest in politics, F. D. Finlay always refused to stand for Parliament. For some years he was Secretary to the Political Committee of the Reform Club.

He died in 1917.

* * * * *

In April 1872, on the seventh anniversary of their wedding day, Finlay presented to his wife an album in which he had carefully mounted nineteen letters written to him by Dickens from 1858 to 1869. This album was further enriched by the inclusion of a letter of Dickens to Georgina Hogarth and other documents relating to the friendship of the two families.

The letters of Charles Dickens to Finlay and to Miss Hogarth here printed have never been published, with the exception of three letters to Finlay which were included in the *Letters of Charles Dickens* edited by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter.

* * * * *

In the course of his first paid readings, carried out under the management of Arthur Smith, Dickens visited Dublin, Belfast, Cork and Limerick.

In the following letter, the first paragraph and the postscript refer to the Irish jaunting-cars which both Dickens and his manager had commissioned Finlay to procure for them. The side-car ordered for Dickens proved a great success and became a popular means of conveying guests from Higham station to Gad's Hill.

Limerick. Thursday Second September 1858.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

We are not deterred from the achievement of our desperate purpose, by the additional cost. Therefore, if you will have the kindness to order the cars, we will astonish the counties of Kent and Sussex.

Cork was an immense success. We found upwards of a thousand stalls let, for the three readings. A great many people were turned away too, on the last night. I did not think them, when I read the Carol, nearly as good an audience as Dublin or Belfast, in respect of demonstrative satisfaction. But they were excellent as to Dombey and the Boots too. Perhaps, on the occasion of the first reading, the fault was in myself. For I was not in very good spirits that evening.

There is not much to be done here, but it is a charming little Theatre for seeing and hearing (I read in the Theatre), and they were a highly sensitive, quick, and agreeable audience last night.

Tomorrow morning we turn our faces towards London. I shall carry there with me (and keep there with me) the remembrance of your most friendly aid, and the hope of seeing you in our house . . . .

P.S.—Mr. Arthur Smith sends his kindest regard, and says (mysteriously) he will write about the color of his crest.

The signature of this letter is missing. Finlay has appended the following note : "Signature begged by an autograph hunter."

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Tuesday Twenty-Eighth June 1859.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

I hear you are in town. Can you not give me the pleasure of seeing you here ? Any day will suit me ; any night I can give you a bedroom. My station is Higham, on the North Kent railway from London Bridge. You shall be triumphantly fetched from said station in THE car, if you will write a line beforehand.

Believe me

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens.

Gad's Hill Place
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Thursday First July 1859.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

There is a very good train (considering that it runs on the worst railway in England) which leaves the London Bridge Station of the North Kent, at 3.40 in the afternoon. This will bring you to Higham at 10 minutes before 5. You will observe the great national vehicle at the Higham platform, opening its arms to receive you.

I have a fancy, or a remembrance, that you told me you knew Edmund Yates. I have not seen him for a long time, and he writes me that he is coming down tomorrow. Perhaps you may find him in your train.

I assure you it gives me real pleasure to think that you will not go back to Belfast, without having given me an opportunity of shaking hands with you.

Believe me always
Very faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

Finlay and Yates were friends and had literary interests in common. At one time Yates was a regular weekly contributor to the "Northern Whig" and, in 1860, Finlay wrote a poem for the first number of "Temple Bar."

The following letter was written in answer to Finlay's offer that his brother Henry, who was leaving for India, should convey any letters, parcels or messages which Dickens might care to send to his son Walter. Walter Dickens was a Lieutenant in an Indian native regiment. He died three years later at Calcutta.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Wednesday Thirteenth June 1860.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

It is very kind of you to remember my Indian interest, and we are all very truly obliged to you, and beg you to accept our best thanks. We will trouble your brother with a small packet of photographs, and I shall feel much indebted to him for his kindness in taking charge of it.

If you should ever find yourself during the summer with leisure to come on here, I think you know that you will be cordially welcome.

Believe me always
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

It is not easy to explain the meaning of the opening paragraph in the letter that follows. The Reading Editions prepared by Dickens himself and published by Bradbury and Evans in 1858, included *A Christmas Carol* and *The Story of Little Dombey*. Possibly Dr. Ferguson had asked for a literal transcription of the Readings as delivered in 1861. Or was Dickens deliberately boycotting a "B and E" publication ?

3 Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.
Monday Sixth May, 1861.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

There are no printed abridgements of the Carol, Dombey, &c., as I read them, or nearly as I read them. Nor is there any such abridgement in existence, save in my own copies ; and there it is made, in part physically, and in part mentally, and no human being but I myself could hope to follow it. Pray explain this to Dr. Ferguson, that he may understand my inability to comply with the request.

We are here until the second week in June, when we go back to Gad's Hill. There is little chance of my coming back to Ireland yet awhile. Late in the autumn I may be in Scotland, but my daughter has scant prospect at present of the parental escort to the first gem of the sea. She begs me to say that we shall be very glad to see you in Kent again, if you come that way.

We have a very seasonable spring here. Sharp and bitter winds, hail, and snow.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

The next two letters refer to an untrue report which a certain Mr. Lucas, the original of Mr. Mopes the hermit in *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, had caused to be published in a newspaper.

London, Twenty-Seventh March 1862.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

As you sent me your paper with that very cool account of myself in it, perhaps you want to know whether or no it is true. There is not a syllable of truth in it. I have never seen the person in question but once in my life, and then I was accompanied by Lord Orford, Mr. Arthur Helps the Clerk of the Privy Council, my eldest daughter, and my sister in law. All of whom know perfectly well that nothing of the sort passed. It is sheer invention of the wildest kind.

Faithfully yours ever

Charles Dickens.

Office of *All the Year Round*,
Monday Thirty-First March 1862.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

Make what use you like of my note. The custom of astonishingly audacious assertion that is gradually expanding in print cannot be too decisively put down.

We go back to Gad's Hill probably on the 1st of June. But I shall be to and fro between it and London, no doubt, and shall hope to induce you to make us another Kentish visit. As I read three times in June, to finish with, I may also make you acquainted with Copperfield.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens.

Monday Tenth October 1864.

My Dear Mr. Finlay,

I must add my word of congratulation on your engagement, and of hearty assurance that what is so nearly and dearly interesting to you is full of interest for me. I count upon having the pleasure of receiving your wife at Gad's Hill, and I hope you will make as good a report of me as you can, beforehand. For it is but fair that she should be prepared to like me, when I am in such an admirable state of preparation to like her.

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

The three following letters to Finlay and the letter to Miss Hogarth were written on the occasion of Dickens's second visit to Ireland, when Fenianism was at its height.

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool.
Monday Twenty-First January 1867.

My Dear Finlay,

I am reading in these regions, and write to you for help in yours.

Mr. Dolby, my manager for Chappell's house in Bond Street, London, to whom I sell myself in these excursions, purposes bringing me to Belfast on Monday the 18th of February. He does not know whom to appoint there as seller of tickets, and does not desire to risk the chances of laying his hand on the wrong person. He asks me how and where they were sold before ? I cannot remember, but I know that you must know, simply because you did everything for us.

Kindly advise me. I am so perfectly satisfied with my existing arrangements, that the Chappell interest is mine, and I do all I can to advance it. I shall be at the Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham, on Thursday ; at the Bell (I mean that for BELL), Leicester, on Friday.

Ever faithfully yours

Charles Dickens.

Leicester, Friday Night Twenty-Fifth January 1867.

My Dear Finlay,

Our night at Belfast is Wednesday the twentieth March, not Monday as I at first told you, because of the Popular concerts.

I have spoken to Mr. Dolby about the sale of tickets. He says : " There is nothing in Mr. Finlay's objection, but don't trouble him. I really should not feel justified in troubling him. Much better work is in his way, and it would be throwing him away." So we shall appoint his agent.

Now, my dear Finlay, the work of these Readings, combined with the travelling, is so very, very hard, that I must observe my rule (and this in spite of myself), of not going out before or afterwards. But come and dine with us at the Imperial, on Tuesday the Nineteenth of March at 7 o'clock, bringing Mrs. Finlay with you, and you will really do me a kindness and heartily please me. You know what a regard I have for you, and I have (though I have never yet seen him) a great regard for your wife's father, as an independent, upright and rare man, who is an honor to his calling and country. So do let it be understood between us that we will have this little meeting as old friends and on the easiest of terms.

You know Mr. Dolby's sister, I dare say, and what a fine singer she is. He is just of as honest and genial a nature. We will try to mark our evening with a white stone.

We feel that we must run the chances of the big room. But we know how to help a big room greatly, by throwing out an advanced platform. Having a clear day at Belfast before the Reading, we hope to do a great deal in this way.

May I send my love to Mrs. Finlay ? And here is a consolatory piece of intelligence for you. Before I went to America, I underwent your operation. It never troubled me afterwards.

Ever yours faithfully,

Charles Dickens.

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin.
Monday Eighteenth March 1867.

My Dear Finlay,

I cannot tell you how grieved I am to receive your letter here to-day ; not only because of the blank you will make for my selfishness in Belfast, but because of your suffering so much pain and inconvenience from a distressing complaint. It almost puts me out of heart, and quite puts me off the expedition.

I had seen, with great interest, that Mrs. Finlay would be engaged with other company. You must make a pledge to me for yourself and her, that you will both come to Gad's in the summer. It is a very different place now from the Gad's you knew, and the summer weather there is just suited to you.

A horrible fellow-creature (female as I judge) is practising the scales on a bad piano in the next room, where the sound is worse than it would be here. It irritates me to that degree, that I feel I shall magnetically irritate you, if I and the scales go on together.

Do let me know when you are satisfied that you are really better, and believe me ever.

Faithfully your friend

Charles Dickens.

Dolby sends kind regards and best thanks. The readings making a great noise in Dublin.

(To Miss Georgina Hogarth)

Dublin, Friday Twenty-Second March 1867.

My Dearest Georgy,

I take it for granted that this hasty note will find you at the office.

We did wonders at Belfast, and took £246 5s. 0d. ! For this place to-night everything is sold again and again. The Readings have never made a more brilliant success.

We got back here to dinner last evening, after an extremely cold journey. It then began to snow furiously, and snowed all night. But the wind at length changed this morning to S.W. and very little of the snow remains in the streets.

Finlay's wife is a very prepossessing little Scotch girl. Something remarkably pleasant both in her face and speech. A very natural manner. I was greatly pleased with her. He is very ill in Edinburgh under a Scotch surgeon. He has had two trying operations performed, is going to suffer under another, and is greatly reduced and cast down. I am afraid he is not naturally strong enough to bear so much.

I shall be at the office in good time on Tuesday forenoon. Orderlies were riding all over the streets yesterday, bearing invitations for a grand dinner at the Castle in my honor tomorrow. Of course on finding the card awaiting me, I begged through the aide de camp in waiting, to express my high sense of the courteous consideration of the Lord Lieutenant and the Marchioness of Abercorn, and my great regret that I could not have the honour of dining with Their Excellencies, as I must return to London by Saturday morning's mail.

Ever my dearest Georgy

Your most affectionate

C. D.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Wednesday Seventeenth April 1867.

My Dear Finlay,

I am rejoiced to hear of the improvement in your health and hopes, and send you this brief word of hearty congratulation. Living habitually as your doctor recommends, I can bear witness to the efficacy of the prescription.

Belfast will always be an agreeable remembrance to me; and if I may send my love to your charming wife—I do.

Faithfully yours ever

Charles Dickens.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Tuesday Third September 1867.

This is to certify that the undersigned innocent victim of a periodical paragraph disease which usually breaks out once in every seven years (proceeding from England by the Overland route to India, and per Cunard line to America where it strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains and rebounding to Europe, perishes on the steppes of Russia), is NOT in a critical state of health, and has NOT consulted eminent surgeons, and never was better in his life, and is NOT recommended to proceed to the United States for cessation from literary labour, and has not had so much as a head ache for twenty years.

Charles Dickens.

Hoping that the Northern Whig is the same.

This letter has been published in *The Letters of Charles Dickens.*

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Monday Second August 1868.

My Dear Finlay,

Your warm hearted letter is a delightful welcome to the undersigned wanderer, and so is Mrs. Finlay's "strongest entreaty,"—a very strong one indeed to me. "They," the indefinite, are, I believe, quite right in saying that my next trip will include Belfast. If I ever did such a thing, under Reading circumstances, as stay at a friend's house, believe me I would come to yours. I am thoroughly in earnest in giving you that assurance. But my rule of never leaving the staff for any such pleasure, has been attended with such wholesome results, in the way of exact attention to business, that I must stick to it to the last. Moreover, besides my right hand, Dolby, Percy Fitzgerald is sworn to come to Belfast as a volunteer.

But I will joyfully make this compact with Mrs. Finlay and you: I think I am to read in Belfast two nights, with an off night between them. (Exact dates not yet appointed.) If you will have me to dinner on such off night, I shall be charmed to come.

I beg to send Mrs. Finlay something as near my love as is lawful. My daughter and her aunt unite in kindest regards to her and you. And I am always

My Dear Finlay,
Very faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

This letter was written three months after Dickens's return from his American Reading tour. His third and last visit to Ireland took place in January 1869.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Sunday Fourth October 1868.

My Dear Finlay,

I am much obliged to you, in all friendship and sincerity, for your letter. I have a great respect for your father in law and his paper, and I am much attached to the Edinburgh people. You may suppose therefore, that if my mind were not finally made up on the Parliamentary question, I should waver now.

But my conviction that I am more useful and more happy as I am, than I could ever be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. I considered it some weeks ago, when I had a stirring proposal from the Birmingham people, and I then set it upon a rock for ever and a day.

Do tell Dr. Russel that I truly feel this mark of his confidence, and that I hope to acknowledge it in person, in Edinburgh, before Christmas. There is no man in Scotland from whom I should consider this suggestion a greater honour.

Ever yours
Charles Dickens.

This letter has been published in *The Letters of Charles Dickens*.

Kennedy's Hotel. Edinburgh.
Saturday Twelfth December 1868.

My Dear Finlay,

The only day on which I shall be at leisure to dine with you in the course of my swift Irish trip, will be Saturday January 16th. I let you know this, as soon as Dolby lets me know it.

I shall be here until this day week, inclusive. Tell Mrs. Finlay (with as much love as I may venture to send her) that Dr. Russel dines with me today along with Peter Fraser, Ballantine, and John Blackwood; the extreme rigor of the Spartan law being relaxed for this special occasion.

Faithfully yours always

Charles Dickens.

The following letter has been published in *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* The date 1868 is a mistake for 1869.

The Athenæum.
New Year's Day 1868.

My Dear Finlay,

First, my heartfelt wishes for many prosperous and happy years to you and those who are nearest and dearest to you.

Next, as to the Mayor's kind intentions. I feel really grateful to him and gratified by the whole idea, but acceptance of the distinction on my part would be impracticable. My time in Ireland is all anticipated, and I could not possibly prolong my stay, because I must be back in London to read on Tuesday fortnight, and then must immediately set forth for the West of England. It is not likely, besides, that I shall get through these Farewells before the end of May. And the work is so hard, and my voice is so precious, that I fear to add an ounce to the fatigues or I might be over-weighed. The avoidance of gas and crowds, when I am not in the act of being cooked before those lights of mine, is an essential part of the training to which (as I think you know) I strictly adhere; and although I have accepted the Liverpool invitation, I have done so as an exception: the Liverpool people having always treated me in our public relations with a kind of personal affection.

I am sincerely anxious that the Mayor of Belfast should know how the case stands with me. If you will kindly set me straight and right, I shall be truly obliged to you.

My sister in law has been very unwell (though she is now much better) and is recommended a brisk change. As she is a good sailor, I mean to bring her to Ireland with me: at which she is highly delighted.

Faithfully yours ever

Charles Dickens.

Office of *All the Year Round.*
Wednesday. Sixth January 1869

My Dear Finlay,

Here is the Devil to pay!

I am very much afraid, from your letter, that we have fallen on the wrong Saturday, for dining with you. Neither Dolby nor I can remember. But the fact stands thus. To dine with you on Saturday the 16th would be impossible, because I must be in London on the morning of Monday the 18th. But I could dine with you, either on Saturday the 9th or Thursday the 14th. I dispatch this in great haste, and will add no more. You will tell me what we are to do, when I see you.

Believe me
Ever faithfully yours
Charles Dickens.

To this letter Finlay has added the following note:

> "The party came off on Thursday the 14th: himself, Georgina Hogarth, Lord Dufferin, Mr. Russel and Mary, my wife and myself."

The following letter, the last of the series, deals with a sea-bathing adventure which Finlay had recently experienced and which formed the subject of his paper in *All the Year Round* entitled "A Deadly Mist" (13th November, 1869).

Office of *All the Year Round.*
Thursday Fourteenth October 1869.

My Dear Finlay,

I retain the paper with pleasure, and am heartily glad it was no worse: I don't mean the paper, but the adventure.

I saw the account of that poor boy's drowning, and set it so strongly in my mind against the merry family-picture your wife had sketched to Georgina, that it abided by me sadly. My love to her and to all.

Faithfully yours ever
Charles Dickens.

THE LATE J. K. O. SHERWOOD

There has lately passed away at the age of eighty-eight, at his home in Long Island, a very good friend of the Dickens Fellowship, Mr. J. K. O. Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood shunned publicity, and although he was personally known to the executive in London, would never allow his name to be printed in connection with his many gifts. The Fellowship's appeal for Books for the Blind during the war, shows many items of fifty pounds donated by him through a third party, and it was the same with The Dickens House. The examples of Miss Harris's miniatures of Dickens's characters presented to the House, were also due to Mr. Sherwood. Although he had reached the age of eighty-eight, Mr. Sherwood's faculties were unimpaired and his admiration for Dickens never waned. It invariably formed his favourite topic of conversation, and his collection of Dickensiana was a noteworthy one. He was a fine, just, and exemplary citizen; a devoted, unselfish, and generous devotee of Dickens.

H. A.

THE CHARITABLE WORK OF THE FELLOWSHIP

BY S. J. RUST

WHEN I heard Mr. Bransby Williams declare, at Blackpool, a year ago, that the Dickens Fellowship was not carrying its avowed object "To help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the oppressed," I determined to assert the privilege of my position as Chairman of the Council, and to enquire into the charitable side of the activities of our branches.

Thirty-three of our home, and five overseas, branches have replied to that enquiry, and the attempt to epitomise their various reports has been very interesting, though by no means easy. Some branches report in terms of money, others give the numbers whom they have helped, while a few describe the nature of their work and quote no figures. It is therefore, impossible for me to state in figures the total help which has been given. I can only say that I am satisfied that the Fellowship as a whole is carrying out this avowed object in a most laudable manner. In several cases young branches have expressed the hope that they will do more in future, and one of our oldest branches reports that the enquiry caused them to set up a sub-committee to consider how they might enlarge their charitable activities, despite the fact that they have contributed over £60 to the National Library for the Blind and have frequently entertained the Unemployed.

I am sure that you will agree that it will be wiser that I shall not name any branch, although many may recognise their own branches as I specifically refer to them. I feel that I must, however, say a word in praise of the charitable spirit which characterises more than one of our West Country branches.

Quite naturally, Christmas plays a great part in the reports, and the references to Christmas feasts would in many cases have delighted the heart of Dickens. One branch which seems to specialise on Consumption, reports that at their Christmas Dinner there was provided, and, I presume, consumed, 117 lbs. of beef, 315 lbs. of potatoes, 108 lbs. of carrots and turnips, 54 lbs. of onions, 54 lbs. of rice, 27 lbs. of jam, 33 plum puddings and 206 apples and oranges. Wouldn't Dickens have delighted to describe that feast? Think of the cook! and the onion peeler! Think of the utensils employed! Think of the savoury odour of it, with 54 lbs. of onions! What a feast!

Then another branch had a Christmas party at which none of the children were under sixty. The eldest was a young man of ninety, and one of the girls was eighty-five. They put on carnival caps of every design and colour. They watched a magician and listened to a ventriloquist. They sang community songs. I have no report as to the time or tune they kept, but I am confident that the finest choral society in the country never sang with more enjoyment. They sat down to a sumptuous repast and carried everything out with the "zest of youth."

After these, it may sound prosaic to report that about a thousand children, attending a school which is definitely associated with one of Dickens boyhood homes are treated to tea and entertained by the Fellowship every Christmas ; while one branch entertains 800 Tiny Tims, another in addition to other charitable work yearly gives tea and entertainment to over 700 poor children, a third entertains 200 cripples, and many others entertain smaller numbers.

Other branches make Christmas merry by delivering parcels to poor children, and thousands, who might otherwise have been unable to find that Christmas differs from any other day of the year, discover that Santa Claus has, through the Dickens Fellowship, left some toy or other gift which makes all the difference. One branch uses Boy Scouts to deliver nearly nine hundred parcels. An oversea branch gave away 300 Christmas boxes ; and one of our London Branches delivers by hand 156 parcels each containing more than one gift. Others report similar work but are not so precise as to the number of gifts distributed.

It has been interesting to note the channels through which recipients for these gifts have been sought. One branch has persuaded the local schoolmasters and mistresses to give a list of the truly necessitous children attending their schools. Another works with the Salvation Army, others use the Mayor's Fund for Unemployed, the Public Assistance Committee, the Labour Exchange and the Health Visitors who enter the homes of the sick poor, and the Police Court Missionaries ; while the Police and the Chief Constable are real helps in some cases.

Naturally the unemployed have received special attention during the past year, but several branches have worked for the blind. I was pleased to see that two branches remembered that in addition to blind Bertha Plummer, Dickens created Doctor Marigold's deaf and dumb Sophie, and they have given most welcome help to the deaf. The cripples have also been remembered and many branches have given substantial help to their local hospitals. This help is generally by monetary contributions ; but a number of branches maintain cots. One branch reports that they had added during the past year £105 to the Tiny Tim Cot Fund, bringing the total to £750 towards the £1000 needed to endow it permanently.

Another, having contributed £900 to endow their Tiny Tim Cot, are adding three guineas annually to keep its linen. When we read these concrete figures, we can but wonder what is behind the casual mention of the maintenance of the Tiny Tim and Little Nell cots at the General Hospital of one branch, or the one item, among a number, from another branch which " Presented its fourth cot (the Little Nell) to the children's Orthopædic Hospital. This branch has also presented to the children's Ward of another Hospital, this year, an expanding Electric Light Bath and reports that all the cots and the bath have plates on them stating that they were presented by The Dickens Fellowship."

One of our Canadian branches, which has since its inception donated over 30,000 dollars to charity, has equipped a full unit to a Fresh Air

Camp with The Charles Dickens Dining Hall, over the fireplace of which hangs a plaque of Dickens surrounded by his characters, the work of one of their talented members.

Another overseas branch is the Surgical Aid Society of its neighbourhood supplying Glasses, Surgical Braces, etc, as well as cost of Summer Camp and Operations to a total cost of nearly 500 dollars per annum.

I must say a word for those who have given time and labour in good works. One branch has made shawls, babies' clothes, balcony comforts, mittens, caps, scarves, and even pyjamas for the patients of a famous hospital. Another has given eleven hundred garments in the past four years. In many cases the value of dolls is greatly enhanced by the work of numerous amateur Jenny Wrens. The men, also, seem to join in this good work ; for the branch which specialises in balcony comforts and pyjamas, speaks of " bed tables and footstools made and sent."

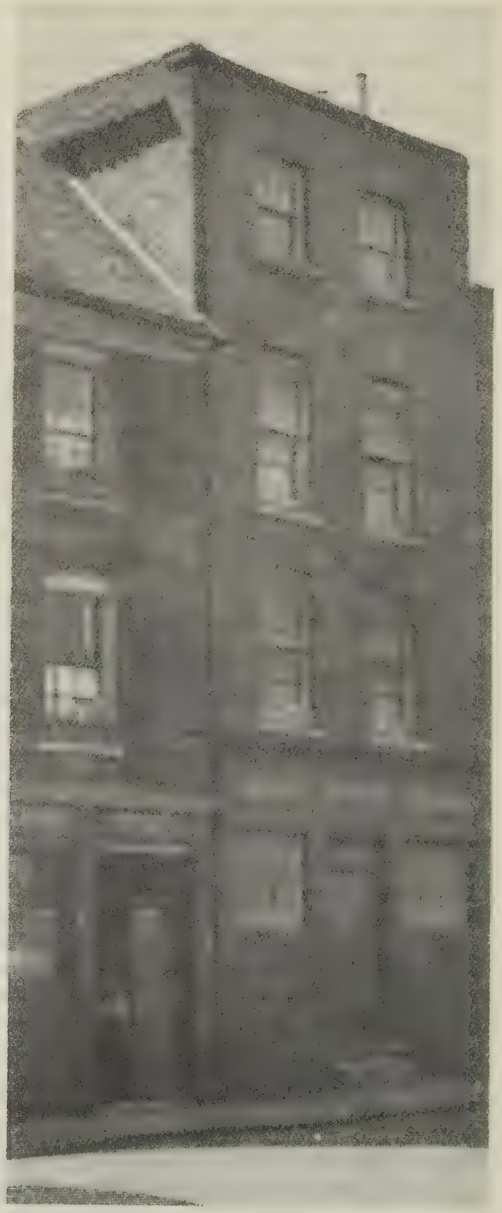
I must not omit to mention the work done by dramatic sections of our branches. In one case this is the whole branch, but of many another branch it is no insignificant portion. One gave nineteen performances of Dickens's works last year, chiefly to help charitable endeavours ; so that beside giving pleasure to many audiences, and spreading the love of the Master's works, they have contributed a considerable sum to various charities. I mention but one, but in the case of many other branches the dramatic work has been equally effective and praise worthy.

I will not weary you with further details, but I am sure that you will agree that the enquiry has been worth while, and that we have every reason to be proud of this side of our work, and whoever is proud of good work endeavours to go on doing more and more.

I hope that we shall not lose our sense of proportion. We are a Fellowship bound together by our common delight in Dickens's works. The strengthening of that Fellowship and the full enjoyment of those works is the *raison d'être* of our existence, and of our presence here to-day. But these charitable activities are a necessary portion of our Fellowship. One of the lessons taught by Dickens was that it is not only more blessed to give than to receive, it is also far more joyful. The contrast in the same novel of the self-seeking misery of Ralph Nickleby and the altruistic joy of the Cheeryble Brothers is eloquent on this theme. The contrast in the happiness between Scrooge of Christmas Eve and Scrooge of Christmas Day cannot escape us.

I am not asking merely that we give more, I am pleading that we advertise our giving. For the individual, the highest ideal of charity may be that the left hand shall not know what the right hand gives ; but as a Fellowship we must let our light shine before men. It is a significant fact that of all " the ancient guilds and mysteries " of our country, that one which was most active in charitable work has become the largest and the most world renowned. So, also, I am convinced that as our charitable work is better known, we shall find those people hastening to join us, whom we are most keen to welcome.

We must advertise. We must dress our windows. There is no better advertisement than showing the world that we are worthy of our great name. I am certain that the Tiny Tims will ask blessings for us ; and that Poor Joes will declare that we were very good to them, we were ; but I want also that the Cheerybles shall look to us when seeking the best type of Trimmers, and thus discover in our Fellowship kindred spirits joining with them in the glorious joy of giving.



Dr. Heckford's Hospital at Ratcliff Cross,
"A Small Star in in the East."

A SMALL STAR IN THE EAST

IN THREE TWINKLES

BY GEORGE F. YOUNG

I.

TO see Mortimer of our branch you'd never dream that at one time he held the view that the man who had gone grey in his endeavours to locate Captain Cuttle's lodging and Mrs. Whimple's bow-window, was either topographically insane, or in the adolescent stage of senile decay. Indeed, Mortimer gave one the impression that he would rather be found dead in the middle of a ten-acre field than seen alive in Limehouse Hole looking for Gaffer Hexam's house.

In those days, Mortimer was definitely non-gregarious. His one hobby was raking over the twopenny lots outside the second-hand book shops in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross Road. Need I say that he looked seedy; wore long hair, and shuffled along like an old Jew selling muslin?

One day Mortimer bought a " first edition " for twopence; took it to Miller and found he was exactly twopence out of pocket. That cured him. Since then he has " brightened up like an old hat in a shower of of rain." Now he attends our meetings, does all the rambles, and even knows who is on the committee. In short, Mortimer is now one of us.

But why bother you with our domestic affairs? Let's get on with the story. It concerns *A Small Star in the East*; probably the most skilfully camouflaged story in the whole of Dickens.

Here we are asked to believe that Dickens, up to his eyes in work, chose a drizzling day in November to wander aimlessly and with no set purpose amid the mud and squalor of the East End. Whilst there he sees some election posters, and is mooning around meditating on the qualifications of the candidates, when, suddenly, he conceives the idea of calling at a house or two. He does so; and, extraordinarily enough, in each house thus visited he finds illness of some kind. But not so extraordinary as will be seen. These visits over, he thinks it time to go home, and makes for the railway station. On the way he sees the children's hospital; so he changes his mind and goes in there instead.

Everything is done so naturally that you have no suspicions. Of one thing you are sure. Though it comes last in the story, it is the hospital that matters. Compared with that, the rest, though perfectly true, is mere padding. A sort of smoke-screen behind which Dickens ensures your safe arrival at the real objective—the hospital; and by the time you get there you feel so mad with the rotten conditions then prevailing in that district that you feel ready to do anything calculated to give relief. The story of the hospital follows, and you get your opportunity.

But this hospital visit was no accident. There was nothing haphazard about it. Drizzle or no drizzle, mud or no mud, Dickens had to go. He was keeping an appointment. A great effort in practical Christianity needed help. In effect Dickens was answering an S.O.S.

We are also expected to believe that the hospital visit came after the visits to the several hovels in the immediate neighbourhood. Whereas the truth is that the hospital was visited first. Nor are we told that in his itinerary of Ratcliff, Dickens was accompanied by a physician, and that that physician was the doctor in charge of the very hospital he had just left. Why was the doctor's name omitted ? Dickens knew that great personal sacrifices had been made to get this little hospital started. Why, then, this obscurity, and why the red-herrings ?

The short answer is that to involve the doctor in any rumpus that might follow the publication of the story would be prejudicial rather than helpful to his hospital.

Remember that Ratcliff *was* Ratcliff in those days, and Dickens had some hard things to say about what he saw in the kennels of Gin Alley and Three Foxes Court. Obviously then, for the sake of the hospital, there must be no hint of collusion with the doctor. He must give it out that the visits to the lead-poisoned woman, the pea-jacket maker, and the rest were made alone.

Wise man Dickens. As it turned out there *was* trouble. But Dickens saw to it that the doctor was not in it. In the correspondence which preceded his subsequent visit to the lead-mills, Dickens stated that a doctor accompanied him on his tour. He was careful, however, not to mention him by name.

Who, then, was the doctor ?

II.

He was Nathaniel Heckford, a brilliant young doctor and surgeon, and at that time only twenty-six years old. I wonder, did Dickens know that the dread consumption had already marked him down ! It was so ; and three years later hundreds of weeping men, women, and children he had befriended came to that improvised sail-loft to pay their last tribute to the man who had worn himself out in their service. The next day Heckford's body was removed from his consulting room and interred in Woking cemetery.

In 1866 young Heckford gave up his post of House Surgeon at the London Hospital in Whitechapel Road, to volunteer his services in the cholera outbreak at Wapping. There he met Sarah Goff, an accomplished young lady who was devoting herself to the same cause When the epidemic was over they were married. Instead, however, of following a life of comparative ease which Mrs. Heckford's wealth made possible, they decided to pool their resources for the benefit of sick children of the East End poor.

The warehouse, or sail-loft, at Ratcliff Cross was bought for £2,000. " The East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women " was painted on a board by Mrs. Heckford, and the hospital, starting with ten cots, was opened on 28th January, 1868. On the first day two children were admitted ; one having been taken off a heap of straw from a room in Gin Alley. In that way the Heckfords celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding day.

The hospital soon became known; and within a few months the accommodation for in-patients had been raised to forty. In the meantime the number of out-patients had increased enormously.

In November of the same year Dickens paid his visit. That he was expected is made clear in a short history of the hospital by Mrs. Heckford. The staff were warned of his coming, and Mrs. Heckford duly coached her maid in the art of curtseying in preparation for the reception of the distinguished guest. During the visit the cook made herself scarce. She was very fat and "wasn't going to be took off by Mr. Dickens."

"After leaving the hospital," says Mrs. Heckford, "Dickens went with my husband to visit some of our poor neighbours." If the doctor's log were available we should, no doubt, find that he was about to visit some out-patients. In any case he was so known and loved hereabouts that he was always sure of a welcome in the meanest hovel. Here was a golden opportunity for Dickens, and he took it. This was something in his line. Of course, he would be taken to see the lead-poisoned woman. It has since been discovered that her name was Mary Hurley. She was one of Heckford's patients. A note to that effect in her employer's handwriting is preserved by the firm's successors: "Mrs. Crawford, 1 Ratcliff Cross, living with her mother, Mary Hurley—has four children. Sister, Mary Hurley, has been here three years on and off at 10/- a week. Was ill six weeks with lead-poisoning and was attended by Dr. Rogers, Medical Officer, and Dr. Heckford."

Well, Dickens got home and decided that something should be done. He could see that the needs of the hospital and the additional voluntary work done outside were now far beyond the resources of the Heckfords. So he wrote a masterpiece in the begging letter line; presented it as a story, and called it *A Small Star in the East.* "A few days later," continues Mrs. Heckford, "Dickens sent me the proof-slips of an article he had written on our hospital and our neighbours. I opened it with a trembling hand; it is needless to say that it was beautiful. When did that marvellous writer pen anything that was not beautiful, or fail to touch the chords of the heart?"

The story appeared in *All the Year Round*, 19th December, 1868; and by the last post on that very day a letter was received at the hospital: "Dear Mr. Heckford, My mamma has just read to me the story of your hospital. I am only a little girl of six, but I would like to give the contents of my money-box for your little children. Your affec. little May."

This proved to be the first of many such letters. Dickens had achieved his object. The hospital was saved, and the immediate result was a grand Christmas party for the kiddies and their parents.

But where was the hospital?

III.

The last meeting of our branch was what we in Brick Lane call "a surprise evening." These evenings are a feature of our syllabus. This time we had a surprise. In accordance with established custom, the chairman opened the proceedings by leading us in Dibdin's anthem referable to the charms of a certain jolly young waterman. Later, Mr. Humm called on Mr. Mortimer. Mortimer of all people! Mortimer the silent. Surprise number one. The second came when he informed the meeting "that directories for the period show the hospital building which Dickens visited in 1868, as standing next door to, and north of 'The Ship' public house in that portion of Narrow Street, Limehouse, which until 1876 was known as Ratcliff Cross. At Dr. Heckford's death in 1871, the hospital was carried on by a committee of management under the chairmanship of Lord Enfield; and in 1875 the work was transferred to the new building in Glamis Road, Shadwell, which is now called The Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children. Great changes have since taken place in Ratcliff, but Heckford's building and 'The Ship' remain." With that Mortimer sat down and said no more. A week later he gave me the surprise of my life.

He took me past Wapping Pier; by the old stairs; on to the balcony of "The Prospect of Whitby" for a whiff from the river. Then over a swing-bridge to the higher ground at the borders of Shadwell and Ratcliff. Mortimer now got really busy. In Johnson Street he introduced me to a married daughter of Mrs. Heckford's former maid. Though the old lady had died last Eastertide she had told her story of the curtseying lessons and of her opening the hospital door to Dickens so often that Mrs. Braithwaite is now word perfect.

We left the house with its stone bust of a long departed somebody or other in the brickwork and went into the children's hospital in Glamis Road. May I pause here to ask if anybody can tell me why it is that the most genial souls are generally found in the most poverty-stricken neighbourhoods? I am thinking particularly of the hall porter. His patience in dealing with the several enquiries by coarse-aproned women regarding the progress of their Maggies, their Alices, and their Johnnies was amazing. The secretary, too, was performing a like duty. Though Mortimer was expected we had to wait. In his office, Mr. Russell was consoling a mother and father who were anxiously awaiting the result of a serious operation which their only boy was then undergoing. "All in the day's work," whispered Mortimer, "the Heckford tradition." Soon the secretary's bell rang. Subdued voices. The man and woman were shown out. He smiling, she drying her eyes. The boy had come through.

We then collected a copy of a letter:—

"Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Thursday, Second September 1869.

My dear Madam,

I thank you warmly for your earnest letter and beg you not to estimate the extent or nature of my appreciation of it by the brevity of myself.

The address you want is The East London Children's Hospital, Ratcliffe Cross, near Stepney Station.

My dear Madam
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens."

Mrs. Tasker.

In the hall Mortimer drew my attention to the beautiful mural tablet which commemorates the Heckfords as the founders of the hospital. Continuing east through Thirza Street we went down some steps into what Mortimer describes as the "longest unbroken court in London." In any case you must see James Place before you die. Here live Jim and "Polly." Sixty and odd years ago, Jim was a patient in Heckford's hospital. "Yus! I caught me leg on a nail climbin' over a wall as I was playin' releaser, and 'ere's the scar to prove it." While Mortimer was saying what a dinky little scar it was, Jim explained the game of "releaser." Then "Polly," *née* Crawford. "Ah! poor Aunt Mary was lead-poisoned, Sir, and lead-coliced, too, Sir. She was always ill on and off with the lead, Sir. That's quite right, Sir, Mrs. Hurley was my grandmother."

At the end of the court we turned right at Stepney Causeway, and down through Heckford Street opposite. Then left along Broad Street, where, on the right, we saw Narrow Street. For fifty yards it runs straight towards the river bank, then sharp left at Ratcliff Cross Stairs. We were concerned with the first fifty yards—Old Ratcliff (or Ratcliffe) Cross. Here on the right are two buildings only. First Heckfords, then "The Ship." We went in the first, which until recently was in the ownership of Messrs. Walker, Harrison and Garthwaite. It was empty; but by the courtesy of the present owners, Lendrums Ltd., we explored it at will. To my surprise, Mortimer knew every nook and cranny. I agreed that the old dispensary, the private rooms of the Heckfords, the old consulting room, and the children's wards were all easily identified. Even the trapdoors mentioned by Dickens were still there. But not "the objectionable coal yard at the back." Messrs. Gowlands removed elsewhere some years ago.

Near by, Mortimer pointed out the blocked-up ends of what was once Gin Alley, and in Butcher Row we saw the parish church of St. James, Ratcliff. It was here that Mrs. Heckford's maid became Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Heckford attending to give her away and also to give her a good start in the venture.

Half an hour later Mortimer and I were in "The George and Vulture," where our wonderful tour was rounded off in the manner fitting. It was then that Mortimer told me that through the generosity of Lendrums Ltd., the apothecary's stone mortar which we had seen in a cellar of the old hospital building will find a permanent home in the building which is Heckford's monument in Glamis Road. Mortimer asks me to say that when the expected demolition of the building takes place, the original street-door knocker will be at his disposal. He proposes to ask the Trustees of The Dickens House to accept and preserve it; not merely as a Dickens relic, but also to keep green the memory of Doctor and Mrs. Heckford, and their hospital, which Dickens so aptly described as *A Small Star in the East.*

UNIQUE ITEMS IN FAMOUS DICKENS COLLECTIONS

6. THE HARRY ELKINS WIDENER LIBRARY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

MANUSCRIPTS, ETC.

CASH ACCOUNT KEPT BY DICKENS AT ELLIS AND BLACKMORE titled " Cash Account commencing 1st. March 1827." In original Vellum ; quarto size. Signature, Charles Dickens on front page. First entry in Dickens's hand, January 5 1828. Last entry 16 March 1828, making 23 pages. Also 3 pages of " Receipts " at the end of book, also by Dickens.

THE FROZEN DEEP. One page of MS. in Dickens's hand, on part of Captain Ebsworth in Act III of " The Frozen Deep."

PARODY on Gray's Elegy apparently sent to Mary Boyle 3 Dec., 1849.

CORRECTED PROOFS

PREFACE TO MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 1849 edition, revised and corrected for use in the 1867 edition.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND (for the Charles Dickens edition).

SPEECH. Birmingham and Midland Institute 27 Septr. 1860

ORIGINAL AGREEMENTS FOR BOOKS

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Dickens, Macrone and Chapman and Hall 17 June 1837.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Dickens and Chapman and Hall *re* copyright of first and second series 31 March 1840.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Dickens and Chapman and Hall, a five years licence Nov. 18. 1837.

OLIVER TWIST. Dickens and Richard Bentley 2 July 1840.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Dickens and Chapman and Hall 18 November 1837.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. Dickens and Chapman and Hall 31 March 1840.

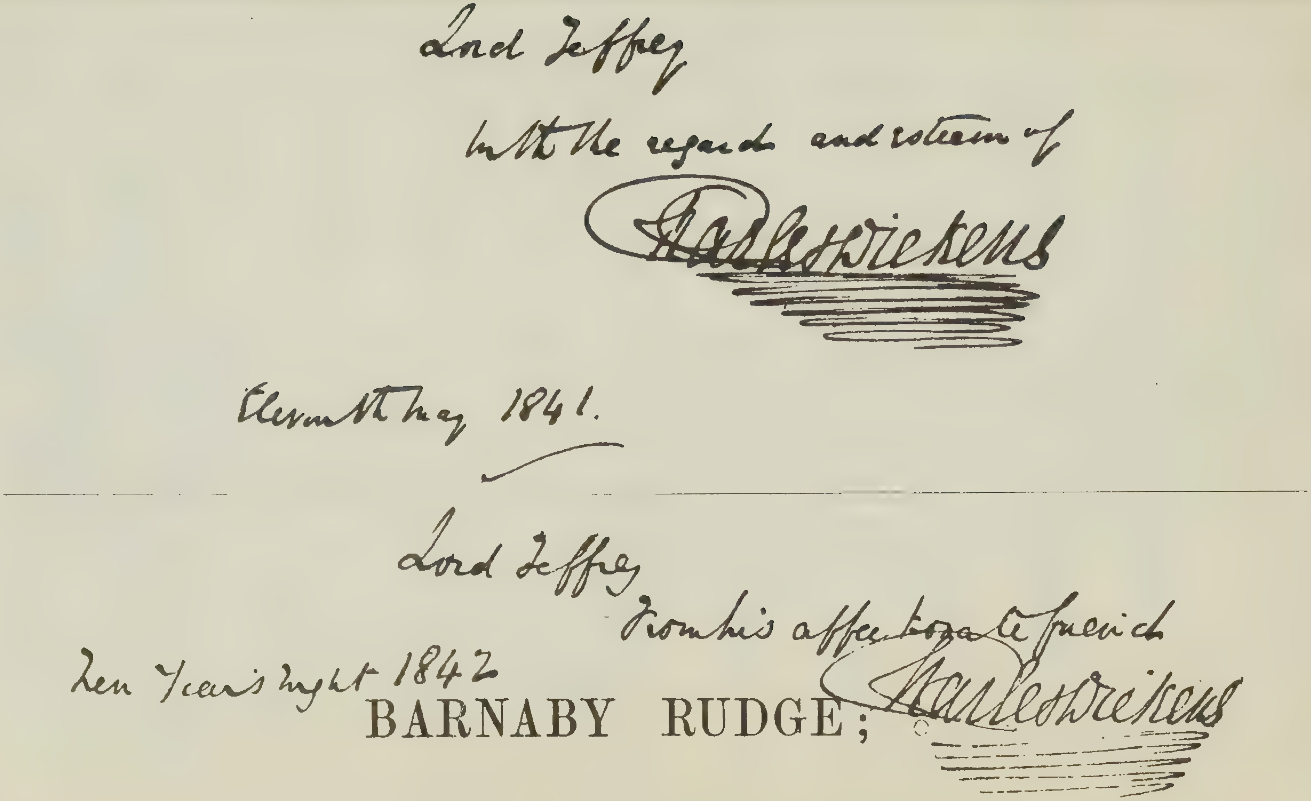
BARNABY RUDGE. Dickens and Bentley 2 July 1840.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. Dickens and Chapman and Hall 7 September 1841.

PRESENTATION COPIES

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Second series. 1837. One vol. Original cloth. Inscribed

J. P. Harley Esquire
From his very sincerely
Charles Dickens.
January 15th. 1837.



Lord Jeffrey

With the regards and esteem of

Charles Dickens

Eleventh May 1841.

Lord Jeffrey

From his affectionate friend

Charles Dickens

New Year's Night 1842

BARNABY RUDGE;

Two inscriptions in the Harry Elkins Widener Library

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES. 1836, said to be the dedication copy, but the letter enclosed does not support the theory and the book is not autographed. The signed presentation copy of this work is in the library of Mr. Elkins, Philadelphia (see *Dickensian* 1934, page 65).

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. 1837. Green Morocco. Inscribed
William Harrison Ainsworth Esquire
From his most faithfully
Charles Dickens.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Half calf. Inscribed
Charles Dickens
Wishes he had given this book to
Mrs. Mc Ian.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. Red Morocco. Inscribed
Mr. Serjeant Talfourd
From his sincere friend and admirer
Charles Dickens.

OLIVER TWIST. 1838. 3 vols. Green Morocco. First Edition. Second Issue. Inscribed in Vol. I.
J. P. Harley Esquire
From his very truly
Charles Dickens

OLIVER TWIST. 1841. Third Edition. Red Morocco. Inscribed
Frederick Salmon Esquire
From Charles Dickens.
Twenty fifth October 1841.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 1839. First Edition. Red Morocco. Dedication Copy to Macready with letter accompanying the book, dated 25 October 1839 enclosed.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES. 1840. Original boards. Inscribed

Alfred L. Dickens
From the Author.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. 1840-1. First Edition. 3 Vols. Original cloth. Inscribed
In Vol 1.
J. P. Harley Esquire
From his faithfully
Charles Dickens.

In both Vols. 2 and 3.
J. P. Harley Esquire
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
Twenty-ninth December 1841.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. 1841. First Edition, extracted from *Master Humphrey's Clock.* Green Morocco. Inscribed
Lord Jeffrey
With the regard and esteem of
Charles Dickens.
Eleventh May 1841
With letter enclosed accompanying the book.

BARNABY RUDGE. 1841. First Edition, extracted from *Master Humphrey's Clock.* Calf. Inscribed
Lord Jeffrey
From his affectionate friend
Charles Dickens.
New Year's night 1842.

AMERICAN NOTES. 1842. First Edition. 2 Vols. Inscribed
Samuel Rogers Esquire
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
Eighteenth October 1842.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 1844. First Edition. Green Morocco. Inscribed
Charles Dickens
To his friend
H. P. Smith.
May fourth 1846.

PICTURES FROM ITALY. 1846. First Edition. Original cloth. Inscribed
Thomas Mitton Esquire
From his old friend
Charles Dickens.
Devonshire Terrace nineteenth May 1846.

DOMBEY AND SON. 1848. Red Morocco. First Edition. Inscribed
Peter Rackham Esquire
From Charles Dickens.
Devonshire Terrace Twenty First July 1849.

THE HAUNTED MAN. 1848. Original cloth, First Edition. Inscribed
Dr. Elliotson
From Charles Dickens.
Fourteenth December 1848.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. 1850. Green Morocco. First Edition. Inscribed
Dr. Elliotson
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
Sixth December 1850.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. 1852. Red Morocco. Inscribed
Georgina Hogarth
From Charles Dickens.

BLEAK HOUSE. 1853. First Edition. Green Morocco. Inscribed
Emile de la Rue
From his friend
Charles Dickens.
Fifth February 1854.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. 1861. First Edition. Original cloth. Inscribed
Sir Richard Bromley
From Charles Dickens.
Christmas 1860.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. 1862. Green Calf. One vol. Inscribed.

Charles Dickens
To Edmund Yates.
March 1863.

ASSOCIATION BOOKS FROM GAD'S HILL LIBRARY

SKETCHES BY BOZ 1839. 1 Vol. Original cloth, with Dickens's book-plate.

NOTE—According to Cook's Bibliography 1879, Dickens's own copy of *Sketches by Boz* sold in the sale was bound in half morocco.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. Prompt copy with list of performers, properties and many notes, all in the hand of Dickens.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. Dickens's own copy for his part of Bobadil with many notes respecting that part.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST. Prompt copy with list of performers, properties and notes in Dickens's hand.

THE LITTLE MINCHEM AND HIS WATER HATS, by Geo. P. Morris. Inscribed

Charles Dickens
With the best wishes and kindest regards of
Geo. P. Morris.
New York Feby 15 1842.

SUPPLEMENT TO VACATION RAMBLES, by T. N. Talfourd. Inscribed

Charles Dickens Esquire
With the kindest regards of
T. N. Talfourd.
15 *January* 1854.

ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK :

for *Sketches by Boz*, " The Steam Excursion " in colour.

Pencil drawings, " Gin Shops " ; " First of May " ; " Sentiment."

For *Oliver Twist*.

" Oliver and the Sweep," " Monks and the Jew."

A page of Studies for characters, inscribed in Cruikshank's hand " Suggestions to Mr. Charles Dickens the writer," nine drawings in outline, said to be " Original Tracings."

ROBERT SEYMOUR :

" Mr. Pickwick addresses the Club."

" Dr. Slammer's defiance of Jingle."

" The Dying Clown," with Dickens's letter to Seymour.

Two unpublished, " In Wardle's kitchen," " The runaway chaise."

PHIZ :

Drawings in Pencil :

Pickwick 2 ; Nickleby 1 ; Old Curiosity Shop 1 ; Barnaby Rudge 1 ; Dombey 3 ; Dorrit 3 ; Two Cities 1.

CLARKSON STANFIELD :

" Trotty Veck going to the church " ; water colour drawing ; also pen and water colour study of same, before figure of Trotty added.

JOHN LEECH :

One for The Chimes.

LUKE FILDES :

Twelve original pen and ink drawings for *Edwin Drood*.

SIR HENRY'S RECOLLECTIONS*

REVIEWED BY J. W. T. LEY

IT was almost exactly thirty years ago that I first met Sir Henry Dickens. He attended a special meeting of the Fellowship Council to discuss with us a scheme that we had under contemplation. In those days he took a very live interest indeed in the Fellowship. I had to see him many times to discuss various projects and difficulties with him. After I left London, I met him only once, though I had many letters from him. That once, however, is one of the pleasantest memories I have. He came to Newport at my request and gave a recital of *Great Expectations* in aid of a War Fund in which I was interested. It was a memorable evening. He held a large audience wrapt for two hours, and at the conclusion made a charming little speech. He refers to the occasion in the book under notice, and clearly the memory of it remained fresh and fragrant with him to the end. But for me the event stands out chiefly for the hours that followed that recital. Four of us had supper together, and we sat far into the night. Two of the company had no Dickensian pretensions, and Sir Henry talked to them quite freely about his father. He told them of incidents in his father's life; and I remember him recalling examples of the novelist's devotion and kindness to his children. And one remark must always remain in my memory. "My father," he said, "was human, but he was a good man. I am proud to know that I am his son. He has been, and always will be, the inspiration of my life." He told that night a little more fully than he tells it in his book, the story of how he missed being appointed a judge of the King's Bench. There was about him then a charm of mellowness that perhaps he did not always reveal. There was, in truth, a sweetness of character in Sir Henry Dickens that was very real. No reader of this book, completed just before he met his tragic death, can possibly doubt it. I have read as many books of reminiscences as any one, and I say quite sincerely, that I have read few that have been so rich in the atmosphere of mellowness, in an atmosphere of calm repose. Sir Henry Dickens indeed had a happy life. Happy in being the son of a great and good man, happy in his profession, happy in his varied gifts—for he could sing a rollicking song, play cricket, and pull an oar, and was a music-lover—and, above all, happy in a perfect domestic life. Such a man must necessarily have that within himself that goes to make for happiness, and I think the fact will be obvious to every reader of this book. There is not a bitter word in it; there is not a word of mildest reproach; it is the work of a man who has lived a full rich life of service, blessed with success in his chosen career and with untarnished happiness in his home, reflecting in the twilight of a long day on the good things that life has had in store for him.

He chats in very interesting fashion about his father, though he tells us nothing really new. I should like to say this, though; that what he writes about the separation between his parents, ought surely for ever to silence the ghouls who have been waiting, waiting, waiting, for something upon which to pounce, over which to gloat. Sir Henry retells the story of the "Great International Walking Match," and it was worth retelling, but may I say in a whisper to the publishers that it *is* a *re*telling? Dolby told it many years ago. There are one or two errors, but they are not important, and are more in the nature of slips which would almost certainly have been corrected if the author had lived to see the proofs. I have pointed out elsewhere that it was Stanfield, not Landseer, who painted the scenery for "The Lighthouse."

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*"The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C." London: William Heinemann, Ltd. 18s. net.

What intrigues me most is to read that Carlyle was the best-loved friend of Dickens. That Forster did not hold the position I have always been quite certain. He was the most relied-upon friend, he was the friend in whom trust could be, and always was, placed, but he was a little too proprietorial to win affection of the truest kind. That there was affection for Carlyle is beyond doubt, but I still think that the man whom Charles Dickens loved best of all was Clarkson Stanfield.

Sir Henry has much to say on many subjects. He has some useful advice to speakers, for instance. But most arresting of all are his chapters dealing with his work as a judge, and with his views on legal reform. The whole tone of these chapters is Dickensian in the truest sense of the word. They are indeed worthy of a son of Charles Dickens. How the father's heart would glow if he could read these words: "When I first started my work on the Bench I was strongly impressed with the view that a judge was not there merely to condemn, but to save; and I have always attempted to keep that aspect of the case clearly in my mind." In conjunction with this I may end by quoting a letter which Lady Dickens received after her husband's death: "My Lady, I respectfully offer sincere sympathy in your bereavement. The late Sir Henry gave me a chance a few years ago, when I stood before him at the Old Bailey and I have never forgotten it, and I think he was a real sport. Please forgive absence of signature."

Sir Henry Dickens was worthy of his parentage.

A MONTREAL RETROSPECT

It was the end of another season in the annals of the Montreal Branch of the Dickens Fellowship and as we left Victoria Hall one felt a sense of regret that those pleasant meetings were over for some months. At the same time one looked forward with keen zest to meeting all the friends again in the early autumn. For I venture to say that nowhere in all Montreal is there a truer fraternity than under the banner of Dickens.

And what a season it has been! Many plans for increasing our membership were discussed by the Executive and their success is borne out by the fact that 103 new members were added to our roll, which now stands at 379, of whom there are ten honorary members. Also our guest list numbered 253, showing that the Fellowship is awakening a wide interest. *Oliver Twist* was ably reviewed at the opening meeting by our President, Canon Shatford, and delightful music was furnished at each of the seven open meetings under the direction of Mrs. F. J. Hodgson. The Dramatic Section, under the able leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield Aston, have brightened every programme with delightful impersonations of Dickens characters. In April they put on a play adapted from *Great Expectations*, which filled Victoria Hall two nights and was acclaimed one of the best from every point of view in the history of the Fellowship in Montreal. The meeting just before Christmas is always one of the most enjoyable of the season, for it is Tiny Tim night, when Santa Claus presides over a huge bag, into which many parcels of children's clothing and toys as well as cash contributions are dropped as the members pass in. A committee under the chairmanship of Mrs. N. N. Evans, distributed these gifts among the children's hospitals of the city. Then who can forget the beautiful Christmas carols that always form a feature of the December meeting ? The dedication of the Pickwick Dormitory for the boys of Weredale House was also a feature of our December activities.

The Christmas Bridge Party, besides affording a very pleasant evening socially, added to our cash balance the snug sum of $129.37 to spend in further philanthropic work.

As most of our benefactions hitherto have been directed to boys' work, it was felt this year that we should help young women, and $100.00 was donated to the Unemployment Relief Work for Girls of the Young Women's Christian Association.

Other meetings have comprised addresses by Professor Stephen Leacock on "Dickens and Women," Mr. L. G. Barnard on "The Immortal Child," Miss E. Bryan, M.A., on "Drama in Dickens," and Rev. L. Clare on "Dickens as a Caricaturist." At the Birthday Dinner the principal speaker was the Hon. Wesley Frost, the American Consul General.

OVERSEAS NOTES

Features of recent meetings of the Melbourne Branch have been "Some Dickens Husbands," by Miss Fraser ; "The President's Mind Wanders in Dickensland," by Mr. Southwell ; some clever character sketches by Mr. Stanley Brooks, who is now on a lecture tour in Canada and the United States, and an excellent reading of *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* (Dickens's own reading version) by Mr. J. Howlett Ross.

* * * * *

At the New York Branch in May the President, Mr. Reed, spoke of the renewed interest in Dickens due to the publication of *The Life of Our Lord*, and the production of several film versions of the novels. Mr. Frank Harvey Field gave a most interesting talk on *Barnaby Rudge*, and particularly stressed the very vivid imagination of Dickens in writing this work. The meeting concluded with a most successful questionnaire on the book, conducted by Mr. Reed.

* * * * *

The Victoria (B.C.) Branch closed their season with a very happy summer meeting in charming sylvan surroundings at the historic Craigflower School. Major Donald gave an admirable address after tea.

* * * * *

The Hon. C. Jamieson, a contributor to *The Dickensian*, gave an excellent survey of Dickens one hundred years ago to the Brisbane Branch in May last.

BREAKFASTS

Pa gets what he can, and goes to the office. He never has what you would call a regular breakfast. Priscilla leaves him out the loaf and some milk when there is any, over-night. Sometimes there isn't any milk, and sometimes the cat drinks it. (Caddy Jellyby in *Bleak House.*)

* * * * *

When I first went to business, I took a penny loaf and a ha'porth of milk for my breakfast, as I walked to the city every morning. Breakfast, Bah! (Ralph Nickleby.)

* * * * *

Isn't it brimstone morning ? . . . We purify the boys' blood now and then. (Squeers in *Nicholas Nickleby.*)

* * * * *

Sunday morning I mixed the portion of tea or coffee I had bought overnight, in a little shaving-pot, and sat late at my breakfast. (*David Copperfield.*)

* * * * *

Does he ca' this a pie—three young pigeons and a troifling matther o' steak, and a crust so loight that you doan't know when it is in your mooth and when it's gane ? I wonder hoo many pies goes to a breakfast. (John Browdie in *Nicholas Nickleby.*)

* * * * *

The little black tea-pot of strong mixed tea, a couple of rounds of buttered toast, a middling-sized dish of beef and ham cut thin and the Protestant Manual in two volumes. (Mrs. Varden's in *Barnaby Rudge.*)

* * * * *

A table cloth (rather a tight and scanty fit in reference to the table it covered) was already spread for breakfast ; displaying a mighty dish of pink boiled-beef : an instance of that particular style of loaf which is known to housekeepers as slack-baked, crummy quartern ; a liberal provision of cups and saucers ; and the usual appendages. (At Mrs. Todgers' in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*)

* * * * *

Present on the table, one scanty pot of tea, one scanty loaf, two scanty pats of butter, two scanty rashers of bacon, two pitiful eggs, and an abundance of handsome china bought as second hand bargains. (At Fledgeby's in *Our Mutual Friend.*)

* * * * *

Breakfast . . . was ready laid in tempting array. They sat down to the meal ; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, begun to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of its consumers. (*The Pickwick Papers.*)

* * * * *

Mr. Bucket lays in a breakfast of two mutton chops as a foundation to work upon, together with tea, eggs, toast, and marmalade, on a corresponding scale. (*Bleak House.*)

* * * * *

On the table before him, stood a pot of ale, a cold round of beef, and a very respectable-looking loaf, to each of which he distributed his favours in turn, with the most rigid impartiality. (Tony Weller in *The Pickwick Papers.*)

FORGERY !

Many of us must have waited, with mixed feelings during the latter part of June, for the publication of Messrs. Carter and Pollard's masterpiece of analysis and deduction.*

Was it possible that some of our treasures might have to be submitted to chemical tests ? Would it be found that our collections were riddled with plague spots ?

Happily, however, some relief was experienced when it was learned that, out of fifty-one pamphlets indicted for forgery, only one bore the name of Charles Dickens. But Dickensians will say: Is that all ? They may also ask: Why should the list of indictments contain eight pamphlets by Ruskin, not to mention nineteen by Tennyson and Swinburne, and only one by Dickens ? Was Dickens considered by the forgers to be less worth while, from a literary standpoint; or was it due to a certain respect for "the battery of eyes which has been for decades concentrated on Dickens ?"

Messrs. Carter and Pollard's deductions are based on the "positive evidence" of (I) Paper; (II) Typography; (III) Collation; and the "negative evidence" of, (IV) Author, Publisher, or Printer; (V) Provenance and condition of surviving copies.

The twenty page pamphlet, *To be Read at Dusk* (1852), is condemned as a forgery on the evidence of the paper, which consists of materials not used in the manufacture of paper until 1861. It is also condemned, though more circumstantially, on the evidence of the type, which is shown to be of a fount assembled not earlier than 1876. The collation, however, presents no unfavourable evidence, for a careful comparison with the original text, as published in "The Keepsake," discloses nothing in the nature of textual variations, even in the punctuation. As for "negative evidence," the present publicity may bring something to light, but there is little chance now that it would be sufficiently convincing to refute the formidable positive evidence.

The existence of the pamphlet now condemned, was first noted by Charles P. Johnson, in a letter to "The Athenæum," on May 16th, 1891, the outcome of a copy in the possession of Messrs. Tregaskis, for which they were asking twenty-five guineas.

The first record of an actual sale at auction, is on June 7th, 1893, and from that time, up to 1932, there are definite auction records of the sale of twenty-eight copies in America and fourteen in England. Most of these were in sheets uncut, and sometimes unopened.

In his letter to the "Times Literary Supplement" of July 26th, Mr. Carter adds these forty-two recorded copies to fifty other copies, which have been traced to a pre-auction source, and estimates that the original printing order must have been for at least one hundred copies. It would be interesting to know if a census of the copies remaining in the hands of collectors would confirm this, or whether, by making allowance for re-sales coupled with less than the usual wastage as a result of a careful marketing plan, the estimate could be reduced to seventy-five or even fifty copies.

A. H. CLEAVER.

"An Enquiry into the nature of certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets." By John Carter and Graham Pollard. (Constable.)

DICKENS AND A BEGGARS' OPERA

The following incident was related at a recent meeting of the Wellington Branch.

During the Great Exhibition of 1857, my uncle had gone into one of the Coffee Houses in the Strand, when Charles Dickens came in, and seated himself near by. They had exchanged a few formal words, when a great friend of my uncle's entered with a Chief Detective Officer. Seating himself, he said "Would you like to see a beggars' opera?" My uncle replied that he certainly would, but that he was not aware that the "Beggar's Opera" was being played in London at that time. The detective explained that he was driving out to Wandsworth, which was the first stage in, and the last stage out, for the vagrant class, and that he had to look up a case there. "Perhaps you would like to accompany me?" he added. My uncle was, of course, only too pleased. Just then, Dickens stood up, apologised for his apparent eavesdropping, asked to be introduced to the detective friend, and begged to be allowed to be one of the party. This was easily arranged, and in the evening all three set out in a smart dog-cart for a somewhat unattractive public house in Wandsworth. They stabled the horse, and entered a narrow passage way, the Chief Detective leading, saying "Gentlemen, see that your purses are safe." We opened a door into a large room with a fireplace at the further end, in which a good fire was burning. At the fire, a very frowsy woman was frying sausages. On the floor men, women, and children of the professional class were reclining. Some were gipsies, some crippled, some suffering other disabilities. Truly, a motley and very unsavoury-looking crowd. My uncle, after surveying the occupants of the room, turned to Dickens and said "They are a queer looking lot, aren't they, Eh?" To his surprise Dickens answered brusquely "I would rather you didn't speak to me, please." This rather nettled my uncle, and he did not speak again until they got into the conveyance on the homeward journey. Then Dickens said "I must apologise to you for the way I spoke when we were standing at that door. Among the inmates of that room, I felt I was seeing some types I could make use of in my writings. In fact, some were really the very characters I have been searching for." After that Dickens was a very bright conversationalist, and it was a very happy party for the rest of the journey.

DICKENS'S WATCH AT THE ROCHESTER MUSEUM

Mr. Henry Smetham has placed on loan with the Rochester Museum (Eastgate House) a watch which once belonged to Dickens. It formerly belonged to Richard Brunt, Dickens's gardener at Gads Hill. When Dickens gave it to him, together with some other personal oddments, he remarked "I was very proud of it as a boy." Perhaps it is the very watch of which there is a record of its being presented to young Dickens by his maternal Aunt.

* * * * *

On the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, the summer outing of the Manchester Branch was held at their house at Wilmslow. Outdoor games were indulged in during the afternoon, and after tea there was a good display of talent in the entertaining line.

* * * * *

The Cheltenham Branch manned a stall, "The Old Curiosity Shop," at the Hospital Centenary Carnival Day and realised £28.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

1. A Carden Shaft

Sir.—I am grateful to Mr. Carden for pointing out my error about "The Prologue." I was relying upon Sir W. Robertson Nichol's book "The Problem of Edwin Drood," and rashly assumed that he would not have omitted so important a bit of evidence. I wish I could express an equal gratitude to my critic for the rest of his letter; but it really is disappointing to find one's most carefully thought-out theories treated in so cavalier a fashion!

"The journey they made," says Mr. Carden, "was an habitual one to both travellers," and then he goes on quite astonishingly to refute himself out of the book: "To think how often fellow-traveller and yet not know it. To think how many times he went the journey and never saw the road!" For to what do these terms, "how often" and "how many times," refer? Even a rapid glance through the last chapter will put that beyond all question. Jasper begins by asking the opium-woman whether, if she had something on her mind, something she was going to do but had not quite determined to do, she would do it in her fancy, "lying here doing this." When she nods and replies, "Over and over again," he answers, "Just like me! I did it over and over again. I have done it hundreds of thousands of times in this room," and a little later: "It was a journey, a difficult and dangerous journey. That was the subject in my mind." And again, "I did it millions and billions of times. I did it so often, and through such vast expanses of time, that when it was really done, it seemed not worth the doing, it was done so soon."

The conclusion to be drawn from this is surely obvious. This journey was never actually made *with* the "fellow-traveller" until the occasion "when it was really made at last": it took place before then exclusively in Jasper's imagination, "before the grand landscapes and glittering processions began." Mr. Carden's idea of Edwin's constantly accompanying his Uncle in all innocence along the particular route which Jasper had selected for the murder is thus disposed of, and we are driven back to the problem of discovering what this journey was.

Now there are two ways in which we can treat the evidence of Jasper's raving. We can suppose, on the one hand, that it is purely metaphorical; that when he speaks of the "journey" he means no more than the murder, and that the hazardous and perilous passage "over abysses where a slip would be destruction" is simply a figurative description of the difficulty of carrying it out successfully. But this is exactly what the evidence forbids us to assume. This journey is a real journey conjured up by the imagination of the murderer. Jasper's dart over the bedside to point at the ground as though at some imaginary object far beneath should alone be sufficient to prove this. "Look down, look down! You see what lies at the bottom there?" The very thrill those words send down our spine derides the suggestion of metaphor. Or take that other terrible speech, when Jasper is on his feet, speaking in a whisper, and as if in the dark, "This is a vision. I shall sleep it off. It has been too short and easy. . . . No struggle, no consciousness of peril, no entreaty—and yet I never saw *that* before. . . Look at it! Look what a poor, mean, miserable thing it is. *That* must be real. It's over." Can anyone seriously doubt, after reading that, that the murderer is re-enacting the journey as it actually took place on the fatal night, that journey so similar to the oft-repeated journey-visions and yet distinct from them in its unexpected shortness and easiness and in that one added detail which proves its reality, the memory of the huddled bag of clothes which had once been Edwin? I must confess that any theory which ignores the significance of these passages seems to me to do little justice to the art of Dickens.

But if, accepting this significance, we stand fast to the real bearing of this evidence, are we not driven irresistibly to the conclusion upon which my theory is based? Are we not forced to give full and serious weight to that description of the hazards and perils of this journey in which Jasper sees himself creeping with his victim "over abysses where a slip would be destruction"? If Mr. Carden thinks that the "rambling expedition" to the Cathedral is irrelevant to the plot of the murder, he has still to deal with these revelations from the murderer's own lips. By what line of interpretation can he bring this "difficult and dangerous" journey down to the safe and sober level of the churchyard? May I remind him also of Jasper's preparations for that ramble: "Why does he move so softly to-night?. . . . Can there be any sympathetic reason crouching darkly within him?"; of his thoughts in the mason's yard, "Curious, to make a guess at the two [next to die]; or say one of the two!"; and of the concluding words of the chapter, "Thus . . . the unaccountable expedition comes to an end—for the time." Could there be any plainer indication that Dickens wishes us to connect this "unaccountable business" with Jasper's plans for the murder?

May I add one comment more? Mr. Carden can see no connection between "a journey which lasted from the fall of darkness till 2 o'clock in the morning" and "a journey which was to be so short that it was no sooner made than it was over." I reply, first, that we have no right to argue that Jasper spent the whole time in a "journey" inside the Cathedral. We must infer, rather, from his ferocious attack on Deputy that he had been outside it for some time at least, and that his rage proceeded from a fear that this secret excursion had been spied upon by the boy. Why should he not have seized this golden opportunity for carrying the quick-lime up to his selected hiding-place? Secondly I must submit that Mr. Carden has not fully appreciated the psychology of Jasper, as it is disclosed to us in the last chapter. The "shortness" of the actual journey is not measured there by the clock: it is contrasted simply with the voluptuous and lingering visions of agony and fruitless entreaty upon which the murderer's hatred and jealousy had dwelt so many "billions of times." We simply do not know how long the real journey took: all we can infer is that Edwin proved disappointing as a victim; he died too easily and too soon.

The Abbey,
Carlisle.

W. J. PHYTHIAN-ADAMS.

2. Some Facts About Rochester Cathedral

SIR.—I have read with interest the solution of the Drood mystery put forward by Canon Phythian-Adams, but do not agree with his suggestion of the Indulgence Chamber as a place for hiding the body of Edwin Drood.

In the wall of the south chancel transept are two narrow doorways, the one nearest the Nave leading down to the Penance Chamber in the Crypt, and the other leading up into the Indulgence Chamber. About sixty years ago they had not yet been blocked up. This was done about the same time, I believe, as the Triforium Arches of the Nave were similarly treated. Now supposing that the stairs were open, it was very accessible for explorers and choir boys, and would not be a suitable place for hiding the body. In addition, this staircase is not a winding one but a straight one in the thickness of the wall.

Regarding the winding staircase at the north-east corner of the Choir Transept, which leads to the Treasury Chamber. I visited this Chamber many years ago, when it was not as at the present time, a "Show Place," and it was a special privilege to go up there. Let me describe the Chamber as it was then; about seven steps up was a small oblong black box, which the then Head Verger, Mr. Henry Newman, successor to Mr. William Miles (the original of Tope) told me contained the communion plate which was ordinarily in use. It was kept there to save going up to the Treasury Chamber every time it was required!

The Treasury Chamber itself had an uncared-for and dilapidated appearance, and the floor was worn and uneven. At the end of the Chamber was a very large wooden chest which had two locks, one of them a spring lock, so that the key had to be held in a certain position whilst the other one was unlocked.

This chest contained the valuable communion plate, each piece being kept separately in a green baize bag. The other chest was not opened so I do not know what it contained. Except for these two chests the Chamber was bare. A few more steps above the entrance to the Treasury Chamber is the *only* door that leads to the Chancel Clerestory.

I was informed that the church plate had always been kept in this Chamber. The door at the foot of the spiral stone staircase leading from the north transept to the Treasury Chamber has two locks, both which are locked and unlocked by the same key. They are double-shot locks, *i.e.* by turning the key twice it shoots the bolt farther into the slot in the wall. Ascending to the Treasury Chamber level, the massive door again has two locks, which are opened by two separate keys; the door opens outward revealing another door, which, when unlocked, opens inward into the Treasury Chamber. Therefore, I do not think it would have been possible for anyone, except the vergers to have had access to this particular staircase to reach the Clerestory.

After the death of Dean Lane, his brother-in-law, the late Lord Northbourne, gave the splendid Pall and large oak cupboard, said to be the finest Pall in England, in memory of Dean Lane. The Treasury Chamber was then restored at the expense of Mrs. Pearman, the widow of Canon Pearman. It is now open to visitors at a fixed fee, and is one of the attractions of the Cathedral, some of the ancient church plate being on view in glass cases.

The only staircase by which Durdles and Jasper could have ascended to the great tower from this part of the Cathedral, is the one at the opposite corner of the Transept. It is approached from the north aisle into an open yard at the foot of Gundulf's ruined town. Three or four wooden steps led up to the door, which was then an old and decayed door with a lock.

Arriving at the top of the turret stairs, a small and low arched door gives access to the duck-board covered gutterway between the roof and the low parapet wall. In the time of Dickens one had to walk along this gutterway, then turn at right-angles along another gutterway to the great tower, where a doorway was built in dormer fashion from the main chancel roof and gave access to the tower. This has been altered of late years and a new doorway built opposite the turret-door, so that one has now only to traverse the first gutterway to the new doorway.

From Dickens's description of their ascent, I venture to think, that he had never been up this staircase, or that he had used a novelists' licence in the description. From no part could he have looked down into the Cathedral. These stone turret stairs are of uniform proportion all the way up. A blocked-up door once led into a chamber where the priests could watch over the Shrine of St. William. That chamber was destroyed a great number of years ago, beyond the memory of man.

A well-known fact is that Dickens was most particular about the illustrations of his works. They had to meet his approval. The pictures on the original covers of *Edwin Drood*, show a spiral staircase of the well-type with iron railings. There is not and never has been a staircase of this kind in the Cathedral.

There is another and more circuitous way of reaching the great tower. At the west end of the south aisle of the nave there is a door on the arch of which is some embattled moulding. This door leads to some spiral stone stairs in the several west end turrets, which give on tot he various roofs of the Nave, *i.e.* the main roof and side aisle roofs which are of different altitudes. Over the small south-west window is an open arch from which can be seen the whole length of this aisle as far as the Crypt door, in St. Edmund's Chapel. There is also a short passage which runs along the inside to the great west window, by means of which the north-west stair turret can be reached. On arriving at the main roof of the Nave, the whole length of the roof has to be traversed to reach the doorway of the great tower.

I might add that I have been in every part of the Cathedral, with the exception of the Indulgence Chamber, which I feel is too dangerous a walk for me to attempt at the age of 75.

Rochester. EDWIN HARRIS.

THE ORIGINAL OF THE GARLANDS

SIR.—When Dickens visited Exeter he used to call at my grandparents who lived just outside the city ; he described them and their pony chaise to the life. Their man was called Garland. I stayed with them in 1860 and the carriage was still in use, with a pony about as wilful as " Whisker."

Weston-super-Mare. WALTER H. FOX.

"DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL"

Sir.—While Mr. H. V. Morton is rambling romantically round Auld Reekie "In search of Scotland," he knocks at John Knox's house—and makes a discovery. He writes :—

> "The phrase 'dead as a door-nail' is explained once and for all in John Knox's House. This expression puzzled Dickens, who had quite the wrong theory about it on the first page of *A Christmas Carol*.
>
> Dickens would never have written this had he first visited the old house in Canongate. Here, fixed to an oak door, is an old Scottish 'door-nail.' It is a rough-cast, heavy chunk of iron with a small hammer-like head. In repose, the hammer rests against a metal boss. When lifted and dropped against this boss the 'door-nail' makes the deadest of all dead sounds : it is a chill, unechoing crash."

This is a challenge that demands an answer. In the first place, the door-nail is not the knocker, but the plug, plate or knob (or boss as Mr. Morton calls it) on which the knocker strikes. But that's a detail ! Now to answer the deliberate charge that Dickens had quite the wrong theory about it.

The earliest reference I can find is in an English poem written about 1350 by a poet called William, and founded on a much earlier romance in French verse entitled "Guillaume de Palerne." In this the line occurs : "He bar him to the arthe as ded as dor-nayle," which plainly shews that Dickens had a five-centuries-old authority for likening an indubitably dead man, and not a "dead" sound, to a door-nail. Between 1350 and 1843, when he used it, the simile had become as firmly established and well understood as any in the language.

The mere mention of a coffin-nail is no evidence that Dickens was unaware of the different nature of a door-nail. Both are "pieces of ironmongery," and our dictionaries include the door-nail as "the *nail* on which the knocker is struck" (*e.g.* Nuttall).

As a matter of fact, no other sort of nail is to be found in an ordinary house-door's anatomy, except possibly as a means of attaching a fastening or fitting. Arthur Jeffkins.

MISPLACED ENTHUSIASM

Sir.—I am pleased to inform you the effusion you have sprinkled so plentifully through the press has missed fire. The memorial I set out to obtain is now an accomplished fact, the first in the world.

Perhaps you will now cease writing the rubbish you apparently can only keep writing, parrot-like, what Dickens told Mrs. Hall.

It has been abundantly proved that Shaw was the prototype of "Squeers."

Squeers went into penal servitude for a serious crime, but Shaw resided in Bowes until he died.

Yet, according to your ideas, Shaw could not be Squeers, or he would have been a *convict*. Nicholas Nickleby, in appearance, was an absolute twin of Mackay, a tutor at Shaw's, yet Mackay was reared, lived, and died at Barnard Castle, and Nicholas lived most of his life in London.

Please come north and I will try and enlighten you.

Yours, etc.,

Darlington. E. Hardy.

[This letter has come to hand since I wrote my note on page 238, and there is nothing in it to alter the views there expressed. Mr. Hardy shuns the greater publicity of the daily press in which my letters of protest have appeared, as he is evidently quite aware that Dickens's own account of the original of Smike must take precedence over any King Charles's Head from which Mr. Hardy appears to be suffering.—EDITOR.]

AN "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" ERROR

SIR.—I wonder if the error has ever been pointed out in Phiz's illustration to Chapter XXXVI of *The Old Curiosity Shop* showing Sally Brass helping the Marchioness to her scanty meal? The picture shows the potatoes to be smoking hot, whereas the text distinctly refers to it as "a dreary waste of cold potatoes."

Newcastle-on-Tyne. J. SOLOMON.

Mr. C. P. Morris (Tewkesbury) is thanked for his letter on the *Drood* Mystery, but all the points he raises have been very fully dealt with in the voluminous Droodiana which has already been published in *The Dickensian* and elsewhere.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

The Recollections of Sir Henry Dickens, K.C. Illustrated. Heinemann. 18s.

Companion into Kent, by Dorothy Gardiner. Illustrated. Methuen. 8s. 6d.

Great Stories for Young Readers—No. 3, Dickens. Illustrated by Gilbert S. Wright. Oxford University Press. 1s. 4d.

PERIODICALS

"Charles Dickens, Journalist," by Walter Dexter. *The Nineteenth Century*, June.

"American Notes," by George E. Macdonald. *Literary Guide*, July.

"Unfinished Stories by Dickens." *Birmingham Post*, 3rd July.

"Dickens's Children." *The Times* (Educational Supplement), 23rd June.

"Dickens as a Realist." *Great Thoughts*, July.

"The Miracle Play of Dickens," by W. Kent. *Literary Guide*, July.

"Doctors and Diseases in Dickens," by R. T. Young. *Cornhill Magazine*, June.

"Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks." *The School Paper* (Brisbane), 3rd May.

"The Dickens Tragedy Revealed," by P. W. Wilson. *New York Times Magazine*, 13th May.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dickens," by P. W. Wilson. *New York Times Magazine*, 24th June.

"'The George,' Southwark," by Frank Green. *Wandsworth Borough News*, 13th July.

"When Mr. Pickwick visited Kettering." *Kettering Leader and Guardian*, 25th May, 8th June.

"A Dickens Controversy (Eatanswill)." *Suffolk and Essex Free Press*, 2nd June.

"Dickens and Greta Bridge," by T. P. Cooper. *Darlington and Stockton Times*, 26th May.

"Bringing David Copperfield to the Screen," by Howard Estabrook. *Film Weekly*, 8th June.

"Film Rush for Dickens." *The Picture Show*, 16th June.

SOME OF QUILP'S PLEASANTRIES

I'M a little hunchy villain and a monster, am I ?

* * * * *

Now ! stand upon your head again and I'll cut one of your feet off.

* * * * *

If I could poison that dear old lady's rum and water, I'd die happy.

* * * * *

Mind you don't break out again, you villain, or I'll make faces at you and throw you into fits, I will.

* * * * *

Water for lawyers ! Melted lead and brimstone, you mean, nice hot blistering pitch and tar—that's the thing for them, eh ?

* * * * *

Is it good news, pleasant news, news to make a man skip and snap his fingers ? Is the dear old lady dead ?

* * * * *

I'm glad you're wet. I'm glad you're cold. I'm glad your eyes are red with crying. It does my heart good to see your little nose so pinched and frosty.

* * * * *

I'll be a Will o' the Wisp, now here, now there, dancing about you always, starting up when you least expect me and keeping you in a constant state of restlessness and irritation.

* * * * *

If I could only fold you in my arms and squeeze your ribs, as I *could* squeeze them if I once had you tight—what a meeting that would be between us.

* * * * *

Why don't you come and bite me, why don't you come and tear me to pieces, you coward ? You're afraid, you bully, you're afraid, you know you are !

* * * * *

Smoke away, you dog ; fill your pipe again and smoke it fast, down to the last whiff, or I'll put the sealing-waxed end of it in the fire and rub it red hot upon your tongue.

* * * * *

I'll beat you with an iron rod, I'll scratch you with a rusty nail, I'll pinch your eyes if you talk to me, I will.

* * * * *

I'll beat you to a pulp, you dog, I'll bruise you till you're copper-coloured. I'll break your faces till you haven't a profile between you, I will.

* * * * *

Be careful how you go, my dear friend. Be sure to pick your way among the timber, for all the rusty nails are upwards. There is a dog in the lane. He bit a man last night, and a woman the night before and last Tuesday he killed a child.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BLACKPOOL.
Nov. 8—Social Evening.
22—Curios in *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

BRISBANE.
Sept. 7—Dramatic Evening arranged by Miss Jean Trundle.
21—Presentation of Essay Prizes.
Oct. 5—Address by Rev. H. H. Trigge, Principal of King's College.
19—Book Evening.
20—Annual Picnic.
Nov. 2—Miscellaneous Entertainment.
16—Annual Meeting.

CHELTENHAM.
Oct. 5—Lecture by Rev. W. E. Beck, M.A., on *The Old Curiosity Shop.*
Nov. 30—Lecture Recital by Mr. Cooper Sands.

CHRISTCHURCH.
Sept. 1—Evening arranged by Miss Mabel Smith.
6—Evening arranged by Miss Hannay.
Nov. 3—Dramatic Evening.

EDGWARE.
Oct. 5—Lecture by Mr. J. H. McNulty, "Dickens's Opening Chapters."
6 and 27, Nov. 24—Rambles.
19—Social Evening.
Nov. 2—Readings from Dickens.
16—Lantern Lecture by Mr. T. Sturge Cotterell, J.P., "Mr. Pickwick at Bath."
30—Members' Evening.

GLOUCESTER.
Oct. 3—Annual Meeting. Introduction to *The Old Curiosity Shop.*
Nov. 7—Dramatic Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

HACKNEY.
Oct. 8—Lecture " The Dickens House," by Miss Minards.
Nov. 7—Lecture *The Old Curiosity Shop* by Mr. W. J. Saunders, B.Sc.
14—Whist Drive.

LIVERPOOL.
Oct. 3—" Some Villains of Fiction," by the President (Mr. A. G. Mason, A.M.I.C.E.).
17—Lantern Lecture by Mr. T. N. Philip, " Dickens and Liverpool."
31—Paper by Mr. J. R. Mewton, L.R.I.B.A.
Nov. 14—Balloon Debate.
28—" T. E. Brown, the Manx Poet," by Rev. W. B. Hall, M.A.

LONDON.
Sept. 29—Ramble round the London of *Barnaby Rudge,* conducted by Mr. W. J. Roffey.
Oct. 26—Lantern Lecture, arranged by Miss Lambert in aid of the Pickwick Centenary Fund.
Nov. 6—Dramatic Lecture by Mr. H. O. Barnett, " Four Visits."
17—Ramble, Ratcliff and Wapping conducted by Mr. G. F. Young.
29—Whist Drive, arranged by Dr. Henry Johnson in aid of the Pickwick Centenary Fund.

MANCHESTER.
Oct. 5—Presidential Address. Sketches, etc.
19—An evening for Young People. " The Dream Children of Dickens," by Miss Farmer.
Nov. 2—Lecture by Mr. W. H. Lowry. " Some Dickens Courtships."
16—Annual Dinner.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Oct. 5—President's Evening.
19—Lecture by Mr. Solomon. " Characters Immortalised by Dickens."
Nov. 2—Programme arranged by the Dickens Players.
16—Short Papers by Members.
30—Readings from *The Old Curiosity Shop.*

PHILADELPHIA.
Oct. 24—Outline of *The Old Curiosity Shop,* by Dr. Charles W. Burr.
Nov. 21—Scenes from *The Old Curiosity Shop,* by Mr. Caspar W. Briggs and Players.

PRESTON.
Oct. 4—Social Evening.
Nov. 1—Lantern Lecture by Mr. W. W. Gregson.

WHITSTABLE.
Sept. 12—Trip to Sheppey.
24—Reading.
Oct. —Dramatic Performance of *David Copperfield.*
29—Reading.
Nov. 14—Social Evening.
26—Reading.

BRANCH MEETINGS.—Particulars for insertion in the Diary of Dickens Fellowship Meetings should reach the Editor before the end of October.